

Columbia Readers

Book Six



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THE
COLUMBIA READERS
SIXTH YEAR

BY

order
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AND

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PREFACE

The pupil in the primary grades is confronted in reading by a three-fold problem: (1) mastering the mechanics of reading; (2) getting the thought from the printed page; and (3) giving effective expression to his reading.

Throughout the grades these three elements continue to occupy the pupil's attention, a gradually *decreasing* emphasis being required on the mechanical mastery and a gradually *increasing* emphasis being placed on the *interpretation of the thought* of the selection.

In the sixth grade a pupil is required to read textbooks containing a wide variety of material. In his outside reading he is interested in magazines, newspapers, and library books. To give the pupil training in methods of attacking and mastering these varied kinds of reading, the material included in this volume has been drawn from all of these sources. There are selections of unquestioned literary merit; such as, "The Three Fold Destiny," "The Village Blacksmith," "The Jumping Frog," and "The King of the Golden River." Such selections should be studied with care and interpreted orally. There are other articles; such as, "Origin of Weights and Measures," "Interesting Words," "The House Fly," "Bees in the Hive," and "Fire Fighting," which are purely informational. Such selections are designed to give training in securing information and are not embodied as literary models. Biography and current fiction drawn from children's magazines also have a place in this reader. In choosing selections of current fiction it has been the

object of the authors to embody not only interesting and entertaining material but also that which has *ethical value* for boys and girls of this grade.

In using such diversified selections a pupil needs to know how to attack and organize each type of material. Among the methods used in this reader to assist the pupil in *learning how to study* are: preparing questions covering the significant points of a selection; outlining an article; using key-words to recall the material read; skimming an article to find definite points of information; learning how to use reference books; memorizing by the most economical method; arousing curiosity to stimulate the interest of the pupils, and taking speed tests. These methods and schemes are presented in directions to the pupil at the beginnings of the various selections where the pupil can read them and thus receive training in following directions.

The authors wish to acknowledge their indebtedness to Superintendent J. H. Smith of Aurora, Illinois, for his assistance in the collection, testing, and organization of the material for this reader. They are also deeply indebted to the various authors and publishing companies who have given permission for the use of their articles in this book. Specific acknowledgment is made in connection with each selection, usually at the close.

INTRODUCTION

THE PURPOSE OF THESE READERS. The Columbia Series of Readers is planned to afford an efficient means for developing ability and skill in both oral and silent reading. In almost every study in school and almost every important enterprise in life outside of school, success is contingent upon a mastery of silent reading—reading with clear comprehension and with a reasonably rapid rate of speed. In developing efficiency in silent reading, it is probable that very substantial aid is contributed to proficiency in oral reading, since rapid, silent comprehension of thought gives added time for appropriate interpretation through oral expression.

THE MATERIAL. The material has been so selected as to provide instruction and practice in all of the kinds of reading common to the experiences of daily life. Attention has been given to the inclusion of material which is of immediate value to pupils in the kinds of reading required in the several school subjects, and for other problems related to school life.

METHODS OF USING THE BOOKS. Probably the most effective way in which to use the Readers is to keep them away from the children excepting during the periods of class work and specific study. For instructional and testing purposes, new material is somewhat better than that which is familiar. However, if the books are owned by the pupils, they may be kept by them and the instructions and tests still used as indicated for each respective lesson. Because of familiarity, the scores may be a little higher than otherwise. But pupils whose interest in reading is such that they will read the selections in advance of class use will usually be found to score high, relatively, and to need less instruction in silent reading than others.

THE MORE COMMON CAUSES OF DEFECTS IN READING. When intelligence is not below average, backwardness in reading is more commonly caused by:

Eye defects of various kinds, some of which may be remedied by proper diagnosis and treatment.

Bad habits of eye movements which may usually be cured.

Speech defects which may affect both oral and silent reading. Most of these may be remedied.

Neglect of comprehension in an overemphasis on the mechanics of word recognition and articulation.

Neglect of the mechanics of word recognition and of ability to deal with new words in an attempt to gain the thought by rapid scanning, developing the habit of guessing and inaccuracy.

Defects of association, either of associating sounds of words with their form, or of associating forms of words with their meaning. These defects are somewhat difficult to remove, but proper treatment patiently administered will usually bring favorable results.

Most children, however, who read more slowly and with a poorer degree of comprehension than they should, do so either because of poor habits of eye control, or because of an overemphasis or an under-emphasis of the mechanics of word recognition. Every child having any reading difficulty should have a careful, individual diagnosis made and be given appropriate individual treatment.

INCREASING SPEED IN SILENT READING. When the particular reading defect or defects of any child are found and the proper remedy applied, the response in an increased rate will usually be prompt and substantial. While each child with defects will have to be treated individually to some extent, there are also certain general appeals and instructions which will have a marked effect. Merely setting up speed as an end and emphasizing it will bring an increase. Rate drills which are provided in this book are a very effective means. Making individual graphs and class charts showing speeds as revealed by tests at occasional intervals is a means of stimulation which is usually a strong factor in bringing about improvement. If

word recognition is slow, some work in syllabication, phonics, and in the study of root forms, prefixes and suffixes may be effective in improving both speed and comprehension. Concentration of attention, working under the pressure of time control, and reading much material that is well graded to one's ability and interest are all helpful factors. Developing in the child a desire and a determination to read more efficiently is highly desirable and effective.

RATES OF SPEED FOR RESPECTIVE GRADES. The approximate average rates of speed for children who had not been trained for rapid, silent reading as found by Curtis, and for children who had been trained as found by O'Brien, are here given in words per minute:

Grades	Curtis—Untrained	O'Brien—Trained
4	160	236
5	180	278
6	220	293
7	250	322
8	280	393

The variations from these averages are about twenty words above or below for the untrained, and about from seven to twelve words above or below for the trained. In a first test in schools in which no training has been given in silent reading, the approximate rates of the Curtis averages may be expected, while the O'Brien averages may well be thought of as representing reasonable possibilities which may result from good training.

IMPROVING COMPREHENSION. Establishing habits of rapid reading does not of itself increase the accuracy of comprehension. To improve comprehension, emphasis should be placed upon reading with definite, conscious purposes. Among the purposes more commonly found, are reading to find answers for specific questions; to organize what is read in outline or summary form for oral presentation; and to derive satisfaction, inspiration, and enjoyment from reading as the material makes

its appeal to interests and experience. Every selection in this book provides means for developing increased facility in comprehension. Every subject in which reading is used presents the opportunity and the necessity for clearness in comprehension. The encouragement of wholesome and varied home reading for pleasure, of related reading supplementary to text books in school subjects, and of frequent reports to one's class on general and supplementary reading helps to increase accuracy and depth of comprehension. Such work in word study as makes for quick grasp of meanings improves both comprehension and speed. Familiarity with the more common root or stem elements of derivative words, and with prefixes and suffixes facilitates both recognition and comprehension. Improvement in comprehension tends to an increase of speed, as a rapid grasp of meaning enables one to pass more rapidly over the connectives and other relatively subordinate words, filling in through a form of preperception, and thus successfully skimming the thought of meaning accurately without loss.

IMPROVING ORAL READING. One having no speech defects will usually read orally with about the same degree of excellence shown in his silent reading. Good oral reading requires all of the factors and processes of good silent reading with the additional element of correct and effective expression through speaking. The comprehension must be sufficiently clear so that the meaning may be grasped and expressed at a rate at least as fast as one should speak in order to be clearly understood by his auditors. Increasing efficiency in silent reading is therefore a means by which oral reading may also be improved. In oral reading, however, such attention to expression is needed as will enable one to make his presentation pleasing and effective for his auditors. Making reports, presenting summaries or extracts, and reading selections for the information, satisfaction, or enjoyment of others offer the occasions for attention to oral reading. If defects in articulation, in manner, in speed, in quality of voice, or in any other particular are evident in the

oral reading of pupils, these should be made a matter of individual study and improvement as needed by the respective children.

THE USE OF STANDARD TESTS. The scores for the material in these Readers are necessarily not standardized. Individual scores will therefore have to be estimated in relationship to class scores. In speed, however, comparison with the grade rates as indicated in a foregoing paragraph will offer a rough approximation of relationship to standard achievement. It will be well to give some established standard test in speed and comprehension early in the school year, and to repeat this in three or four months and again near the end of the year. The pupils will then have a basis for comparing their own achievements more accurately with standards, and to determine their progress for the interval between such tests.

Several different standardized tests in silent reading are available. The work in testing is growing increasingly refined and accurate. Tests having some advantage over those now available may be offered for general use before a given school has supplied itself with test forms. No particular tests are therefore suggested here. Instead, it is recommended that when the time comes to secure test materials, advice be asked of the Department of Educational Measurements of a School of Education or a Teachers' College in one's own state, or in some well known institution more distant. A request for information as to the best tests to use and where they may be secured will usually bring suggestions as to the most recent reliable material available.

Teachers desiring to acquaint themselves more fully with what is known of the problems of the psychology and teaching of reading will find the following books scientific, readable, and helpful:

Huey, Edmund B.—*The Psychology and Pedagogy of Reading*, The Macmillan Company, 1913.

O'Brien, John A.—*Silent Reading*, The Macmillan Company, 1920.

The Twentieth Year Book of the National Society for the Study of Education: Part II—Silent Reading, Public School Publishing Company, Bloomington, Illinois, 1921.

For individual pupils, there is much reason to expect that, in other school subjects in which reading is a prominent means of study, progress will be directly promoted by improvement in speed and comprehension in silent reading. This helps to impress the fundamental importance of developing a high degree of efficiency in silent reading and to justify the effort and attention required to achieve it.

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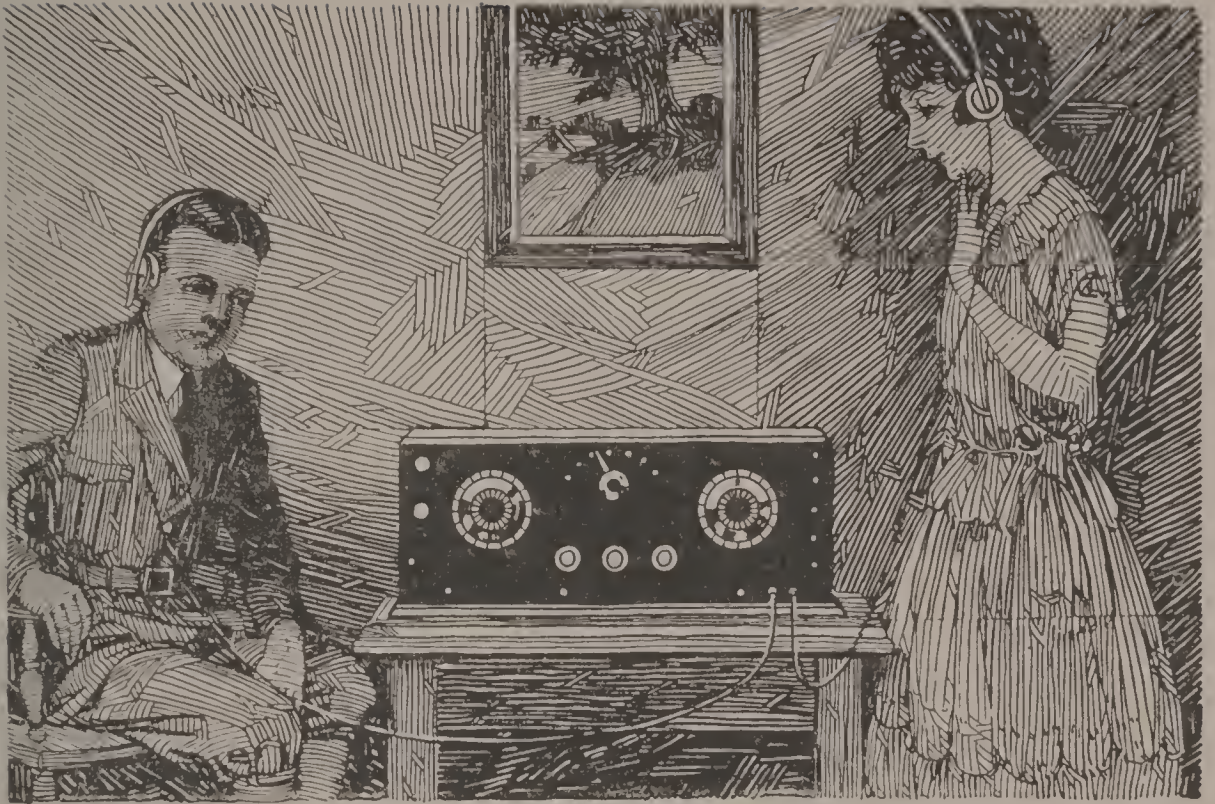
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THE COMPANIONSHIP OF THE GREAT

The radio of today permits us to hear great speakers, great musicians, our friends and our relatives at a distance. This is surely a wonderful privilege and we are glad to have such opportunities. Our companionship with the world is widened and our acquaintance with the great in all fields of activity is enlarged.

There is another remarkable medium of companionship with the great, and one which has advantages over even so wonderful an invention as the radio. The radio enables us to hear only such persons as are alive at the present time and interested in broadcasting, and we cannot always hear whom we wish to hear, but have to wait for a definite time for the companionship of the truly great.

This other source of companionship which is not thus hampered is that which is opened to us through *reading*. If we train ourselves to read well, we can hear the best thoughts of the best people at any and all times. The greatest minds of all ages are waiting between the covers of a book to commune with us, to help us to avoid the blunders which others have made, and to entertain us as the living great have not time to entertain us. They do not interrupt our activities but wait patiently for us to give them audience. Why should we waste our time in talking nonsensically with people who have little to talk about except the weather and gossip, when we can hear kings and queens, poets, novelists, statesmen, moral and business leaders, dramatists, and scientists talk to us, giving us ideas that are really worth while?

You do not have to wait for a certain time of day to "tune in" as in the radio. All you have to do is open the book, tune your mind to the ideas of the author, and you may enjoy this superior companionship as long as you wish.

Just as you have to adjust carefully your radio apparatus before you can catch the ether sound waves, so you have to adjust carefully your mental apparatus before you are able to catch the message of the author. Many persons do not enjoy reading because they do not know how to read and have never trained themselves to enjoy this fascinating and helpful pastime. If you start early to tune your mind so that it may catch the meaning found on the printed page, no one can ever shut you out from companionship with worth while people of all ages and places. You will have constant and helpful friends always ready to come at your bidding.

SPEED TEST I

TO THE PUPIL: When your teacher gives you the signal, you are to start reading the story of the discontented pendulum, and read as rapidly as you can and still get the details of the story. When you have completed the reading, raise your hand so that your teacher may enter opposite your name the number of minutes taken by you in reading the story.

TO THE TEACHER: Place an alphabetical list of the pupils' names on the blackboard and as the pupils raise their hands, jot down by the name the nearest number of minutes (or minutes and quarter minutes) consumed in the reading. There are approximately 820 words in the selection and the rate of reading per minute may easily be worked out by each pupil or by the group under your direction by dividing the total number of words (820) by the number of minutes (including fractional parts) required in each case.

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM

An old clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen, without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this, the dial plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made a vain effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; and each member felt disposed to lay the blame on others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation, when hands, wheels, weights with one voice, protested their innocence.

But now a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum who spoke thus: "I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage; and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my

reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this the old clock became so enraged that it was upon the very point of striking. "Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial plate, holding up its hands.

"Very good!" replied the pendulum; "It is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me,—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! You, who have had nothing to do all your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen. Think, I beseech you, how would you like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and to wag backward and forward year after year, as I do?"

"As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?"

"For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here; and although there is a window, I dare not stop even for an instant to look out at it. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life; and, if you wish, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. I happened, this morning, to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course of only the next twenty-four hours; perhaps some one of you above there can give me the exact sum." The minute hand being quick at figures, presently replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the pendulum.

"Well I appeal to you all, if the very thought of this was not enough to fatigue any one; and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it was no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect. So, after a great deal

of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, I'll stop."

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied: "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been seized by this sudden weariness. It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and we are likely to do; which although it may fatigue us to *think of*, the question is, whether it will fatigue us *to do*. Would you now do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes to illustrate my argument?"

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace. "Now," resumed the dial, "May I be allowed to inquire if that exertion is at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you."

"Not in the least" replied the pendulum. "It is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions."

"Very good," replied the dial, "but recollect that, although you may think of a million of strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum.

"Then I hope," resumed the dial-plate, "that we shall all return to our duty immediately; for the maids will lie in bed if we stand idling thus."

Upon this, the weights, who had never been accused of light-conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as if with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move,

the pendulum began to swing, and, to its credit ticked as loud as ever; while a red beam of the rising sun that streamed through a hole in the kitchen, shining full upon the dial-plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock, he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

—JANE TAYLOR.

RELATING WORDS

Write your name on the first line of your paper and your grade on the second line. Below are six groups of words. You are to select from each group the words that are related in meaning.

The first group at the bottom is a list of tools with one word that is not related to the list. Top in the first line is not related to other words in the group. Write saw, hammer, rule on third line of your page. Do the same for each group.

1. Saw, hammer, top, rule.
2. Corn, potatoes, hoe, peas.
3. Horse, cow, man, pig.
4. Iron, zinc, wood, copper.
5. Sky, air, wind, automobile.
6. Men, women, forest, children.

HUCKLEBERRY MOLLY

The person who gives the name to this story is an Indian woman who lives in the Northwest and gets her name from the fact that she gathers and sells huckleberries or blueberries. Like the Indians as a whole, she seems to have the ability to predict or foretell coming events in nature. In this case she is alarmed about the possible sliding down the mountain side of the ice and snow that has gradually become packed into a huge mass, almost a mountain in itself.

Read the story rapidly but carefully. Be able to answer the questions found at the end, looking back when necessary to make sure that your answers are correct.

Huckleberry Molly trudged up the steep path to the little house at the foot of the mountain. The long basket on her back, partly supported by the band of cloth that crossed across her forehead, was half full of huckleberries. As she sank down wearily on the top step, she slipped the heavy basket from her shoulder.

Alice Gordon came out on the small porch. Her cheeks were flushed and there were berry stains on her apron. The pleasant odor of boiling fruit came from the house.

When Alice saw Huckleberry Molly, she frowned a little. At times, Alice, in common with some of her neighbors, got a little tired of Molly's visits; but the girl's natural kindness of heart always came to the top, as it did now.

"My, you're tired, aren't you, Molly?" she said. "And it's so warm. How far have you carried that heavy basket?"

Molly smiled up at her. "Eight—nine mile today, over on Pine Mountain. Huckleberries thick over there. You want some more?"

Alice Gordon considered. "Well, I've got sixteen quarts put up already. That ought to be enough with the rest of my fruit."

Without a word, Huckleberry Molly reached for her basket and began to slip the supporting band around her forehead.

"Wait!" said Alice. "I think I will take them, Molly. I'll get a pan and you measure them out. How much are they now?"

"Two bits quart. Me give you big quarts, you good to me long time."

When Molly had measured out the berries, Alice brought her some cool lemonade and something to eat. The old squaw was plainly glad to sit on the shady porch and rest while she ate the luncheon. When at last she rose to go, she looked up at the towering peak of Old Eagle that reared its rocky summit a thousand feet above the house.

"You stay here this winter?" she asked. "You live in this house?"

"Why, of course!" said Alice. "While my husband's work is here we'll live right here. This is *our* house." She said it a little proudly as she glanced round at the porch and the bright little flower garden in front.

"I like better you not live here this winter!" Molly muttered. "Heap snow! big, big snow—more than for long time. Me? I know—Injuns know 'bout big snow. Old Eagle slide—mebbe kill."

Alice Gordon laughed. "Mercy!" she said, "are you a witch, Molly? How do you know there'll be big snow this winter?"

"Injun buck kill bear last week—much fat, heap fat. Injun know. Can't fool old Molly."

Mumbling to herself, she shuffled awkwardly down the path.

When John Gordon came home from work that night, his young wife told him of Huckleberry Molly's doleful prediction.

"Well," he said, "I guess if anyone knows, it's an Indian. People up here say they never fail. Seven years ago was the last big snow—more than twenty feet deep on the level."

Alice laughed incredulously. "How absurd! Why, twenty feet would be clear over the house."

"I should say *so!*" John Gordon replied smiling. "This house is only fifteen feet high. We're likely to get snowed under if we stay here, but there's no danger of Old Eagle's sliding. There've been plenty of slides round here,—the railway knows all about that,—but Old Eagle has never slid. They say it's too steep—the snow keeps sloughing off and doesn't stay on long enough to form an avalanche. So don't you worry, dear."

After supper they took the baby out on the cool porch, and sat in the dusk, swinging slowly in the hammock. The baby in his white nightgown was asleep on Alice's arm. Their young hearts were full of content as they watched the stars come out one by one in the small patch of sky over the high peaks around them.

At first when the young railway man had brought her to this wild, deep nook in the mountains, Alice had been filled with something almost like fear. From the pleasant, level stretches of southern California, to which she had always been accustomed, to these deep, dark cañons and towering crags of the High Cascades had been for her a marvelous and

not altogether pleasant change; but gradually she had become accustomed to the place, and had grown to love the great gray rocks and the hardy green ferns that grew round them, the swift cascades, from which the mountains got their name, and the wild, unconquered fierceness of it all.

August with its hot, dreamy days melted into September and the smoky, hazy days began. Far off there were mountain fires. Some days the sun shone only as a yellow ball and at night the moon was red. Then October came and with it the flaming colors of changing leaves. Old Eagle was afire with red and yellow.

Early in October Alice rose one morning, and, looking from her window, could not repress a cry of wonder and delight. Half way up Old Eagle the wonderful colors were suddenly blotted out by an expanse of glistening white.

It was the first snow that Alice had ever seen, and for long periods that day she stood at the door and looked up at the mountain peaks. John enjoyed her childish delight in the spectacle.

"It's come early," he said, with a laugh. "Here it is only the seventh of October and the first snow! I guess Huckleberry Molly knew what she was talking about, all right. It's likely to be a tough winter. The fellows down at the station say there'll be trouble a-plenty on the railway, just as there was seven years ago when not a wheel except the rotary snow-plough turned for a whole month."

Alice looked at him with shining eyes. "Oh," she said, "what an experience! How glad I am there's to be lots of snow this winter! Think, John, I never even touched snow in my life!"

October slipped into November. The days were

short and dreary, and each brought either rain or snow. Early in December the snow began to fall in earnest. Flakes of almost incredible size floated down steadily all day and all night and all day again. Trains became irregular, and at last stopped running altogether.

Six miles below the mountain hamlet, a freight train was stalled between two slides, and while standing there, it was caught by another slide and carried bodily down into a cañon seven hundred feet deep. A few days later a mountain side covered with green timber tore down in an avalanche and wrecked a long bridge over a ravine.

The railway men worked long hours and risked their lives every day. Accidents occurred but no fatalities, and the men unconcernedly went on keeping the road as clear as possible.

In the little house at the foot of Old Eagle, Alice Gordon did not fear any danger. Her neighbors from the valley below often came up to see her, and they assured her that no house in the hamlet was safer than hers. Old Eagle had never slid—never would slide.

Day by day the snow crept higher; it completely covered the windows and then the roof. John had cut a narrow passageway upward from the front porch so that he and his wife could go up to the surface by steep, hard-packed snow steps.

People on snowshoes walked over one another's houses and in some places over the snow-buried electric light wires. In the hamlet the long, covered snow shed that had been built years before for the children to use in going back and forth between home and school was in constant use. Leading off from it at intervals, were smaller sheds that connect-

ed the various houses with that main artery of passage. Thus the women could visit one another without exposing themselves to the cold and the snow. Little by little, however, the snow sifted into the sheds through the openings that had been left for light, and in time you had to bend almost double in order to get through. Fortunately, the little town was supplied with electric light; otherwise life in the darkened, buried houses, would have been much less endurable. No shed connected John Gordon's house with the main artery, but there was a hard packed path that went straight from the steps in the snow to the nearest covered passageway.

At Christmas every one of the twenty homes in the place had its own Christmas tree, and there were happy gatherings, good dinners and much laughter. Turkeys and chickens had been brought in on the rotary snow-plough and the one store of the village was well supplied with the necessary staples. There was no fear of famine as yet, but no one knew at what moment a slide more disastrous than the others might cut off the supplies from the outside.

At last, a week or two after Christmas, the snow ceased falling and it began to rain. For two days rain fell without ceasing. A warm chinook wind had blown up from the south and the snow began to loosen on the mountain sides. The men in the village became anxious. More than one would have given much could he have sent his wife and children out of the place, but no trains had been running for three weeks. Several families had moved to the school-house to sleep; the seats had been taken up, and school dismissed until conditions should become better.

Anxious eyes were lifted to Old Eagle, the tallest

and steepest of all the mountain peaks. But many sloughs and minor slides that occurred, renewed the feeling of confidence. Old Eagle *could not* slide.

On the second day of the rain, Huckleberry Molly clambered awkwardly down the steep, narrow snow steps of the Gordon's house. When Alice opened the door, the old squaw stood looking at her strangely.

"You come!" she said. "Wrap baby. I carry. You get what you want—you come! Old Eagle going to slide soon—tonight—mebbe tomorrow—you come!"

Alice stared at her. She refused to be alarmed; she even felt a little indignant with the old squaw.

"Why, Molly," she said, "I should say not! I guess my husband knows whether there is any danger. And baby is sick, too—he had a touch of croup last night before last. I shouldn't think of taking him out in this rain. There isn't a particle of danger. Everyone says Old Eagle is safe."

Huckleberry Molly listened patiently. Then she repeated stolidly, "You come. Old Molly know—Injun always know. You come. Old Eagle going to slide. Where your man?"

Alice became angry. "Molly," she cried, "I will *not* go! My husband would come and get me if there were any danger. He's off on the snow-plough. He knows these mountains—he says Old Eagle is safe—they *all* say so."

Huckleberry Molly hesitated a moment, and then pushing her way into the house, asked, "Where baby? Go get blanket. I wrap him up—carry him. You come!"

Alice Gordon was almost in tears with vexation.

“Molly,” she said “you go away! I promise you that if I hear any noise that sounds like a slide I’ll take baby and go. I’ll run down through the snowshed.”

“You no hear slide—all this snow over house! Rain now—much rain make snow loose on Old Eagle. You come—*please!*” The Indian woman began to coax. “We go down to depot or somebody’s house down there.”

“Molly, I tell you once for all—*no!* These other people who ran away from their homes—they’re afraid! I’m not afraid! I shall stay here!”

Without a word Huckleberry Molly gathered her blanket close round her and went out.

That night at eight o’clock when John Gordon should have come home, Alice went to the door; she thought that she would go up and watch for him. She opened the door and gave a low cry of horror. Before her rose a solid mass of frozen snow: the doorway was completely blocked. The snow had caved in and the rain had turned it to ice.

For one moment her heart seemed to stand still; then it leaped violently. Trapped! It was utterly impossible to get through that wall of ice and snow. When John came, —so she tried to reassure herself, he would know what to do. He would break a way through that awful barrier and come to her and the baby down there under the snow.

But suppose he did not come! Last night Andy McDowell had not come home, and his wife had walked the floor all night. It might be John’s turn tonight to be out on the snow-plough—or something might have happened—a slide!

She thought of Huckleberry Molly, and said to herself, “Oh, why didn’t I go! Why didn’t I go!”

With her hands clasped together and her heart full of sudden panic, she walked up and down the room. Laddie, the big collie, evidently sharing her excitement, stalked beside her. She imagined that she heard a queer, muffled noise—a sliding, rumbling sound that meant—that could mean nothing but death!

Suddenly she became aware of a rasping sound outside. John! John digging his way in! Flinging open the door she cried out, but only the rasping sound answered her. Suddenly, as she watched, with dilated eyes two fists broke through the crust of ice and snow and in a moment Huckleberry Molly had forced her way through the wall.

This time she did not stop to talk. Her big, coarse hands were cut and bleeding, but she took no notice. She shuffled into the bedroom and catching up the sleeping baby, wrapped him in his blankets. His little fair head drooped sleepily upon her shoulder and she lifted a fold of the blanket and covered it. Then she pointed to a heavy coat that hung on the wall.

“Put on!” she ordered. “Your man—he no come home tonight—heap big slide—snow-plough no can come back. You come now.”

Mechanically Alice put on the big coat and wound a scarf round her head. Huckleberry Molly looked around. “Money? You got money? You take ’em. Take clothes for baby—hurry!”

As in a dream Alice Gordon obeyed. She called the big collie, and lighted a lantern. Then the strange little procession started. Huckleberry Molly carried the bundled sleeping baby on one shoulder and the lantern in her other hand. Alice followed with a suit case hastily stuffed with clothes for the baby.

Behind them came the dog. Somehow they clambered up to the level and out into the open. Ahead of them a short distance was the entrance to the snowshed. Alice looked round. The rain had ceased. All the world, apparently, was one great expanse of snow. Not a house roof was visible! And over all, high and menacing, towered Old Eagle!

Suddenly panic seized Alice. It seemed to her excited fancy that she could see something moving, far up there under the pale light of the moon. Everything was still, but she imagined that she heard a distant muffled sound.

“Oh, hurry! hurry!” she cried to the dark figure before her.

Crouching low, they entered the mouth of the long snowshed, which the lantern feebly illuminated. Several times Alice, less sure-footed than the old squaw, fell into the snow that banked the narrow path. The baby woke and cried. A projecting shelf of snow along one side had struck him in the face. To the frightened girl the quarter of a mile that they slowly traversed in the dark, low shed seemed interminable.

At last Huckleberry Molly turned into a side passage that led from the main shed. A gleam of light shone through the cracks round a door, and the squaw stumbled toward it. The baby still cried and Alice was calling: “O Mrs. Maloney, open the door! Open the door!”

The door was at once flung open and a broad, good-natured Irish woman looked out. “My soul, ’tis Mrs. Gordon!” she cried. “Come in! Come in!” She caught the baby from Huckleberry Molly’s arms

and cuddled him against her motherly shoulder. Then she reached out and pulled Alice into the warm kitchen.

“Come in, Molly, you too!” she cried. “Now, then, what does it mean?”

Alice told her. “My soul alive!” cried Mrs. Maloney, “I thought there wasn’t a livin’ soul up on the hill tonight. I heard you had left and—”

Mrs. Maloney broke off and held up her hand. “What’s that? Hark! ’Tis a slide somewhere!” she cried in great excitement. “I know the sound. I was here seven years ago. Listen!”

A long, low, rumbling, sliding, grinding sound came dully to their ears,—a vibration, a roar,—an ever-increasing volume of sound that finally died away into silence.

The next morning John Gordon, haggard from lack of sleep and filled with terror at the thought of what might have become of his wife and child, came up from the station where he had heard the news, and walked into Mrs. Maloney’s kitchen, never thinking to knock. He held his wife and baby in his arms and looked at Huckleberry Molly, who was sitting beside the stove.

“It’s all gone, little wife,” he said. “There’s nothing left—everything buried under tons of snow and rock. But I never was so happy in my life. At the end of the week a train’s coming through and I’m going to take you and the baby out until spring. If you had stayed in the house ten minutes longer—”

He left the sentence unfinished, and shuddered at the thought that filled his mind.

Alice went over to the stove and put her arm

around the Indian woman's shoulders. "I'd be there—now—if it hadn't been for Molly. She—she—"

Huckleberry Molly's small, black eyes shone and her swarthy cheeks glowed. "You good to me long time," she said, with a wide gesture. "Me? I good to you little short time. Ugh! Nothing much."

"Come, now," broke in Mrs. Maloney. "Look at this smokin'-hot breakfast. Sit up to the table, ivery one of you, and thank heaven you're alive to eat me good griddlecakes!"

—H. C. LEROY

Courtesy of The Youth's Companion.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

1. How much is "two bits?" In what section of our country is this expression used most?
2. What incident did Molly relate to prove her belief that a severe winter was coming?
3. What is meant by "a doleful prediction?"
4. What is an avalanche? What causes it to slide down the mountain side?
5. Where had Alice lived before she came to her present home? What makes you think so?
6. How did Huckleberry Molly prove herself a real heroine?
7. What simple act of Alice Gordon's at the close of the story shows how much she thought of the Indian woman for her heroic act.
8. Can you think of any instance in which someone that you know of or have read about has repaid a friend for a kindness by an heroic act?

A SPERM WHALE

TO THE TEACHER: Before having the pupils read the following selection have the class or some individual members of the class look up the subject of whales and have them report on such items as: habits of whales, their abode, size, method of capturing, products derived from whales, and the value of the whale industry. This will make the story more interesting and clear to the pupils so that they may read it more rapidly and intelligently.

TO THE PUPIL: Have you ever read an account of the capture of a whale? If so, compare it with this one. The seaman's peculiar language makes this account seem very real and adds much to our interest in the story. Note especially the abrupt ending—true to the seaman's style.

A light breeze stirred the ocean round the small bark as she sailed slowly on her course in the South Seas. On the little crossbars at her foremasthead stood a young fellow who wearily scanned the sea as he waited for the tap of the bell that would announce the end of his two-hours' watch.

But suddenly his listlessness vanished.

“Hello!” he cried aloud. “What was that?”

Something out across the water had flashed or splashed or jumped or done something. With straining eyes the boy peered here, there, this way, that way. The bell below sounded, but he paid no heed to it.

“Jack! Jack! Jack! Be yeh deaf, or what in thunder ails yeh, up there?”

The relief, standing on the deck below, had become impatient.

Jack's answer was an exultant shout.

“There she breaches! There she breaches!”

“Where away?” bawled the captain.

“Right ahead, sir.”

“How far away?”

“Much as five miles, I guess, sir.”

The crew crowded to the rails and stared across the water. But five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, and nothing disturbed the surface of the ocean.

“Aw! T’wan’t nothin’,” said the mate on the mainmast to Jack. “Yeh jes’ thought yeh seen suthin’.”

“I saw it, all right ’nough!” Jack cried. “There! Thar blows!”

There was no mistake about it now. From all sides came cries of “Thar she blows!” “There she blows?” “Thar blows!” according to the taste of the crier. A puff of something that looked like steam had risen a few feet above the water and melted away; a glistening body had appeared for a moment and gone.

“It’s a sperm whale, sir!” announced the mate. “An ol’ rouser, too!”

“Man the boats, here!” the captain shouted.

In an instant Jack came sliding down the foremast to the deck and rushed to the mate’s boat, which still swung from its davits.

“Tumble in, Jack” said the mate. “Lower away, now!”

The boat dropped and rested on the waves.

“Get away, boys!”

The five lusty young fellows bent to their oars, and they were off for the whale.

The water danced and gleamed behind them as, tugging, tugging, tugging at the heavy sweeps, they raced with the two other boats. Standing at the

stern with the big steering oar, the mate stared eagerly ahead and looked round for the other boats.

At last, casting away his quid nervously, he gave his oar a sudden twitch. "That'll do. Take y'r paddles," he whispered.

As Jack shipped his oar and turned toward the bow with his paddle, there rose from the water, directly ahead and scarcely fifty feet away, a big black mound that glistened brightly in the sunlight; an instant later the head of an enormous whale appeared. With a sound like that made by steam escaping from an engine, a heavy jet of vaporous spray came welling out of the top of the whale's head. Then they saw the great creature sink slowly from sight.

"Hold'er, boys!" The mate still spoke in whispers.

Holding their breaths involuntarily lest they should frighten the animal, the men dipped their paddles noiselessly to check the progress of the boat.

A moment later the black mound, followed a second later by the head, again rose. The great creature, which had been gliding gently toward them, seemed about to turn away.

"Gi'me steerage, boys," whispered the mate; and as the others' dipped their paddles cautiously, he guided the boat toward the whale.

As yet the animal was unaware of the presence of the boat. As long as the hunters should remain silent and directly ahead of him, he would continue unaware of his danger; for his little eye, deep down and far back on the side of his head, could see neither in front nor behind.

"A little harder, boys," ordered the mate.

As the men bore more strongly on their paddles, they made a slight ripple that reached the whale.

The creature raised his head two, three, six feet, but still he did not see his pursuers. Presently his head slumped back, and the boat glided silently alongside.

“Give ’er to ’im!”

At the mate’s triumphant shout the boatsteerer in the bow drove his two harpoons into the black side.

“Stern! Stern all!”

As each man struggled to send the boat back from the whale, the flukes flashed into the air fully thirty feet above the boat, and an enormous brownish body went gliding down into the depths. Rainbows shone and danced as the spray descended in showers, and the whale line went spinning round the loggerhead, thence on, the length of the boat, and out through the chock into the depths.

“Nip ’er! Nip ’er there, Jim!” cried the mate. The bow oarsman tried to check the whizzing line with the canvas nippers; but the line was running too swift and strong, and an instant later the mate bawled, “Let ’im go!”

Down, down, down went the line, hissing and smoking as it passed round the loggerhead.

“Douse the line a bit, Jack,” said the mate; and the boy dashed water on the line as it ran.

With lightning-like rapidity the line ran out and out and out. The bottom of the last tub was barely covered with line now, and the boatsteerer stood ready to drop the little buoy, which was fast to the end of it, over the bow, when the speed slackened and he managed to apply the nippers.

The other boats had come up by this time, and together they waited for the whale to reappear. Minutes followed minutes until an hour had passed and still the whale did not show himself. Meanwhile

the men pulled and hauled, gradually gathering and coiling the line in the boat as the animal in his wanderings came nearer and nearer to the surface.

“There he is!”

Less than a hundred feet from the boat a black head had come noiselessly from the water, and was rising cautiously and slowly until it towered at least twenty feet above the surface of the sea. The head turned until the small eye, just above the surface of the water, was fixed on the hunters. For some seconds the head stayed there, gaunt in its outline, while the animal surveyed his enemies.

“That ol’ feller means mischief, sir,” the boat-steerer declared.

“Stand ready, boys,” said the mate; and the men took their oars ready for emergencies.

While the whale still lay high, his long under jaw dropped almost at right angles with his body, displaying long rows of ivory teeth, white and polished, that stood out several inches from the gum and that were hooked slightly backward. Then he shut his mouth with a snap and slowly sank into the water.

“Pull ahead, boys!” shouted the mate.

The boat sped rapidly ahead, and an instant later the black head of the whale rose in the place where the boat had been. With a great lunging leap, the creature shot almost clear of the water.

The roar of the second mate’s whale gun now resounded as he sent a bomb straight into the side of the animal. Down beneath the surface slumped the whale, impelled by the weight of his falling body; and for a moment the hunters thought that he had received the fatal wound. But the creature again rose and, sending the white foam on either side of him, rushed for the third mate’s boat.

Two more reports rang out from the guns of the first and second mates. Again the whale slumped down, so close to the third mate's boat that he actually grazed the craft in his descent. He was out of sight for a moment; then, some distance from the boat he had so nearly missed, his hump appeared just above the surface of the water. The whale lay there quite still; but the men could see the water ruffled and in commotion far behind the hump as the whale, feeling, for something to hit, moved his flukes this way and that.

"Pull ahead, boys!" commanded the mate, and his boat shot toward the waiting animal with the boatsteerer now in the stern.

"Stern! Stern all!"

The boatsteerer's face was white with terror as he screamed the order. The next instant there came a report like that of a cannon, followed immediately by a great swashing of water round and over the boat. The whale had lifted his flukes clear of the water and brought them spanking down almost upon the boat. As his huge brown hulk glided swiftly by, the mate's gun again roared forth.

That time a quivering wave seemed to pass the length of the gigantic monster, and, instead of again slumping down and out of sight, he seemed suddenly to rise a foot or two. The men knew then that the death wound had been given and that the beast would not again deliberately chase the boats.

For an instant the whale sank once more beneath the water, not quite out of sight this time; then suddenly he rolled until he lay with the silvery gray surface uppermost, but only for a moment. Although the animal was fully eighty feet long, with flukes little less than twenty feet from tip to tip, he sudden-

ly gave a great jerking bound that sent him sidewise entirely clear of the water.

He came down with a terrific splash, and before he was quite submerged, went rushing away in an irregularly circuitous course. Tumbling and thrashing about, standing now on his head and now on his flukes, sending the ocean skyward in sparkling, hissing, swashing, sunlit foam, he sped on until with one more mighty throe he leaped again into the air and fell back dead.

“What’ll he make?”

“A hundred barrels.”

—T. W. HAMMOND.

Courtesy of The Youth's Companion

VOCABULARY STUDY

A synonym, as you know, is a word that has a meaning similar to that of another word; such as, *silent*, *speechless*, *dumb*.

The following expressions are taken from the story of a Sperm Whale and you are to fill in a synonym for each word in italics, making the reading as smooth as possible when you substitute the meaning for the word given.

1. A breeze stirred round the small *bark*.
2. A young fellow wearily *scanned* the sea.
3. Suddenly his *listlessness vanished*.
4. Jack's answer was an *exultant* shout.
5. The boat still swings from its *davits*.
6. He would *continue unaware* of his danger.
7. He did not see his *pursuers*.
8. The men took their oars ready for *emergencies*.
9. The whale went rushing away in an irregularly *circuitous* course.
10. With one more mighty *throe* he leaped into the air and fell back dead.

SANDY

As you read this interesting story of a dog, jot down a word here and there which will assist you in recalling the story. Be able to tell the story after you have finished reading it.

Keep the following questions in mind and answer them after you have read the story.

1. Who is the person telling the story?
2. How do you think Sandy was injured in the chase of the coyote?
3. How would you have found out for certain whether Sandy was killing the sheep, without actually watching him all night?
4. Why did Sandy regain his courage and fight the wolf after having acted so cowardly?
5. How did the fight with the wolf help Sandy in his attack on Brutus?

My home is on a ranch in the San Joaquin Valley—fourteen thousand acres of hill and valley land which give plenty of room for my stocky, brown-faced, out-of-doors nephew to wander about in when he comes at vacation time. Billy comes accompanied by Sandy.

I liked the appearance of Sandy from his birth—an active, spunky, little pup with tan and white markings. And he grew to be an intelligent, speedy, strong-looking dog, with long rangy body and slender legs.

If it weren't for the coyotes that steal my chickens and lambs I don't suppose I should have much need for dogs; but as these wild pests make regular raids on the flocks, I have a pack of nondescript huskies to drive the marauders away.

"I don't know, Bill," I began doubtfully, "whether Sandy will fare well in that savage crowd or not; they're out-of-doors dogs." I had imagined that

Sandy had been petted a great deal since his puppyhood days.

“Don’t worry for Sandy,” Billy proudly spoke up. But I had misgivings.

And with the first meeting of Sandy and Brutus I knew that there was a rivalry. Brutus was the big, bristling, battle-scarred, slate-colored brute, partly great Dane, who had won the leadership of the pack. It was after a hunt and the pack of hungry, thirsty, wolf-like animals followed their big leader with tongues hanging dry.

Brutus advanced cautiously to give close scrutiny to Sandy, growling ugly, short grunts as he did so. Sandy stood dignified and silent, a beautiful creature groomed to a fluffy freshness, all alertness and unleashed speed, ready to meet the bunch on any terms they might demand. The rest of the pack stood back awaiting the decision of their chief. The big slate-colored dog smelled Sandy over to get him well catalogued in his mind. And the pedigreed dog patiently submitted, only taking a couple of quick sniffs at his inspector. Then both seemed to declare an armed neutrality and await the overt act.

“They’re acquainted now, Bill, but watch ’em. Sooner or later they’re going to mix and you’d better call help when they do,” I said.

“I’m not worryin’,” Billy answered.

Then came the momentous day when Sandy ran with the pack. He was young, green, and impetuous. Billy and I stood on a hill back in the highlands and saw the scattered bunch in the canyon below when they raised a coyote from a small cluster of elderberry bushes that stood at the lower end of the ravine.

As I said, Sandy was green. In his inexperience

he jumped into a long, steady stride in pursuit, forgetful of the strength to be gained by numbers. He was all eager to get near the quarry. He let out sharp, excited yelps.

The other dogs bunched and ran as a solid phalanx, with the husky Brutus one leap ahead. They sang their hunt song. It was a deep-throated chorus.

We enjoyed seeing Sandy let himself out, but it was an anxiety to think of what might happen when he overtook the coyote—that gray streak that flashed along the bottom of the wash with our Sandy rapidly gaining.

I yelled at the dog, but he was so intent on his first chase that he did not hear.

Then the coyote turned up the far side of the canyon and slid in among the manzanitas to be lost to our view. Sandy was close. The pack, slow but sure, was a hundred yards to the rear.

“He’ll be all right, Bill, if he doesn’t get too anxious when the varmint stops running. If only he waits for the pack, he’s going to come out fine.”

However, it was up to Sandy.

And a couple of hours later when the pack came into the home ground, Sandy was not with them. The leader had a sort of a hang-dog look about him like a boy who’s been sent home from school early and doesn’t want to tell why. I suspected treachery.

Billy, the overseer, and I started out to find Sandy. We came upon him about half a mile from the corral. He had not stopped when the coyote did. He had not respected those sharp teeth. The coyote had done damage.

A sadly wounded Sandy was bravely pawing his painful way over the ground with forelegs only.

His hind legs were both out of commission and one side was cruelly gaping open. But not a whimper did he let out. He seemed to me to be past recall. The overseer thought the same and drew his gun.

Billy, kneeling, took the dog's finely shaped, white-starred head in his arms. There were tears in all our eyes. The dog looked up in a pleading manner as if asking, "Please help me!"

"Better end it!" I said to the overseer.

"Sure," he gulped, wiping the mist from his eyes so that he could see to shoot.

"Let me take him a minute, kid," the man said in a soothing tone, placing his hand on Billy's shoulder.

Billy saw the gun.

"No!" he declared stoutly. "You're not going to shoot my dog. He's mine! I won't have him shot. Uncle Jack, don't let him do it," Billy pleaded.

Sandy, sensing something wrong in our attitude, added his bit in the look that he gave me. After that I couldn't order him shot.

"All right—let him be!" I said to the overseer.

"But he'll never be any good now!" the man protested. "We always shoot a dog that gets side-lashed by a coyote. He loses his nerve. He's no good."

"I don't believe it," defended Billy.

"We'll take him in," I said. That settled it.

We carried him home on an improvised stretcher of branches torn from the sagebrush. Billy and I did the surgical work with sheep dip as an antiseptic, a sail-maker's needle and some fiddle strings. Sandy licked my hand as I sewed him up and didn't whine once.

I was all for Sandy after that bravely stood operation.

In a week he regained the use of his hind legs and it was impossible to keep him as quiet as we thought he should be. We stood watch over him. But ten days after his accident, when I was gone for a moment from the kitchen where we had him bedded, he got up and, the back door being open, he must have crawled out. For he had disappeared.

We mourned Sandy. It seemed impossible that he could live in his weakened condition away from our protective care.

Billy was disconsolate, and we all looked in every conceivable part of the ranch where we thought the dog could drag himself. But to no avail. We did not even find his body to give it decent burial.

"Where do you suppose he could be?" Billy asked me despairingly a few days after the disappearance.

"I couldn't say, boy!" I answered. "In all probability he is dead by this time and as the hills are full of coyotes, he would need no burial."

Billy turned away quickly—I guess it was because he had tears in his eyes and didn't want me to see them.

Then other affairs took my attention. The coyotes were becoming more bold, so the pack of dogs was turned out every night to drive them away. And worse things happened, for sheep were found dead and half eaten. This had never happened to our grown flocks before. Some bolder marauder than any we had experienced before was decimating our flocks. One sheep would be missing every morning. The body would be found in a lonely brush-grown canyon where it had apparently been dragged. The

carcass always showed the effects of some voracious animal's teeth.

My overseer and I were at a loss to explain the cause. Coyotes we had with us always and expected their theiving raids on our chicken coops and among the lambs, but heretofore they had been driven off by the dogs before seriously injuring any of the large sheep.

The pack was out at night. They went into the hills with joyous yelps. We had expected to find all our animals secure. But the annoying toll was regularly taken from the flock of sheep.

And the dogs, with tails between their legs, had come whimpering into their kennel in the early daylight. Two, the big leader and one other, were badly lacerated as if they had been in a losing fight with some very vicious enemy. All seemed cowed and afraid. I could not imagine what local species of wild animal could so subdue my whole pack of dogs. No mountain lion had been reported and the dogs' wounds did not come from tearing, sharp, cat claws.

Then came the day, after a month of these sheep loses, when Sandy came back. His hair was caked with dried-on mud and he was very unkempt. Somewhere he had found a mud hole. I did not know where.

That was a day of great rejoicing, tender washing, currying and generous feeding of Billy's pet. Sandy showed his pleasure at sight of us by weakly trying to skip about, and he licked every attentive hand. He was nearly starved.

A great scar ran from his right shoulder downward to his right hind quarter. It was where we had sewed him up. But the wound had healed well.

However, the overseer cast many furtive, suspicious glances his way. Finally he came to me and in a faltering manner, knowing the affection I had for the dog, he remarked,

“Ah—I see Sandy’s back. Now about those sheep—you know collies sometimes go bad. Do you suppose Sandy—ah—now?”

“Stop!” I said. “Take one look at the dog and forget it!”

But I saw as the days passed that he did not forget it; he fingered his revolver in its holster with itching hand whenever Sandy came near. He thought Sandy was killing sheep. And like a horse thief on the range, bad sheep dogs are arbitrarily sentenced and summarily executed.

The days of Sandy’s recuperation were a pleasure to us all for he was so appreciative. We finally had him all sleek and trim once more and seemingly fit as ever. But his appearance would never win him any blue ribbons, for the scar on his side was too vividly apparent. But he was our Sandy and we liked him.

When the dog was himself once more, Billy wanted to take him back to the kennel and let him visit the pack.

We went. It was evening. The hunter dogs had just come in. They felt good. Their chase must have been a success. As we neared the kennel, we could hear their victorious barks. Sandy heard. He acted strangely. He didn’t want to go on. His head hung low and his tail drooped.

I was surprised for he seemed ashamed. Billy forced him to come along.

We found the other dogs at their dinner. The

overseer was standing by. Brutus snarled and pawed his bone like a terrier worrying a rat.

Sandy was dragged into the circle of husky brutes as they tore at their respective beef joints.

They saw Sandy. His changed attitude from the dignified, calm, self-assured Sandy of old was noticeable. The dogs sensed the change. The whole pack lifted their heads and looked. Then the slate-colored leader, letting out a vicious snarl, made a jump at Sandy. The pack followed, closing in on the unfortunate dog.

“At ’em Sandy!” Billy commanded. But Sandy gave one pleading look at his master, then hung his head, tucked his tail between his legs, and ran.

“Oh—oh—you coward!” Billy screamed after the fleeing dog. The overseer laughed. I looked on and made no comment. Billy was disgusted. He felt humiliated at Sandy’s action and the overseer’s laugh.

Half the way up the hill on the way back to the house, we found Sandy waiting for us.

With head groveling in the dirt and tail anxiously patting the ground he sidled up to his young master, his eyes pleading for favor.

“Go way—you—you coward!” Billy commanded. His voice gave a hint of the chagrin he felt.

But Sandy whined his plea to be understood. He edged up to Billy and licked his shoes.

Billy raised his hand to strike the dog. I caught his wrist.

“Don’t do that, Bill,” I said. “Sandy is ashamed—he’s lost his self-respect; help him get it back—don’t break his spirit.”

"He's lost his nerve," Billy cried. "He's lost his nerve—he's no dog of mine!" and the boy ran into the house.

When he was out of sight, I stooped and patted Sandy's head and talked gently to him.

"Sandy," I said, "you're in a bad way. You've lost the respect of your master."

And I felt that Sandy knew what I meant for, looking up at me with pain in his gaze, he emitted a low howl of sorrow.

After that Sandy and I were together most of the time. I had occasion to make trips out over the ranch, and invariably he would wait for me and follow my horse or ramble off on little excursions into the brush as I rode the hills or valley.

Rabbits were his principal game, and whenever we raised one, I would send him after it. Sandy was the quickest dog on his legs that I have ever seen.

He was very sensitive, and the indifference of his young master made him disconsolate. Billy would have none of him.

One time as I came from the house, the overseer stood by the front door holding my horse. Sandy was on the grass plot beyond him, keeping at a respectful distance, for the dog sensed the man's distrust of him.

"Another sheep was killed last night!" the overseer told me and cast an accusing glance at the dog. "He was out all night," he added, meaning Sandy.

I looked at Sandy. I admit a faint suspicion entered my mind. Sandy was immaculate, but that might mean nothing for collies have been known to be exceedingly shrewd at washing off all incriminating stains of blood after a murderous raid.

“You still think”—and I nodded toward the dog.

“Absolutely!” the man declared, a gleam of anticipation coming into his eye and his hand seeking his holster as he saw that at last I had a suspicion.

Billy came from the house carrying his little shotgun.

“What’s that you said?” he asked.

“Another sheep was killed last night,” the overseer quickly told him.

“I’ll go out and catch the murderer!” Bill dramatically exclaimed in play as he stalked off the porch like an egotistical country sheriff. We had not told him of the suspicions about Sandy.

We laughed to see the boy go and at the confident manner in which he carried his small bore shotgun—“pop gun” the overseer called it.

Sandy jumped up as Billy left the porch, and ran expectantly to his side to join in the hunt. “Go away!” Billy ordered in a contemptuous tone. Sandy went—head and tail drooped—hurt. Billy trudged off into the hills.

“Well—” I hesitated. “I’ll watch the dog awhile; let him be till I feel more sure,” I said to the overseer.

I mounted my horse and calling Sandy rode away. I felt guilty to harbor doubts of the dog. But suspicious circumstances did point accusingly at him.

My ride that day took in a circle of the valley land up a slope of the hills ten miles from the house and back along the crest ridge, overlooking the valley.

Along about eleven in the morning I was up at a point a mile and a half from the house where two fences joined. It was on the ridge top between two canyons. One of the lines of fence held boundary to

my hilly sheep land which extended back toward the house and enclosed numerous small fertile valleys where the flock grazed.

There was a spring on this land, at the head of the canyon just below me and within the fence. It was in that canyon that the sheep had been killed.

I looked down the precipitous side of the ridge to the dry, gray sand and rock strewn bottom. Manzanita and elderberry shrubs, thickly matted, made a dense growth above the winter storm's high water mark. The canyon was dry as a bone.

As this was the sheep's watering place, I wanted to see how the spring was holding out. I dismounted, let the horse graze from the bushes, and, calling Sandy, went crackling and plunging downward through the Chaparral.

In the bottom we came upon a startled flock of sheep. They were up and running when we burst through the underbrush. Our noise had scared them. I watched Sandy. He paid no heed to them. And it was here where all the dead sheep had been found.

Up the canyon we started, I slowly plodding through the gravel and climbing over rocks.

I watched for moisture in the sand or in the shade under overhanging boulders. Finally signs of water became apparent and I was pleased at the distance below the main spring where I found it. It meant that a goodly supply was present for the entire summer. I was ready to return to my horse but, as I dug my heel into the shifty soil, I happened to look at Sandy.

He was acting in a very peculiar manner. The hair on the nape of his neck was bristling, his nose

was in the air, then ducked close to the ground to sniff excitedly at something.

He let out little anxious yelps and looked at me. Then he ran to me and tugged at my trousers with his teeth, urging me to go with him up the canyon.

Wondering what was the cause of his nervousness, I followed. He would bound ahead, sniff the air, growl, then come back and in every way at his command try to get me to hasten.

I didn't like the sound of that growl. I felt that Sandy's instinct told him of the nearness of some wild creature that meant danger. I stopped and cut a gnarled club of the tough red manzanita. To make the weapon more effective I left a heavy joint at one end. Then I followed the nervous, excited dog as fast as my legs would carry me.

It was only about a quarter of a mile to the head of the canyon and spring. The canyon narrowed to a gorge, then suddenly opened at the sides to form a natural cliff-bound amphitheater. There was no way out except as we had entered. At the far side—about a hundred feet from us—was a small cleft in the rock wall. In the bottom of this the spring bubbled in a pool. Along the sides of the cleft over the water was a fault in the rock resulting in a shelf about eighteen inches wide.

The sun shone brightly down. Two cottonwoods grew in the floor of the amphitheater. When we got there a fearful sight met my gaze.

Kneeling by the pool, as if stopped in the moment of taking a drink, looking with evident alarm up at the shelf rock, was Billy.

On the shelf was a great, gray, dog-like animal, teeth bared, ready to spring out. It was no coyote. It was a wolf.

Billy's gun was on the ground ten feet back from where he knelt by the water. A shot from it would only have frenzied the beast anyway.

Sandy waited for me no longer. Like a streak of yellow flame he dashed across the level floor and stopped beside his beloved young master.

Billy saw him. With a cry of relief, he took his dog's head in his arms and pressed his face against the white starred forehead.

Sandy shook himself free. He gave a little affectionate whine to acknowledge the greeting; then his growl of challenge to the father of all dogs—the wolf—was in the voice of the proud fighter. No coward could have uttered it.

“Back away, Bill—get your gun—and come here,” I yelled.

My voice seemed to anger the wild beast, for at the first sound the wolf rose, snarled viciously and, craftily looking for a place to open his attack, swung his head from side to side.

Billy did as I told him. Sandy cautiously stepped along the edge of the pool, placing his protective body between his master and the menacing beast. His gaze was fixed on the wolf. Suddenly the gray animal leaped into the air. Straight at the tan and white dog he came. Sandy anticipated the attack. He nimbly side-stepped. His head flew to one side as if on a very stiff spring. His teeth were bared. As the wolf lit, not on him, but beside him, Sandy's sharp fangs shot into his side and came away dripping.

Sandy had learned a valuable lesson from the coyote. The wolf tried the quick, characteristic side-swipe. Sandy was not there where the snapping teeth slashed. Now, as if of rubber, he seemed to

rebound to the wolf's rear, and before the gray animal could whirl, Sandy had creased his quarter and with lightning rapidity crunched the bones of the off leg. He was away and circling.

The wolf seemed dazed by this whirlwind attack. He crouched, snarled. Flying past him at top speed Sandy evaded the quick lunge intended for his own flank and opened another wound in the wolf's side.

It was like a systematic, efficient machine, the way Sandy made every move. He seemed adept at the science of fighting in the wild. I marveled. Then I remembered the long line of his blue blood ancestors and believed intuition had added to his intelligent mind hints of battle not learned in his encounter with the coyote.

Soon after I dispatched the wolf with my knotty club and Billy caressed the dog he had disowned as a coward.

"Sandy—I want you. Will you be my dog again?" Billy asked.

Sandy stood panting, taking his caresses. He looked different. He *was* different. He had regained his self-respect. He licked Billy's hand.

That noon I told the overseer what Sandy had done. "Now the sheep will not be molested," I remarked.

But the next morning he came to me with a bad report. "Another sheep is dead!" he said in a final tone. To him the proof of Sandy's guilt was now absolute.

But I was not satisfied. "I'll see—to-night," I told him. I worried much over what he had said.

After dark that night—it was nine o'clock—I mounted my horse, called Sandy and rode out along

the hill crest. The moon was in the full, and bright. A coyote, head pointing to the heavens, was silhouetted in the silvery light where he stood on a lonely, bare spur of the hills. He howled dolefully. I heard the pack of ranch dogs yelp as they searched the brush for marauders.

Sandy, head erect, tail up, and in every way his dignified self again, sedately trotted beside my horse. I rode to the canyon which had been the scene of the sheep killings and of Sandy's valiant encounter with the wolf.

When I tied my horse, Sandy stood near. We went down to the dry gravel wash together. Then Sandy suddenly became attentive to something ahead. In the moonlight I could see a flock of sheep standing on the gravel floor about a hundred yards up the canyon.

Sandy was intently looking and listening. He let out a low growl.

I thought I saw a skulking dark figure appear on the far side of the sheep. The sheep were not alarmed, so I did not further consider the dark shadow. Then Sandy left me. I saw him running toward the sheep.

He was about half way when I heard a pained bleat, which became the heart-rending call for help of an animal in mortal pain.

Then Sandy got there. There was an angry growl—it didn't sound like Sandy. Two growls came together—one surely Sandy's, the other strange. Then snarls. I could see Sandy making attacks upon some dark-hued animal. He made them with the same overwhelming, lightning rapidity as in the

morning. His dark adversary seemed confused, as did the wolf. I ran forward. The sheep scurried to cover in the bushes. The field was cleared for the combatants.

When I got near I saw Sandy's enemy try to run. Sandy closed on him. The darker animal was the bigger, but the suddenness of Sandy's attack and the force of direct impact brought his adversary down.

I drew my revolver and stepped close but I did not have to use the gun. Sandy was at his throat. He dispatched the sheep killer unassisted.

Billy is very proud of Sandy now, for in that fight the dog cleared his good name, fairly fought and defeated Brutus, the big slate-colored dog—the sheep killer—and thereby won the right to be leader of the pack.

—JOSEPH PETTEE COPP.

Courtesy of The American Boy.

CLASSIFYING WORDS

Arrange your paper with four columns and place the four words below at the head of your columns. Write your name and grade at bottom of your paper.

Teacher	Doctor	Lawyer	Farmer
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Put each word below under the word in the column to which you think it belongs:

Medicine	Chalk	Plow	Law
Wagon	Legal	Pills	Eraser
Pointer	Dose	Cows	Convict
Indict	Cure	Teach	Cultivate

WHEN NAOMI PLAYED WITH FIRE

Many interesting stories have been told about early settlers who outwitted the Indians. After reading this interesting Indian account, try to recall some other similar story and tell it to the class.

TO THE TEACHER: After the pupils have finished telling these stories, have the class vote on the one which was the most interesting and also told in the most effective manner.

Naomi Whitney lived in the most troublous days. When the wild beasts were not preying upon the scanty live stock of the little cabin, the redskins were perpetually crawling and slinking about like dangerous shadows.

One morning Naomi's father discovered that no less than five hens and twelve small chickens were gone from the little rough shed behind the house. Mr. Whitney had found many small foot prints about the backyard—the prints of a fox, he declared. But something on his face when he said this made thirteen-year-old Naomi ponder thoughtfully.

She threw a long black cape over her rough, woolen dress and went out to feed the chickens. The air was chilly and Naomi pulled the ruffled hood attached to the cape, down over her brown head.

She stared at the long line of bushes against the bleak sky. Above this underbrush the swaying heads of whispering pines nodded and beckoned. Naomi shivered, but not from the chill of the early morning. She threw back her shoulders quickly and drew in a steady breath of the bracing air. But despite her efforts to throw off her uneasiness she wished that their log-chinked house was not so near the woods. She noted a bit nervously how close the outbuildings were to the low bushes which introduced the black

timberland beyond. She wished again that her father had not been so anxious to obtain this particular grant of land. To her mind even fertile soil and a barrier of woods to break the cold winter winds did not seem at all pleasing. And the Hopkins' cabin was fully five miles away.

Naomi carefully scooped out from her pewter dish a generous portion of corn for the chickens. While they ate she began a quiet, thorough search. The quick shadow which had fallen over her father's face when he had mentioned the theft of the fowls told a great deal to Naomi. In her sensitive mind she felt sure that the troubled look on his face had not been caused by the mere loss of his hens and the presence of a thieving fox.

The girl dropped swiftly to her knees. She scanned the loose earth eagerly. She clearly saw the clean-cut imprints of animal toes. Yes, there had been a fox there very recently—she knew how a fox track appeared. Somewhat perplexed at this plain and ordinary story which the soft tracks told, she arose slowly. Strangely restless, she paced thoughtfully beyond the rough log outhouse and stood among the stubble of the cornfield. The November winds made some of the dry corn husks rattle. Then she stopped suddenly.

Partially concealed by a few dried corn husks appeared a faint depression on the brown earth. With the tip of her heavy buckled shoe she brushed aside the dried stalks. She stifled a little cry that tried to leap from her throat. There at her feet lay, faintly but clearly defined, the print of a foot. It was not the impression of a thieving fox. It was something far more fearful. It was the print of a moccasined foot.

Naomi began a careful search in the deserted cornfield for other trails left by moccasined feet, but she found no more. This fact, however, did not quiet her feelings. The stubble and stone and scraggling tufts of grass gave ample opportunities for the crafty redskin to pick his way without leaving any further marks of a visit. Yes, one print was quite sufficient. With a pang she realized clearly what the sober look on her father's face had meant. Even then she had half suspected it.

As Naomi went back to the cabin carrying her empty dish and a huge wooden spoon, she thought of her grandmother ill in bed with a severe attack of rheumatic fever. Her young-old mind went swiftly to the two crossed muskets over the stone mantel above the wide fireplace. And she remembered the full powderhorn always beneath them on the mantel and the box of leaden balls close by. Yet not an Indian had troubled them during the four months they had lived there. In fact there had been few reports of any redskins within a twenty-mile radius.

A horseman came up the road riding swiftly. As Naomi came around the corner of the house he was already talking in quick, low tones to her father and mother.

"Is it—is it Indians?" queried the girl calmly. Her father looked at her sharply.

"No," replied Mr. Hopkins, their nearest neighbor, "but it is nearly as bad."

He glanced at the girl and then included her in his tidings. Young people in those days shared and helped in the anxieties of their elders. And very

young they learned the full meaning of responsibility and unselfishness.

“All our family is ill with pneumonia, and I’ve asked your mother to come help us for a few days.”

Naomi nodded understandingly. “I will care for grandmother,” she said.

Then suddenly her face paled as the full significance of that half-concealed moccasined outline came back to her.

“Are you cold?” asked her mother anxiously.

Naomi drew her cape more closely. “I think I have been outside too long.” She went into the house swiftly.

Her grandmother leaned on one elbow peering out the narrow slit of a window which came within the range of her bed. Anxiously the old lady inquired the meaning of Neighbor Hopkins’ presence.

“Oh, nothing but illness!” she remarked with relief as Naomi answered her question. “I feared it was bad news,” and she sank calmly back into bed.

The girl turned away her face to hide a smile. Truly illness seemed less than nothing in those days of constant, lurking perils.

Mrs. Whitney came in briskly and began to gather a few things. Very shortly their own horse appeared before the door. As Naomi saw her father mounted, she stared at him in amazement and glanced down the road. Neighbor Hopkins had gone on toward the settlement, evidently for a few simple remedies. This was an eight mile ride beyond.

“I will take your mother over,” Mr. Whitney said as Naomi came to the door with her. “I will be back by noon.”

With no further words they were off. Naomi walked back deep in thought. From the rear window which overlooked the long line of black woods she peered intently. Then shrugging her shoulders she began to whistle bravely.

Her grandmother's chiding tones recalled her. "A Naomi—whistling!" groaned the old lady.

"I'm sorry, grandmother," responded the girl. "I forgot."

Before further comments could come she took a much-thumbed volume from a rough log box on the wall and went to the corner where her grandmother's cot stood. Before opening the book her eyes traveled to the ladder leading to the sleeping loft overhead. This ladder was held in place by leather thongs and could be dragged up after the loft had been reached. Naomi shook her head and began resolutely reading the "Book of Martyrs" which particularly pleased her grandmother.

"A little Indian-meal gruel from the skillet there," suggested the old woman sometime later. Placing the book under the cot Naomi went quickly to the fireplace. As she filled a little mug with the steaming gruel she glanced out of the window toward the darkly swaying pines. She stiffened suddenly, spilling a drop of the hot porridge on her trembling hand. Swiftly she glanced at her grandmother. The old lady lay with closed eyes. Stealthily the girl drew a step nearer the narrow window, keeping her face well in the shadow. Had she seen only a few tardy autumn leaves or had the spot of bright color been something else?

Naomi's throat suddenly became very dry. Her heart pounded and thumped, for as she peered at

the sullen landscape a dim, brown face peeked from the underbrush. There were hideous circles of gaudy paint on the dark face, while over the straight hair gleamed lines of brilliant feathers like some bird of tropical plumage.

Dumbly the girl watched it in fascination. But the figure seemed content to crouch in his hiding place. Helplessly she looked at the wizened face of her grandmother lying with closed eyes. Then her wide eyes went down to the drop of porridge which still clung to her shaking hand. Hardly knowing what she did she brushed off the little clot of meal. The hot gruel had seared a little red mark on her hand.

For the space of a few seconds Naomi stood and stared at the spot. Strangely enough her hands no longer shook, and a red flush burned high on either cheek. Her eyes glittered brightly, and her lips were drawn into a scarlet, determined line.

With a last glance at that grim, peering face the girl stepped swiftly to the mantel. She opened a dark box and extracted something. Then she took a candle dip, bending on her knees to light it among the dull, red coals. All the time she kept peeking toward the shadow line. She sat down on the floor where she could watch and yet not be seen. Her fingers worked fearlessly, rapidly.

“Where is my gruel?” came the pain-racked voice of her grandmother, but she didn’t open her eyes.

“The fire is low, grandmother,” murmured Naomi cautiously. “Just a moment.”

To her intense relief her grandmother accepted her excuse, waiting patiently and quietly.

Still the girl worked on, sometimes biting her lips

as if in pain, and sometimes smiling to herself. She breathed a prayer of relief as the quiet, crouching figure in the woods still remained merely a watcher.

“Grandmother,” whispered Naomi close to the cot, where she had crept, shading her candle that no ray should reach the ambushed redskin, “Grandmother. You must help me. Quick—listen!” In a few words she told their danger and outlined her plan.

The old lady leaned on one elbow, staring strangely at the flushed face of her granddaughter, at the shaded candle on the floor, at what the girl held in her hand.

“Well, Naomi Whitney.” There was no fear in the voice, but a grim humor mingled with pride. “If you don’t beat everything. Hurry and get me fixed!”

“Just your face and your arms, grandmother,” whispered Naomi as she fell to work in dead earnest.

The girl finished her task with complete satisfaction and blew out the candle. She piled dry, pitchy boughs high on the slumbering coals and coaxed up a roaring blaze which lighted up the cabin well—very well so Naomi hoped. She pulled her grandmother’s couch much nearer the blazing fire.

With never a groan the sick woman rolled over nearer the fire and left Naomi the outer edge of the cot, that side which came nearer the door. On the table close by, the girl had placed a few bottles with dark liquids. Under the bed in plain view stood water and a skillet of gruel.

Then Naomi unbraided her hair and mussed it roughly with her quick fingers. She peered out of the window.

“He’s coming, grandmother,” she breathed, “and he is in full war paint. There are others following him.”

Naomi stretched herself in an awkward position on the couch. One hand tore at her hair and the other sprawled over the edge, dangling in seeming helplessness.

She could count her heartbeats and it was with the greatest difficulty that she could distinguish between her thumping chest and the soft, pattering sounds coming ever nearer. Through her half-closed eyes she saw the hideous, staring face of the chief at the window. She uttered a little moan and tossed restlessly. Her grandmother imitated her, trembling and shaking with the realism of fear. Another face peered in at the narrow window, then a third.

The Indian warriors seemed to be arguing with the chief. Stolidly he shook his head and grunted. Then Naomi felt her loosened hair stiffen and stand on end. The heavy wooden latch on the door moved the fraction of an inch. Slowly the door opened. The gaudily painted figure of the chief stalked in, followed by his equally terrifying band. Bows and arrows and tomahawks seemed to be much in evidence. About ten feet from the couch the Indian leader stopped. A hesitating look crept over his glittering eyes.

Slowly Naomi raised herself with difficulty until she stood up tottering. She took a stumbling step toward the graven figure of the chief. The room was soundless except for the low moans of the old woman and the snapping of the pin fagots.

Fearlessly the girl brought her wide gaze to rest on the chief. She raised her hands and pointed to



her face and to her arms, and then at the fever-red-dened features of the moaning old woman. The flare of the blazing fire showed to the staring redskins a pale-faced girl with wild hair and with—the chief fell back a step gazing as if hypnotized. For he plainly saw the red, mottling spots covering the face, the neck, and the arms of the girl and the old woman. His warriors behind him saw, too.

“Go! Go!” screamed Naomi, gesturing like one crazed with fever. Again she pointed to her face.

Without a final look the group of redskins uttered harsh cries of abject terror. They pushed one another, they stumbled in their attempts to leave the ill-fated cabin. They covered their eyes and their noses as they sped toward the woods.

When the last bush had closed over the terrorized Indians, Naomi crept quietly to the door and shut it. Her grandmother was weeping and laughing alternately

Naomi studied her face. The seeming miracle had been accomplished by merely a candle and a piece of fine wire. By heating the wire nearly redhot in a tongue of flame, she had burned little blisters until both she and her grandmother appeared fearfully spotted. Anyone who ever had seen a person with smallpox would surely think these two were suffering with it. The Indians had suffered far more than the white man from this death-dealing, spotted disease. They knew but too well the terrible danger of the virulent smallpox.

When Mr. Whitney first saw Naomi at noon he was terribly startled. Even to his eyes she seemed in the throes of the dread disease. He was speechless with horror and relief as he heard her story. When

Mr. Hopkins returned from the settlement Naomi's father told him of her brave strategy. Before sun-down the two men had warned the various settlers of the impending danger.

But strangely enough no further signs of the Indians were reported. Possibly they believed the disease to be widespread in that locality. But the marks of this make-believe smallpox were easily healed by a thick coating of mutton tallow.

—FLORENCE M. PETTEE.

Couresty of Queens Gardens.

DESCRIPTION

Select one of the topics below and write a paragraph of twenty-five words on it. Your teacher will time you. Write your name and grade at the top of your paper and hand it to your teacher when she calls for it:

1. An Automobile Accident
2. A Runaway Horse
3. A Beautiful Sunset
4. Your Favorite Mountain Scene
5. A Picture at the Movies

THE THREEFOLD DESTINY

Most people think that their opportunities would be much greater if they could leave the community in which they are living. Many times there are much better opportunities at home but people fail to take advantage of them. In this story Hawthorne shows how it took years for Ralph Cranfield to realize this truth.

Watch for the three things that Ralph tried to gain by leaving home.

In the twilight of a summer eve, a tall, dark figure over which long and remote travel had thrown an outlandish aspect, was entering a village, not in "Fairy Londe," but within our own familiar boundaries. The staff on which this traveller leaned had been his companion from the spot where it grew, in the jungles of Hindostan; the hat that overshadowed his sombre brow had shielded him from the suns of Spain: but his cheek had been blackened by the red-hot wind of an Arabian desert, and had felt the frozen breath of an Arctic region. Long sojourning amid wild and dangerous men, he still wore beneath his vest the ataghan which he had once struck into the throat of a Turkish robber. In every foreign clime he had lost something of his New England characteristics; and, perhaps, from every people he had unconsciously borrowed a new peculiarity; so that when the world-wanderer again trod the street of his native village it is no wonder that he passed unrecognized, though exciting the gaze and curiosity of all. Yet, as his arm casually touched that of a young woman who was wending her way to an evening lecture she started, and almost uttered a cry.

"Ralph Cranfield!" was the name that she half articulated.

“Can that be my old playmate, Faith Egerton?” thought the traveller, looking round at her figure, but without pausing.

Ralph Cranfield, from his youth upward, had felt himself marked out for a high destiny. He had imbibed the idea—we say not whether it were revealed to him by witchcraft, or in a dream of prophecy, or that his brooding fancy had palmed its own dictates upon him as the oracles of a Sibyl!—but he had imbibed the idea, and held it firmest among his articles of faith, that three marvellous events of his life were to be confirmed to him by three signs.

The first of these three fatalities, and perhaps the one on which his youthful imagination had dwelt most fondly, was the discovery of the maid who alone, of all the maids on earth, could make him happy by her love. He was to roam around the world till he should meet a beautiful woman wearing on her bosom a jewel in the shape of a heart; whether of pearl, or ruby, or emerald, or carbuncle, or a changeful opal, or perhaps a priceless diamond, Ralph Cranfield little cared, so long as it were a heart of one peculiar shape. On encountering this lovely stranger, he was bound to address her thus: “Maiden, I have brought you a heavy heart. May I rest its weight on you?” And if she were his fated bride—if their kindred souls were destined to form a union here below, which all eternity should only bind more closely—she would reply, with her finger on the heart-shaped jewel,—“This token, which I have worn so long, is the assurance that you may!”

And, secondly, Ralph Cranfield had a firm belief that there was a mighty treasure hidden somewhere

in the earth, of which the burial-place would be revealed to none but him. When his feet should press upon the mysterious spot, there would be a hand before him pointing downward—whether carved of marble, or hewn in gigantic dimensions on the side of a rocky precipice, or perchance a hand of flame in empty air, he could not tell; but, at least, he would discern a hand, the forefinger pointing downward, and beneath it the Latin word *EFFODE*—Dig! and digging thereabouts, the gold in coin or ingots, the precious stones, or of whatever else the treasure might consist, would be certain to reward his toil.

The third and the last of the miraculous events in the life of this high-destined man was to be the attainment of extensive influence and sway over his fellow-creatures. Whether he were to be a king and founder of an hereditary throne, or the victorious leader of a people contending for their freedom, or the apostle of a purified and regenerated faith, was left for futurity to show. As messengers of the sign by which Ralph Cranfield might recognize the summons, three venerable men were to claim audience of him. The chief among them, a dignified and majestic person, arrayed, it may be supposed, in the flowing garments of an ancient sage, would be the bearer of a wand or prophet's rod. With this wand, or rod, or staff, the venerable sage would trace a certain figure in the air, and then proceed to make known his heaven-instructed message; which, if obeyed, must lead to glorious results.

With this proud fate before him, in the flush of his imaginative youth, Ralph Cranfield had set forth to seek the maid, the treasure, and the venerable sage with his gift of extended empire. And had he

found them? Alas! it was not with the aspect of a triumphant man, who had achieved a nobler destiny than all his fellows, but rather with the gloom of one struggling against peculiar and continual adversity, that he now passed homeward to his mother's cottage. He had come back, but only for a time, to lay aside the pilgrim's staff, trusting that his weary manhood would regain somewhat of the elasticity of youth, in the spot where his threefold fate had been foreshown him. There had been few changes in the village; for it was not one of those thriving places where a year's prosperity makes more than the havoc of a century's decay; but like a gray hair in a young man's head, an antiquated little town, full of old maids, and aged elms, and moss-grown dwellings. Few seemed to be the changes here. The drooping elms, indeed, had a more majestic spread; the weather-blackened houses were adorned with a denser thatch of verdant moss; and doubtless there were a few more gravestones in the burial ground, inscribed with names that had once been familiar in the village street. Yet, summing up all the mischief that ten years had wrought, it seemed scarcely more than if Ralph Cranfield had gone forth that very morning, and dreamed a day-dream till the twilight, and then turned back again. But his heart grew cold because the village did not remember him as he remembered the village.

"Here is the change!" sighed he, striking his hand upon his breast. "Who is this man of thought and care, weary with world-wandering and heavy with disappointed hopes? The youth returns not, who went forth so joyously!"

And now Ralph Cranfield was at his mother's gate, in front of the small house where the old lady,

with slender but sufficient means, had kept herself comfortable during her son's long absence. Admitting himself within the enclosure, he leaned against a great, old tree, trifling with his own impatience, as people often do in those intervals when years are summed into a moment. He took a minute survey of the dwelling—its windows brightened with the sky gleam, its doorway, with the half of a millstone for a step, and the faintly-traced path waving thence to the gate. He made friends again with his childhood's friend, the old tree against which he leaned; and glancing his eye adown its trunk, beheld something that excited a melancholy smile. It was a half obliterated inscription—the Latin word *EFFODE*—which he remembered to have carved in the bark of the tree, with a whole day's toil, when he had first begun to muse about his exalted destiny. It might be accounted a rather singular coincidence, that the bark just above the inscription, had put forth an excrescence, shaped not unlike a hand, with the forefinger pointing obliquely at the word of fate. Such, at least, was its appearance in the dusky light.

“Now a credulous man,” said Ralph Cranfield carelessly to himself, “might suppose that the treasure which I have sought round the world lies buried, after all, at the very door of my mother's dwelling. That would be a jest indeed!”

More he thought not about the matter; for now the door was opened, and an elderly woman appeared on the threshold, peering into the dusk to discover who it might be that had intruded on her premises, and was standing in the shadow of her tree. It was Ralph Cranfield's mother. Pass we over their greeting, and leave the one to her joy and the other to his rest,—if quiet rest be found.

But when morning broke, he arose with a troubled brow; for his sleep and his wakefulness had alike been full of dreams. All the fervor was rekindled with which he had burned of yore to unravel the threefold mystery of his fate. The crowd of his early visions seemed to have awaited him beneath his mother's roof, and thronged riotously around to welcome his return. In the well-remembered chamber, on the pillow where his infancy had slumbered, he had passed a wilder night than ever in an Arab tent, or when he had reposed his head in the ghastly shades of a haunted forest. A shadowy maid had stolen to his bedside, and laid her finger on the scintillating heart; a hand of flame had glowed amid the darkness, pointing downward to a mystery within the earth; a hoary sage had waved his prophetic wand, and beckoned the dreamer onward to a chair of state. The same phantoms, though fainter in the daylight, still flitted about the cottage, and mingled among the crowd of familiar faces that were drawn thither by the news of Ralph Cranfield's return, to bid him welcome for his mother's sake. There they found him, a tall, dark, stately man of foreign aspect, courteous in demeanor and mild of speech, yet with an abstracted eye, which seemed often to snatch a glance at the invisible.

Meantime the widow Cranfield went bustling about the house, full of joy that she again had somebody to love, and be careful of, and for whom she might vex and tease herself with the petty troubles of daily life. It was nearly noon when she looked forth from the door, and descried three personages of note coming along the street, through the hot sunshine and the masses of elm-tree shade. At length they reached her gate and undid the latch.

“See, Ralph!” exclaimed she, with maternal pride, “here is Squire Hawkwood and the two other selectmen, coming on purpose to see you! Now do tell them a good long story about what you have seen in foreign parts.”

The foremost of the three visitors, Squire Hawkwood, was a very pompous, but excellent old gentleman, the head and prime mover in all the affairs of the village, and universally acknowledged to be one of the sagest men on earth. He wore, according to a fashion even then becoming antiquated, a three-cornered hat, and carried a silver-headed cane, the use of which seemed to be rather for flourishing in the air than for assisting the progress of his legs. His two companions were elderly and respectable yeomen, who, retaining an ante-revolutionary reverence for rank and hereditary wealth, kept a little in the Squire's rear. As they approached along the pathway, Ralph Cranfield sat in an oaken elbow chair, half unconsciously gazing at the three visitors, and enveloping their homely figures in the misty romance that pervaded his mental world.

“Here,” thought he, smiling at the conceit, “here come three elderly personages, and the first of the three is a venerable sage with a staff. What if this embassy should bring me the message of my fate!”

While Squire Hawkwood and his colleagues entered, Ralph rose from his seat and advanced a few steps to receive them, and his stately figure and dark countenance, as he bent courteously towards his guests, had a natural dignity, contrasting well with the bustling importance of the Squire. The old gentleman, according to invariable custom, gave an elaborate preliminary flourish with his cane in the air, then removed his three-cornered hat in

order to wipe his brow, and finally proceeded to make known his errand.

“My colleagues and myself,” began the Squire, “are burdened with momentous duties, being jointly selectmen of this village. Our minds, for the space of three days past, have been laboriously bent on the selection of a suitable person to fill a most important office, and take upon himself a charge and rule which, wisely considered, may be ranked no lower than those of kings and potentates. And whereas you, our native townsman, are of good natural intellect, and well cultivated by foreign travel, and that certain vagaries and fantasies of your youth are doubtless long ago corrected; taking all these matters, I say, into due consideration, we are of opinion that Providence hath sent you hither, at this juncture, for our very purpose.”

During this harangue, Cranfield gazed fixedly at the speaker, as if he beheld something mysterious and unearthly in his pompous little figure, and as if the Squire had worn the flowing robes of an ancient sage, instead of a square-skirted coat, flapped waistcoat, velvet breeches and silk stockings. Nor was his wonder without sufficient cause; for the flourish of the Squire’s staff, marvellous to relate, had described precisely the signal in the air which was to ratify the message of the prophetic Sage whom Cranfield had sought around the world.

“And what,” inquired Ralph Cranfield, with a tremor in his voice, “what may this office be, which is to equal me with kings and potentates?”

“No less than instructor of our village school,” answered Squire Hawkwood; “the office being now vacant by the death of the venerable Master Whitaker, after a fifty years’ incumbency.”

“I will consider of your proposal,” replied Ralph Cranfield, hurriedly, “and will make known my decision within three days.”

After a few more words the village dignitary and his companions took their leave. But to Cranfield's fancy their images were still present, and became more and more invested with the dim awfulness of figures which had first appeared to him in a dream, and afterwards had shown themselves in his waking moments, assuming homely aspects among familiar things. His mind dwelt upon the features of the Squire, till they grew confused with those of the visionary Sage, and one appeared but the shadow of the other. The same visage, he now thought, had looked forth upon him from the Pyramid of Cheops; the same form had beckoned to him among the colonnades of the Alhambra; the same figure had mistily revealed itself through the ascending steam of the Great Geyser. At every effort of his memory he recognized some trait of the dreamy Messenger of Destiny in this pompous, bustling, self-important, little great man of the village. Amid such musings Ralph Cranfield sat all day in the cottage, scarcely hearing and vaguely answering his mother's thousand questions about his travels and adventures. At sunset he roused himself to take a stroll, and, passing the aged elm-tree, his eye was again caught by the semblance of a hand pointing downward at the half-obliterated inscription.

As Cranfield walked down the street of the village, the level sunbeams threw his shadow far before him; and he fancied that as his shadow walked among distant objects, so had there been a presentiment stalking in advance of him throughout his life. And when he drew near each object, over which

his tall shadow had preceded him, still it proved to be one of the familiar recollections of his infancy and youth. Every crook in the pathway was remembered. Even the more transitory characteristics of the scene were the same as in by-gone days. A company of cows were grazing on the grassy roadside, and refreshed him with their fragrant breath. "It is sweeter," thought he, "than the perfume which was wafted to our ship from the Spice Islands. The round little figure of a child rolled from a doorway, and lay laughing almost beneath Cranfield's feet. The dark and stately man stooped down and, lifting the infant, restored him to his mother's arms. "The children," said he to himself—and sighed and smiled—"the children are to be my charge!" And while a flow of natural feeling gushed like a well-spring in his heart, he came to a dwelling which he could nowise forbear to enter. A sweet voice, which seemed to come from a deep and tender soul, was warbling a plaintive little air within.

He bent his head and passed through the lowly door. As his foot sounded upon the threshold, a young woman advanced from the dusky interior of the house, at first hastily, and then with a more uncertain step, till they met face to face. There was a singular contrast in their two figures: he dark and picturesque—one who had battled with the world, whom all suns had shone upon, and whom all winds had blown on a varied course; she neat, comely, and quiet—quiet even in her agitation, as if all her emotions had been subdued to the peaceful tenor of her life. Yet their faces, all unlike as they were, had an expression that seemed not so alien, a glow of kindred feeling flashing upward anew from half-extinguished embers.

“You are welcome home!” said Faith Egerton.

But Cranfield did not immediately answer; for his eye had been caught by an ornament in the shape of a Heart which Faith wore as a brooch upon her bosom. The material was the ordinary white quartz; and he recollected having himself shaped it out of one of those Indian arrowheads which are so often found in the ancient haunts of red men. It was precisely on the pattern of that worn by the visionary Maid. When Cranfield departed on his shadowy search he had bestowed this brooch, in a gold setting, as a parting gift to Faith Egerton.

“So, Faith, you have kept the Heart!” said he at length.

“Yes,” said she, blushing deeply; then more gayly, “and what else have you brought me from beyond the sea?”

“Faith!” replied Cranfield, uttering the fated words by an uncontrollable impulse, “I have brought you nothing but a heavy heart! May I rest its weight on you?”

“This token which I have worn so long,” said Faith, laying her tremulous finger on the Heart, “is the assurance that you may!”

“Faith! Faith!” cried Cranfield, clasping her in his arms, “you have interpreted my wild and weird dream!”

Yes, the wild dream was awake at last. To find the mysterious treasure, he was to till the earth around his mother’s dwelling, and reap its products! Instead of warlike command, or regal or religious sway, he was to rule over the village children! And now the visionary Maid had faded from his fancy, and in her place he saw the playmate of his childhood!

Would all who cherish such wild wishes but look around them, they would oftenest find their sphere of duty, of prosperity, and happiness, within those precincts and in that station where Providence itself has cast their lot. Happy they who read the riddle without a weary world search, or a lifetime spent in vain!

—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

WORDS OPPOSITE IN MEANING

There should be 10 lines on your paper. Write your name on the first line and your grade on the second line. In the list below there is one word in parenthesis that is opposite in meaning to the first word in each line. For example, which word in parenthesis following High is opposite in meaning to High? Number your lines 1 to 8 and place one word on each line:

1. High (far, down, up, low)
2. Fast (rapid, easy, slow, run)
3. Selfish (good, bad, unselfish)
4. Love (respect, dislike, hate)
5. Popular (giddy, unpopular, careful)
6. Summer (Spring, Autumn, Winter, Fall)
7. Happy (sad, glad, thrilled, blue)
8. Top (lid, summit, bottom)

SPEED TEST II

At a signal from your teacher you will start reading rapidly. Have a pencil ready so that when your teacher announces "One minute," you may put a neat check mark by the word you were reading when the minute was up. Continue to read and check each time a minute interval is announced by your teacher until she says "Five minutes." Finish reading the story without interruption. Then go back and count separately the words read the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth minute intervals, setting down the number each time. Add these and divide by five to get your average rate of reading per minute. Compare this rate with your rate of reading for speed test I, page 3.

THE CAPTURE OF GULLIVER

My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire; I was the third of five sons. He sent me to Emmanuel College in Cambridge at fourteen years old, where I resided three years, and applied myself close to my studies; but the charge of maintaining me, although I had a very scanty allowance, being too great for a narrow fortune, I was bound apprentice to Mr. James Bates, an eminent surgeon in London with whom I continued four years; and my father now and then sending me small sums of money, I laid them out in learning navigation, and other parts of the mathematics useful to those who intend to travel, as I always believed it would be, some time or other, my fortune to do. When I left Mr. Bates, I went down to my father; where, by the assistance of him, and my uncle John and some other relatives, I got forty pounds, and a promise of thirty pounds a year, to maintain me at Leyden. There I studied physic two years and seven months, knowing it would be useful in long voyages.

Soon after my return from Leyden, I was recommended by my good master, Mr. Bates, to be surgeon to *The Swallow*, Captain Abraham Pannell, commander; with whom I continued three years and a half, making a voyage or two into the Levant, and some other parts. After having consulted with my wife, and some of my acquaintances, I determined to go again to sea. I was surgeon successively in two ships, and made several voyages, for six years, to the East and West Indies, by which I got some addition to my fortune. My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient and modern, being always provided with a good number of books; and, when I was ashore, in observing the manners and dispositions of the people, as well as learning their language, wherein I had a great facility, by the strength of my memory.

The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate, I grew weary of the sea, and intended to stay at home with my wife and family. I removed from the Old Jewry to Fetter Lane, and from thence to Wapping, hoping to get business among the sailors; but it would not turn to account. After three years' expectation that things would mend, I accepted an advantageous offer from Captain William Prichard, master of *The Antelope*, which was making a voyage to the South Sea. We set sail from Bristol, May 4, 1699; and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas. Let it suffice to inform him, that, in our passage from thence to the East Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the northwest of Van Diemen's Land. By an observation, we

found ourselves in the latitude of 30 degrees 2 minutes south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labor and ill food; the rest were in a very weak condition.

On the fifth of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong that we were driven directly upon it and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labor, while we were in the ship. We, therefore, trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves; and, in about half an hour, the boat was upset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell, but conclude they were all lost.

For my own part, I swam as fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom; but, when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth; and, by this time, the storm was much abated.

The declivity was so small that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants; at least, I was in so weak a condition, that I did not observe them, I was extremely tired, and with that, and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of

brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, above nine hours; for, when I awaked, it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir: for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my armpits to my thighs. I could only look upwards; the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes.

I heard a confused noise about me; but, in the posture I lay, could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive on my left leg, which, advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin; when, bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature, not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the meantime I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first.

I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill but distinct voice—“*Hekinah degul!*” The others repeated the same words several times, but I then knew not what they meant.

I lay all this time, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness. At length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground; for by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the method they had taken to bind me, and, at the same time, with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches.

But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent and after it ceased, I heard one of them cry aloud, "*Tologo phonac*"; when, in an instant, I felt above an hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and, besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body (though I felt them not), and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand.

When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a-groaning with grief and pain, and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but by good luck I had on me a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still, and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself; and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest armies they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw.

But fortune disposed otherwise of me. When the

people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows: but, by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers increased; and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work; when, turning my head that way, as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected, about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it; from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable.

But I should have mentioned, that, before the principal person began his oration, he cried out three times, "*Langro dehul san*" (these words, and the former, were afterwards repeated, and explained to me). Whereupon immediately about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him, whereof one was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side, to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness.

I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness: and, being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me,

that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food. The *hurgo* (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learned) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides; on which above an hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me.

I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I ate them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket bullets. They supplied me as they could, showing a thousands marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign that I wanted drink.

They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me; and being a most ingenious people, they slung up, with great dexterity, one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top: I drank it off at a draught; which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more; but they had none to give me.

When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeat-

ing, several times, as they did at first, *Hekinah degul*. They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, *Borach mivola*; and, when they saw the vessels in the air, there was an universal shout of *Hekinah degul*.

I confess, I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honor I made them—for so I interpreted my submissive behavior—soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound, by the laws of hospitality, to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence. However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature as I must appear to them.

After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his imperial majesty. His excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue: and, producing his credentials under the signet-royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes, without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determinate resolution, often pointing forwards, which, as I afterwards found, was towards the

capital city, about half a mile distant, whither it was agreed by his majesty in council that I must be conveyed. I answered in a few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over his excellency's head, for fear of hurting him or his train) and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty.

It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hands in a posture to show that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs, to let me understand that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment. Whereupon I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds; but again, when I felt the smart of their arrows upon my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them, and observing, likewise, that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens to let them know that they might do with me what they pleased. Upon this the *hurgo* and his train withdrew, with much civility, and cheerful countenances.

Soon after, I heard a general shout, with frequent repetitions of the words, *Peplom selan*, and I felt great numbers of people on my left side, relaxing the cords to such a degree, that I was able to turn upon my right, and so get a little ease. But, before this, they had daubed my face and both my hands with a sort of ointment very pleasant to the smell, which, in a few minutes, removed all the smart of their arrows. These circumstances, added to refreshment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nourishing, disposed me to

sleep. I slept about eight hours, as I was afterwards assured; and it was no wonder for the physicians, by the emperor's order, had mingled a sleepy potion in the hogsheads of wine.

It seems that, upon the first moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground, after my landing, the emperor had early notice of it by an express; and determined in council, that I should be tied in a manner I have related (which was done in the night, while I slept), that plenty of meat and drink should be sent to me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city.

—JONATHAN SWIFT.

SUGGESTED READING

You will no doubt enjoy reading more about Gulliver, for he makes four voyages in all, each to an entirely different sort of people. The above story, as you know, was about his visit to the land of the Lilliputians, or tiny folks who live on a dwarfish scale. The second voyage takes this same man to Brobdingnag where the people are giants and Gulliver is the dwarf. Gulliver is given on one occasion to a baby giant to play with and he is constantly afraid of being swallowed since the baby insists on putting the tiny Gulliver into his mouth. The third voyage takes him to Laputa which is a flying island held up in the air by a loadstone. The inhabitants here are scientists and philosophers, one of whom busies himself for eight years trying to get sunshine from cucumbers. The last voyage takes him to a land ruled by horses which are credited with having more intelligence than the people called Yahoos, a frightful race of people with low ideals and habits.

Get the book called "Gulliver's Travels" by Jonathan Swift sometime soon and read some of these interesting and famous accounts.

MEMORIZING A POEM

The first step in memorizing a poem is to read it over and try to understand the meaning of every line. Then read the poem orally and give the very best expression that you can so that another person, hearing it, will also appreciate its meaning. If you study a poem with poor expression, it will be difficult to change the faulty expression after the poem is memorized.

Read the poem over as a whole; that is, from beginning to end until it is memorized. Experiments in memorizing poems have shown that this is the shortest way to commit a poem to memory.

To appreciate fully the following poem, one must have been in a blacksmith shop and have seen the blacksmith shaping a red-hot piece of iron on the anvil. If you have not visited a blacksmith shop, do so at your first opportunity.

Commit the poem, "The Village Blacksmith," to memory by the method suggested above. What lesson does this poem teach us?

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.



Week in, week out, from morn till night
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

IT COULDN'T BE DONE

Memorize this poem by the method described on page 75. Some time when you have a difficult task to perform and are inclined to give it up, this poem should inspire you to keep on until the task is performed.

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
But he with a chuckle replied
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
So he buckled right in with the trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried, he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that;
At least no one ever has done it."
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat,
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.
With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,
Without any doubting or quiddit,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done;
There are thousands to prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you one by one
The dangers that wait to assail you.

But just buckle in with a bit of a grin;
Just take off your coat and go to it;
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That "cannot be done," and you'll do it.

—EDGAR A. GUEST.

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SOMEBODY'S MOTHER

This poem was written before the Boy Scouts were organized. What Scout principle is illustrated by this poem? Do you think the poem is worth memorizing? If so, memorize it by the method suggested on page 75.

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day.
The street was wet with the recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of school "let out"
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way.
Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop,
The gayest laddie of all the group;
He paused beside her and whispered low,
“I’ll help you across if you wish to go.”

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm
He guided her trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.
“She’s somebody’s mother, boys, you know,
For she’s aged and poor and slow;

“And I hope that some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,
If ever she’s old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away.”

And “somebody’s mother” bowed low her head,
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was “God be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody’s son and pride and joy.”

DO ALL THE GOOD YOU CAN.

Do all the good you can, in all the ways you can,
to all the *souls* you can, in every place you can, at
all the times you can, with all the zeal you can, as
long as *ever* you can. —JOHN WESLEY.

LEGENDS

Persons of all ages like stories and they have always done so. In olden days before reading and writing were common and there were few forms of entertainment, men who could sing or tell stories well used to go about the country telling the events that they had heard in going from place to place and filling in exciting passages where necessary to make their tales more interesting. If they heard of some heroic encounter, they would pass it on by word of mouth and by so doing change a detail here and there until the story often had little of truth and much of the impossible in it. These stories were usually told about some prominent person whom the people wished to honor, and they became known as *legends* or non-historic romantic tales of adventure.

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ

Lake Constance lies on the northeastern boundary of Switzerland between that country and Austria. Bregenz is a city in the province of Tyrol in Austria. It is situated at the southeastern end of Lake Constance.

Hundreds of years ago there was a very bitter feeling between the people of Switzerland and their neighbors in Austria. This legend gives an account of one of the attempts of the Swiss warriors to take the city of Bregenz by surprise.

Read the poem carefully at least twice and be able to give an account of the main events related in the legend.

Girt round with rugged mountains
The fair Lake Constance lies;
In her blue heart reflected
Shine back the starry skies;
And, watching each white cloudlet
Float silently and slow,
You think a piece of Heaven
Lies on our earth below!

Midnight is there: and Silence,
 Enthroned in Heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror,
 Upon a sleeping town:
For Bregenz, that quaint city
 Upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance
 A thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers,
 From off their rocky steep,
Have cast their trembling shadow
 For ages on the deep:
Mountain, and lake, and valley,
 A sacred legend know,
Of how the town was saved, one night
 Three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred,
 A Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys,
 And toil for daily bread;
And every year that fled
 So silently and fast,
Seemed to bear farther from her
 The memory of the Past.

She served kind, gentle masters,
 Nor asked for rest or change;
Her friends seemed no more new ones,
 Their speech seemed no more strange;
And when she led her cattle
 To pasture every day,
She ceased to look and wonder
 On which side Bregenz lay.

She spoke no more of Bregenz,
 With longing and with tears;
Her Tyrol home seemed faded
 In a deep mist of years;
She heeded not the rumors
 Of Austrian war and strife;
Each day she rose, contented
 To the calm toils of life.

Yet, when her master's children
 Would clustering round her stand,
She sang them ancient ballads
 Of her own native land;
And when at morn and evening
 She knelt before God's throne,
The accents of her childhood
 Rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt: the valley
 More peaceful year by year;
When suddenly strange portents
 Of some great deed seemed near.
The golden corn was bending
 Upon its fragile stock,
While farmers, heedless of their fields,
 Paced up and down in talk.

The men seemed stern and altered,
 With looks cast on the ground;
With anxious faces, one by one,
 The women gathered round;
All talk of flax, or spinning,
 Or work, was put away;
The very children seemed afraid
 To go alone to play.

One day, out in the meadow
 With strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing,
 The men walked up and down.
Yet now and then seemed watching
 A strange uncertain gleam,
That looked like lances 'mid the trees,
 That stood below the stream.

At eve they all assembled,
 Then care and doubt were fled;
With jovial laugh they feasted;
 The board was nobly spread.
The elder of the village
 Rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, "We drink the downfall
 Of an accursed land!

"The night is growing darker,
 Ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foeman's stronghold,
 Bregenz shall be our own!"
The women shrank in terror,
 (Yet Pride, too, had her part.)
But one poor Tyrol maiden
 Felt death within her heart.

Before her stood fair Bregenz;
 Once more her towers arose;
What were the friends beside her?
 Only her country's foes!
The faces of her kinsfolk,
 The days of childhood flown,
The echoes of her mountains,
 Reclaimed her as their own!

Nothing she heard around her,
 (Though shouts rang forth again,)
Gone were the green Swiss valleys,
 The pasture, and the plain;
Before her eyes one vision,
 And in her heart one cry,
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz,
 And then, if need be, die!"

With trembling haste and breathless,
 With noiseless step, she sped;
Horses and weary cattle
 Were standing in the shed;
She loosed the strong, white charger,
 That fed from out her hand,
She mounted, and she turned his head
 Towards her native land.

Out—out into the darkness—
 Faster, and still more fast;
The smooth grass flies behind her,
 The chestnut wood is past;
She looks up; clouds are heavy:
 Why is her steed so slow?—
Scarcely the wind beside them
 Can pass them as they go.

"Faster!" she cries, "O faster!"
 Eleven the church-bells chime:
"O God," she cries, "help Bregenz,
 And bring me there in time!"
And louder than bells' ringing,
 Or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight
 The rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters
Their headlong gallop check?
The steed draws back in terror,
She leans upon his neck
To watch the flowing darkness;
The bank is high and steep;
One pause—he staggers forward,
And plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness,
And looser throws the rein;
Her steed must breast the waters
That dash above his mane.
How gallantly, how nobly,
He struggles through the foam,
And see—in the far distance
Shine out the lights of home!

Up the steep banks he bears her,
And now, they rush again
Towards the heights of Bregenz
That tower above the plain.
They reach the gate of Bregenz,
Just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier
To meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight
Her battlements are manned;
Defiance greets the army
That marches on the land.
And if to deed heroic
Should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honor
The noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished,
And yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises,
To do her honor still.
And there, when Bregenz women
Sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving
The Charger and the Maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz,
By gateway, street, and tower,
The warder paces all night long
And calls each passing hour;
“Nine,” “ten,” “eleven,” he cries aloud,
And then (O crown of Fame!)
When midnight pauses in the skies,
He calls the maiden’s name!

—ADELAIDE PROCTER.

THE BROTHERS

Many legends have been told about the cities and castles along the Rhine River in Germany. The legends of The Brothers and The Lorelei are two of the most famous of these old stories. Read these legends over carefully and be prepared to tell the stories in your own words. Practise telling them to some one who has not heard or read them.

Part I

In the middle ages, an old knight belonging to the court of the Emperor Conrad II lived in a castle called Sternberg. The old warrior had two sons left to him. His wife had died many years before, and since her death, merry laughter had seldom been heard in the halls of the beautiful castle.

Soon a ray of sunshine seemed to break into these solemn rooms; a distant cousin had died, leaving his

only child, a beautiful young girl, to the care of his relative.

The golden-haired Angela became the pet of the castle, and won the affection and friendship of the two sons by her engaging ways. What had already happened hundreds of times now happened among these young people, love replaced the friendship of the two young knights and both tried to win the maiden's favor.

The old master of the castle noticed this change, and his father's heart forbode trouble.

Both sons were equally dear to him, but perhaps his first-born, who had inherited his mother's gentle character, fulfilled his heart's desire more than the fiery spirit of Conrad the younger.

From the first moment when the orphan appeared at his family seat, he had conceived the thought that his favorite son Henry, who was heir to his name and estates, would marry the maiden.

Henry loved Angela with a profound, sincere feeling which he seldom expressed.

His brother, on the contrary, made no secret of his love, and soon the old man noticed with sorrow that the beautiful girl returned his younger son's love. Henry, too, was not unaware of the happiness of this pair, and in generous self-denial he tried to bury his grief, and to rejoice heartily in his brother's success.

The distress of the elder brother did not escape Angela. She was much moved when she first noticed that his voice trembled on pronouncing her name, but soon love dazzled her eyes, so that the clouds on his troubled countenance passed unnoticed by her.

About this time St. Bernhard of Clairvaux came

from France to the Rhine, preaching a second crusade against the Turks, who had captured the Holy Land. The fiery words of the saintly monk roused many thousands to action; his appeal likewise reached the castle of Sternberg.

Henry, though not envying his brother's happiness, felt that it would be impossible for him to be a constant witness of it, and thus he was glad to answer this call, and to take up the cross.

Conrad, too, longing for action and moved by the impulse of the moment, was stirred by the witching charms which a crusade to Palestine offered. His adventurous soul, cramped up in this castle so far removed from the world, thirsted for the adventures, which he imagined were awaiting the crusaders in the far-off East. In vain the tears and prayers of the young girl were shed, in vain was the sorrow of his father who begged him not to desert him.

The old man was in despair about the unbending resolutions of his sons.

“Who will remain at the castle of my forefathers if you both abandon it now, perhaps never to return,” cried he sorrowfully. “I implore you, my eldest son, you, the very image of your mother, to have pity on your father's gray hairs. And you, Conrad, have pity on the tears of your betrothed.” The brothers remained silent. Then the eldest grasped the old man's hand, saying gently, “I shall not leave you, my father.”

“And you, Angela,” said the younger to the weeping maiden, “you will try to bear this separation, and will plant a sprig of laurel to make a wreath for me when I return.”

Part II

The next day the young knight left the home of his forefathers. At first the maiden seemed inconsolable in her grief. But soon her love began to slumber like a tired child; on awakening from this drowsiness indignation seized her, whispering complainingly in her ear, and disturbing all the sweet memories in which the picture of her lighthearted lover gleamed forth, he who had parted from her for the sake of empty glory.

Now left to herself, she began to consider the proud youth who was forced to live under the same roof with his rejected love. She admired his good qualities which all seemed to have escaped her before, his great daring at the chase, his skill with weapons, and his many kind acts of pure friendship to her, with the view of sweetening the bitter separation from which she was suffering.

He seemed afraid of rousing the love which was sleeping in his heart.

In the meantime Angela felt herself drawn more and more towards the knight; she wished to try to make him understand that her love for his younger brother had only been youthful passion, which seemed to have flown when he left her. She felt unhappy when she understood that Henry, whom she now began really to love, seemed to feel nothing but brotherly affection for her, and she longed in her inmost soul for a word of love from him.

Henry was not unaware of this change in her affections, but he proudly smothered every rising thought in his heart for his brother's betrothed.

The old knight was greatly pleased when, one day, Angela, came to him, and with tears in her eyes disclosed to him the secret of her heart.

He prayed God fervently to bring these two loving hearts together whom he believed were destined for one another by will of God.

In his dreams he already saw Angela in her castle like his dead wife and his first-born son, rocking her little baby, a blue-eyed, fair haired child. Then he would suddenly recollect his impetuous younger son fighting in the crusades, and his dreams would be hastily interrupted.

Just opposite to his ancestral hall he caused a proud fort to be built, and called it "Liebenstein," intending it for his second son when he returned from the Holy Land. The castle was hardly finished, when the old man died.

The crusade at last was at an end. All the knights from the Rhine country brought back the news with them on their return from the Holy Land, that Conrad had married a beautiful Grecian woman in the East and was now on his way home with her.

Henry was beside himself with wrath on hearing this news. Such dishonorable conduct and shameful neglect seemed impossible to him, and going to the maiden he informed her of his brother's approaching return.

She turned very pale, her lips moved, but her tongue found no words.

Part III

A large ship was seen one day sailing along the Rhine with strange flags waving on its masts. Angela saw it from her tower where she now spent many a long day reflecting on her unfortunate destiny, and she hastily called the elder brother.

The ship approached nearer and nearer. Soon the

cries of the boatmen could be heard, and the faces of the crew could be distinguished.

Suddenly the maiden uttered a cry, and threw herself weeping into the arms of the knight. The latter gazed at the vessel, his brows contracted. Yes! there on board, in shining armour, stood his brother, with a beautiful strange woman clinging to his arm.

The ship touched land. One of the first, Conrad sprang on shore. The two watchers in the tower disappeared. A man approached Conrad and informed him that the new castle was destined for him. The same day the impetuous knight sent notice of his arrival to Sternberg castle, but his brother answered him, that he would wait for him on the bridge, but would only meet sword in hand the faithless lover who had deserted his betrothed.

Twilight was creeping over the two castles. On the narrow ground separating the forts the brothers strove together in a deadly fight.

They were equally courageous, equally strong, these two opponents, and their swords crossed swiftly, one in righteous anger, and the other in wounded pride. But soon the elder received a blow, and the blood began to drop on his breastplate.

The bushes were at this moment suddenly pushed asunder, and a maiden, veiled in white, dashed in between the fighters thrusting them from each other. It was Angela, who cried out in a despairing voice:

“In God’s name stop! and for your father’s sake cease, ere it be too late. She for whom you have drawn your swords, is now going to take the veil, and beg God day and night to forgive you, Conrad, for your falseness, and will pray Him to bless you and your brother for ever.”

Both brothers threw down their arms. Conrad, his head deeply bowed, covered his face with his hand. He did not dare to look at the maiden who stood there, a silent reproach to him. Henry took the weeping girl's hand.

"Come sister," said he, "such faithlessness does not deserve your tears."

They disappeared among the trees. Silently Conrad stood gazing after them. A feeling which he had never known seemed to rise up in his heart, and, bending his head, he wept bitterly.

Part IV

The cloister, Marienburg, lay in a valley at some distance from the castles, and there Angela found peace. A wall was soon built up between the two forts Sternberg and Liebenstein, a silent witness of the enmity between the two brothers.

Banquet followed banquet in the newly built castle, and the beautiful Grecian won great triumphs among the knights of the Rhine.

But sorrow seemed to have taken possession of Sternberg castle. Henry had not wished to move the maiden from her purpose, but from the time of her departure, his strength faded away. At the foot of the mountain he caused a cloister to be built, and a few months later he passed away from this world, just on the same day that the bells were tolling for Angela's death.

The lord of Liebenstein was not granted a lasting happiness with his beautiful wife. She fled with a knight who had long enjoyed the hospitality at the castle Liebenstein. Conrad, overcome by sorrow and disgrace, threw himself from a pinnacle of the castle into the depths below.

The strongholds then fell into the hands of the Knight Bromser of Tudesheim, and since that time have fallen into ruins. The church and cloister still remain in the valley, and are the scene of many a pilgrimage.

THE LORELEI

Part I

Above Coblenz where the Rhine flows through hills covered with vineyards, there is steep rock, round which many a legend has been woven--the Lorelei Rock. The boatman gazes up at this gigantic summit with awful reverence when his boat glides over the waters at twilight. Like chattering children the restless waves whisper round the rock, telling wonderful tales of its doings. Above on its gray head, the legend relates that a beautiful but false nymph, clothed in white with a wreath of stars in her flowing hair, used to sit and sing sweet songs until a sad tragedy drove her forever away.

Long, long ago, when Night in her dark garment descended from the hills, and her silent comrade, the pale moon, cast a silver bridge over the deep green stream, the soft voice of a woman was heard from the rock, and a creature of divine beauty was seen on its summit. Her golden locks flowed like a queenly mantle from her graceful shoulders, covering her snowwhite raiment so that her tenderly-formed body appeared like a cloud of light. Woe to the boatman who passed the rock at the close of day! As of old, men were fascinated by the heavenly song of the Grecian hero, so was the unhappy voyager allured by this being to sweet forgetfulness, his eyes even as his soul, would be dazzled, and he could not longer steer clear of reefs and cliffs, and this beautiful

siren only drew him to an early grave. Forgetting all else, he would steer towards her, already dreaming of having reached her; but the jealous waves would wash round his boat and at last dash him treacherously against the rocks. The roaring waters of the Rhine would drown the cries of agony of the victim who would never be seen again.

But the virgin to whom no one had ever approached, continued every night to sing soft and low, till darkness vanished in the first rays of light, and the great star of day drove the gray mists from the valley.

Part II

Ronald was a proud youth and the boldest warrior at the court of his father. He heard of this divine, enchanting creature, and his heart burned with the desire to behold her. Before having seen the water-nymph, he felt drawn to her by an irresistible power.

Under pretence of hunting, he left the court, and succeeded in getting an old sailor to row him to the rock. Twilight was brooding over the valley of the Rhine when the boat approached the gigantic cliff; the departing sun had long sunk below the mountains, and now night was creeping on in silence; the evening star was twinkling in the deep blue firmament. Was it his protecting-angel who had it there as a warning to the deluded young man?

He gazed at it in rapture for some time, until a low cry from the old man at his side interrupted him. "The Lorelei!" whispered he, startled, "do you see her—the enchantress?" The only answer was a soft murmur which escaped from the youth. With wide-open eyes he looked up and lo! there she was.

Yes, this was she, this wonderful creature! A glorious picture in a dark frame. Yes, that was her golden hair, and those were her flowing white garments.

She was hovering up above on the rocks combing her beautiful hair; rays of light surrounded her graceful head, revealing her charms in spite of the night and the distance and as he gazed, her lips opened, and a song thrilled through the silence, soft and plaintive like the sweet notes of a nightingale on a still summer evening.

From her height she looked down into the hazy distance and cast at the youth a rapturous look which sank down into his soul, thrilling his whole frame.

His eyes were fixed on the features of this celestial being where he read the sweet story of love. Rocks, stream, glorious night, all melted into a mist before his eyes, he saw nothing but the figure above, nothing but her radiant eyes. The boat crept along, too slowly for him, he could no longer remain in it, and if his ear did not deceive him, this creature seemed to whisper his name with unutterable sweetness, and calling to her, he dashed into the water.

A death-like cry echoed from the rocks . . . and the waves sighed and washed over the unhappy youth's corpse.

The old boatman moaned and crossed himself, and as he did so, lightning tore the clouds asunder, and a loud peal of thunder was heard over the mountains. Then the waves whispered gently below, and again from the heights above, sad and dying away, sounded the Lorelei's song.



Part III

The sad news was soon brought to his father, the count, who was overpowered with grief and anger. He ordered the false enchantress to be delivered to him, dead or alive.

The next day a boat sailed down the Rhine, manned by four hardy bold warriors. The leader looked up sternly at the great rocks which seemed to be smiling silently down at him. He had asked permission to dash the enchantress from the top of the rocks into the foaming whirlpool below, where she would find a certain death, and the count had readily agreed to this plan of revenge.

Part IV

The first shades of twilight were gliding softly over mountain and hill.

The rock was surrounded by armed men, and the leader, followed by some daring comrades, was climbing up the side of the mountain the top of which was veiled in a golden mist, which the men thought were the last rays of sunset. It was a bright gleam of light enshrouding the nymph who appeared on the rocks, dreamingly combing her golden hair. She then took a string of pearls from her bosom, and with her slender white hand bound them round her forehead. She cast a mocking glance at the threatening men approaching her.

“What are the weak sons of the earth seeking up here on the heights?” said she, moving her rosy lips scornfully.

“You sorceress!” cried the leader enraged, adding with a contemptuous smile, “You! We shall dash you down into the river below!”

An echoing laugh was heard over the mountain.

“Oh! the Rhine will come himself to fetch me!” cried the maiden.

Then bending her slender body over the precipice yawning below, she tore the jewels from her forehead, hurling them triumphantly into the waters, while in a low sweet voice she sang:-

Haste thee, haste thee O father dear!

Send forth thy steeds from the waters clear.

I will ride with the waves and the wind!

Then a storm burst forth, the Rhine rose, covering its banks with foam. Two gigantic billows like snow-white steeds rose out of the depths, and carried the nymph down into the rushing current.

Part V

The terrified messengers returned to the count, bringing him the tidings of this wonderful event.

Ronald, whose body a chance wave had washed on the banks of the river, was deeply mourned throughout the country.

From this time forth, the Lorelei was never seen again. Only when night sheds her dark shadow on the hills, and the pale moon weaves a silver bridge over the deep green stream, then the voice of a woman, soft and low, is heard echoing from the weird heights of the rocks.

—DR. RULAND

The teacher had been trying to explain fractions to a class in arithmetic. Turning to Johnny, she said:

“If you work eight hours a day, what part of the day do you work?”

“The hottest,” replied Johnny, whose father was a farmer.

—*The American Boy.*

SPEED TEST III

TO THE PUPIL: At the signal given by the teacher you will start promptly to read the following selection. Read as rapidly as possible and draw a line under the last word you are reading when the teacher gives you the signal to stop. Count the number of words to find your speed per minute.

TO THE TEACHER: Allow exactly one minute for this speed test. Keep a record of the rate of reading for each pupil for comparison with future tests.

THE CATHEDRAL CLOCK

The Cathedral was finished, and the city magistrates resolved to place an ingenious clock on the upper tower. For a long time they searched in vain, but at last a master was found who offered to create a work of art such as had never been seen in any land. The members of the council were highly satisfied with this proposal, and the master began his work.

Weeks and months passed and when at last it was finished there was general astonishment; the clock was indeed so wonderful that nothing to match it could be found in the whole country. It marked not only the hours but the days and months as well; a globe was attached to it which also marked out the rising and the setting of the sun, and the eclipses of that body and the moon could be seen at the same time as they took place in nature. Every change was pointed out by Mercury's wand, and every constellation appeared at the right time. Shortly before the stroke of the clock, a figure representing Death emerged from the centre at the full hour, while at the quarter and half hours the statue of Christ came forth repelling the destroyer of all life. Added to all these wonders was a beautiful chime that played melodious hymns.

Such was the marvellous clock in the cathedral of Strassburg. The magistrates, however, proved themselves unworthy of their new possession; pride and presumption got the better of them, making them commit a most unjust and ungrateful action.

They desired their town to be the only one in the land which possessed such a work of art, and in order to prevent the maker from making another like it, they did not shrink from the vilest of crimes.

Taking advantage of the rumour that such a wonderful work could only have been made by the aid of witchcraft, they accused the clockmaker of being united with the devil, threw him into prison, and cruelly condemned him to be blinded. The unhappy artist resigned himself to his bitter fate without a murmur. The only favour he asked was that he might be allowed to examine the clock once again before the judgement was carried out. He said he wanted to arrange something in the works which no one else could understand.

The crafty magistrates, being anxious to have the clock perfect, granted him this request.

The artist filed, sawed, regulated here and there, and then was led away, and in the same hour was deprived of his sight.

The cruel deed was hardly accomplished, when it was found that the clock had stopped. The artist had destroyed his work with his own hands; his righteous determination that the chimes would never ring again, had become a melancholy truth. Up to the present no one has been able again to set the dead works going. An equally splendid clock now adorns the cathedral, but the remains of the first one have been preserved ever since.

JOHN GILPIN'S RIDE

“John Gilpin’s Ride” is not a great poem when taken as “literature” but it is one of our best known and best liked ballads, for it is full of rollicking fun and spirited action. The author, William Cowper, was a very shy, timid and melancholy man who as a boy at school was afraid to look his teachers and school mates in the face and knew some of them only by the buckles on their slippers. He was insane some of the time and was usually in a gloomy, despondent frame of mind. One friend, however, seems to have been able to cheer him when all others failed. This was a lively widow, Lady Austen by name, who one evening told Cowper the story of John Gilpin and asked him to write a ballad about him. Cowper was in a terrible fit of melancholy when Lady Austen told him the story, which proved to be better than medicine, for all night long chuckles and suppressed laughter issued from the poet’s room. The next morning at breakfast he recited the following poem which he had composed during the night and which had so much amused him.

Read the story to enjoy the fun and then tell it to some one, trying to make him appreciate the humor of poor John’s predicament

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A trainband captain eke was he
Of famous London Town.

John Gilpin’s spouse said to her dear,
“Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

“Tomorrow is our wedding day,
And we will then repair

Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

“My sister, and my sister’s child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise, so you must ride
On horseback after we.”

He soon replied, “I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore, it shall be done.

“I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend, the calender,
Will lend his horse to go.”

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, “That’s well said:
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own.
Which is both bright and clear.’

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O’erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;

Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, 'round went the wheels,
Were never folks so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he, "Yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mrs. Gilpin, careful soul,
Had two stone bottles found,

To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then, over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again,
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

So "Fair and softly" John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, which never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;

He little dreamed when he set out
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern,
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all,
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around;
"He carries weight, he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,

Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

“Stop, stop, John Gilpin! Here's the house!”
They all at once did cry;
“The dinner waits and we are tired.”
Said Gilpin, “So am I!”

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why? his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;

So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till, at his friend the calender's,
His horse at last stood still

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

“What news? What news? Your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall;
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender,
In merry guise, he spoke:

“I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here:—
They are upon the road.”

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig,
A wig that flowed behind,

A hat not much the worse for wear.
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit:
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They, therefore, needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton
And I should dine at Ware."

So, turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah! luckless speech and bootless boast,
For which he paid full dear;
For while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:

He lost them sooner than at first;
For why?—They were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
“This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well.”

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry;—

“Stop thief! A highwayman!”
Not one of them was mute;

And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing "Long live the King,"
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad
May I be there to see!

—WILLIAM COWPER.

OUR DEBT

Each one of us, who has an education, school or college, has obtained something from the community at large for which he or she has not paid, and no self-respecting man or woman is content to rest permanently under such an obligation. Where the State has bestowed education the man who accepts it must be content to accept it merely as a charity unless he returns it to the State in full in the shape of good citizenship.

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

SEARCHING FOR INFORMATION

If one is merely looking for the answer to a question which he expects to find in a certain article, he does not read every word until he comes to the required information but he skims over the article rapidly, reading a sentence in one place and a few words farther on to see what is discussed in each paragraph.

The answers to the following questions are found in the article on "Bees in the Hive." Skim over the article and find the answers as quickly as possible. See who is ready to answer all of the questions correctly in the shortest time.

1. What are the three kinds of bees in a hive?
2. What is the shape of a bee cell?
3. How does the care and food of a queen bee differ from that of a worker?
4. What do the bees do when a second queen appears in a hive?
5. When the bees that are left in a hive do not care to form another swarm, how does the queen treat the other queen cells?
6. How many bees are there in a swarm?
7. What great naturalist made a study of bees? How did he construct his hives so that he could observe them at work?
8. How do bees ventilate their hives?
9. How do bees care for the body of an intruder such as a snail which has been killed in the hive and which is too heavy to be moved?
10. What finally happens to the drones of a bee hive?

After finding the answers to these questions, read the whole article carefully because it contains much other interesting information.

BEEES IN THE HIVE

I am going to ask you to visit with me today one of the most wonderful cities in the world. It is a city with no human beings in it, and yet it is densely populated, for such a city may contain from twenty thousand to sixty thousand inhabitants. In it you

will find streets, but no pavements, for the inhabitants walk along the walls of the houses; while in the houses you will see no windows, for each house just fits its owner, and the door is the only opening in it. Though made without hands these houses are most evenly and regularly built in tiers one above the other, and here and there a few royal palaces, larger and more spacious than the rest, catch the eye conspicuously as they stand out at the corners of the streets.

Some of the ordinary houses are used to live in, while others serve as storehouses where food is laid up in the summer to feed the inhabitants during the winter, when they are not allowed to go outside the walls. Not that the gates are ever shut: that is not necessary, for in this wonderful city each citizen follows the laws; going out when it is time to go out, coming home at proper hours, and staying at home when it is his or her duty. And in the winter, when it is very cold outside, the inhabitants, having no fires, keep themselves warm within the city by clustering together, and never venturing out of doors.

One single queen reigns over the whole of this numerous population, and you might perhaps fancy that, having so many subjects to work for her and wait upon her, she would do nothing but amuse herself. On the contrary, she too obeys the laws laid down for her guidance, and never, except on one or two state occasions, goes out of the city, but works as hard as the rest in performing her own royal duties.

From sunrise to sunset, whenever the weather is fine, all is life, activity, and bustle in this busy city. Though the gates are so narrow that two inhabitants can only just pass each other on their way through

them, yet thousands go in and out every hour of the day; some bringing in materials to build new houses, others food and provisions to store up for the winter; and while all appears confusion and disorder among this rapidly moving throng, yet in reality each has her own work to do, and perfect order reigns over the whole.

Even if you did not already know from the title of the lecture what city this is that I am describing, you would no doubt guess that it is a beehive. For where in the whole world, except indeed upon an anthill, can we find so busy, so industrious, or so orderly a community as among the bees? More than a hundred years ago, a blind naturalist, Francois Huber, set himself to study the habits of these wonderful insects, and with the help of his wife and an intelligent man-servant managed to learn most of their secrets. Before his time all naturalists had failed in watching bees, because if they put them in hives with glass windows, the bees, not liking the light, closed up the windows with cement before they began to work. But Huber invented a hive which he could open and close at will, putting a glass hive inside it, and by this means he was able to surprise the bees at their work. Thanks to his studies, and to those of other naturalists who have followed in his steps, we now know almost as much about the home of bees as we do about our own; and if we follow out to-day the building of a bee-city and the life of its inhabitants, I think you will acknowledge that they are a wonderful community, and that it is a great compliment to anyone to say that he or she is "as busy as a bee."

In order to begin at the beginning of the story, let us suppose that we go into a country garden one

fine morning in May when the sun is shining brightly overhead, and that we see hanging from the bough of an old apple-tree a black object which looks very much like a large plum pudding. On approaching it, however, we see that it is a large cluster or swarm of bees clinging to each other by their legs; each bee with its two fore-legs clinging to the two hinder legs of the one above it. In this way as many as 20,000 bees may be clinging together, and yet they hang so freely that a bee, even from quite the center of the swarm, can disengage herself from her neighbors and pass through to the outside of the cluster whenever she wishes.

If these bees were left to themselves, they would find a home after a time in a hollow tree, or under the roof of a house, or in some other cavity, and begin to build their honeycomb there. But since we do not wish to lose their honey we will bring a hive, and, holding it under the swarm, shake the bough gently so that the bees fall into it, and cling to the sides as we turn it over on a piece of clean linen, on the stand where the hive is to be.

And now let us suppose that we are able to watch what is going on in the hive. Before five minutes are over the industrious little insects have begun to disperse and to make arrangements in their new home. A number (perhaps about two thousand) of large, lumbering bees of a darker color than the rest, will, it is true, wander aimlessly about the hive, and wait for the others to feed them and house them; but these are the drones, or male bees, who never do any work except during one or two days in their whole lives. But the smaller working bees begin to be busy at once. Some fly off in search of honey. Others walk carefully all round the inside of the hive

to see if there any cracks in it; and if there are, they go off to the horse-chestnut trees, poplars, hollyhocks, or other plants which have sticky buds, and gather a kind of gum called "propolis," with which they cement the cracks and make them air tight. Others again cluster round one bee blacker than the rest and having a longer body and shorter wings; for this is the queen bee, the mother of the hive and she must be watched and tended.



But the largest number begin to hang in a cluster from the roof just as they did from the boughs of the apple tree. What are they doing there? Watch for a little while and you will soon see one bee come out from among its companions and settle on the top of the inside of the hive, turning herself round and round, so as to push the other bees back, and to make a space in which she can work. Then she will begin to pick at the under part of her body with her forelegs, and will bring a scale of wax from a curious sort of pocket under her abdomen. Holding this wax in her claws, she will bite it with her hard, pointed upper jaws, which move to and fro sideways like a pair of pincers, then moistening it with her tongue into a kind of paste, she will draw it out like a ribbon and plaster it on the top of the hive.

After that she will take another piece; for she has eight of these little wax-pockets, and she will

go on till they are all exhausted. Then she will fly away out of the hive, leaving a small wax lump on the hive ceiling or on the bar stretched across it; then her place will be taken by another bee who will go through the same maneuvers. This bee will be followed by another, and another, till a large wall of wax has been built. This wax does not yet have cells fashioned in it.

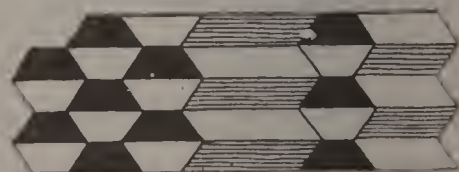
Meanwhile the bees which have been gathering honey out of doors begin to come back laden. But they cannot store their honey, for there are no cells made yet to put it in; neither can they build combs with the rest, for they have no wax in their wax pockets. So they just go and hang quietly on to the other bees, and there they remain for twenty-four hours, during which time they digest the honey they have gathered, and part of it forms wax and oozes out from the scales under their body. Then they are prepared to join the others at work and plaster wax on to the hive.

And now, as soon as a rough lump of wax is ready, another set of bees come to do their work. These are called the *nursing bees*, because they prepare the cells and feed the young ones. One of these bees, standing on the roof of the hive, begins to force her head into the wax, biting with her jaws and moving her head to and fro. Soon she has made the beginning of a round hollow, and then she passes on to make another, while a second bee takes her place and enlarges the first one. As many as twenty bees will be employed in this way, one after another, upon each hole before it is large enough for the base of a cell.

Meanwhile another set of nursing bees have been working just in the same way on the other side

of the wax, and so a series of hollows are made back to back all over the comb. Then the bees form the walls of the cells, and soon a number of six-sided tubes, about half an inch deep stand all along each side of the comb ready to receive honey or bee-eggs.

You can see the shape of these cells in the figure and notice how closely they fit into each other. Even the ends are so shaped that, as they lie back



BEE CELLS

to back, the bottom of one cell fits into the space between the ends of three cells meeting it from the opposite side while they fit into the spaces around it. Upon this plan the clever little bees fill every atom of space, use the least possible quantity of wax, and make the cells lie so closely together that the whole comb is kept warm when the young bees are in it.

There are some kinds of bees who do not live in hives, but each one builds a home of its own. These bees—such as the upholsterer bee, which digs a hole in the earth and lines it with flowers and leaves, and the mason bee, which builds in walls—do not make six-sided cells, but round ones, for room is no object to them. But nature has gradually taught the little hive-bee to build its cells more and more closely, till they fit perfectly within each other. If you make a number of round holes close together in a soft substance, and then squeeze the substance evenly from all sides, the rounds will gradually take a six-sided form, showing that this is the closest shape into which they can be compressed. Although the bee does not know this, yet, as she gnaws away every bit of wax that can be spared, she brings the holes into this shape.

As soon as one comb is finished, the bees begin another by the side of it, leaving a narrow lane between, just broad enough for two bees to pass back to back as they crawl along, and so the work goes on till the hive is full of combs.

As soon, however, as a length of about five or six inches of the first comb has been made into cells, the bees which are bringing home honey no longer hang to make it into wax, but begin to store it in the cells. We all know where the bees go to fetch their honey, and how, when a bee settles on a flower, she thrusts into it her small tongue-like proboscis, which is really a lengthened under-lip, and sucks out the drop of honey. This she swallows, passing it down her throat into a honey-bag or first stomach, which lies between her throat and her real stomach, and when she gets back to the hive she can empty this bag and pass the honey back through her mouth again into the honey cells.

But if you watch bees carefully, especially in the spring-time, you will find that they carry off something else besides honey. Early in the morning, when the dew is on the ground, or later in the day in moist, shady places, you may see a bee rubbing itself against a flower, or biting those bags of yellow dust or pollen. When she has covered herself with pollen, she will brush it off with her feet, and bringing it to her mouth, she will moisten and roll it into a little ball, and then pass it back from the first pair of legs to the second and so to the third or hinder pair. Here she will pack it into a little hairy groove called a "basket" in the joint of one of the hind legs, where you may see it, looking like a swelled joint, as she hovers among the flowers. She often fills both hind legs in this way, and when she arrives back

at the hive the nursing bees take the lumps from her, and eat it themselves, or mix it with honey to feed the young bees; or, when they have any to spare, store it away in the old honey-cells to be used by-and-by. This is the dark, bitter stuff called "bee-bread" which you often find in a honeycomb, especially in a comb which has been filled late in the summer.

When the bee has been relieved of the bee-bread she goes off to one of the clean cells in the new comb, and, standing on the edge, throws up the honey from the honey-bag into the cell. One cell will hold the contents of many honey-bags, and so the busy little workers have to work all day filling cell after cell, in which the honey lies uncovered, being too thick and sticky to flow out, and is used for daily food—unless there is any to spare, and then they close up the cells with wax to keep for the winter.

Meanwhile, a day or two after the bees have settled in the hive, the queen bee begins to get very restless. She goes outside the hive and hovers about a little while, and then comes in again, and though generally the bees all look very closely after her to keep her indoors, yet now they let her do as she likes. Again she goes out, and again back, and then, at last, she soars up into the air and flies away. But she is not allowed to go alone. All the drones of the hive rise up after her, forming a guard of honor to follow her wherever she goes.

In about half an hour she comes back again, and then the working bees all gather round her, knowing that now she will remain quietly in the hive and spend all her time in laying eggs; for it is the queen-bee who lays all the eggs in the hive. This she begins to do about two days after her flight. There are now

many cells ready besides those filled with honey; and, escorted by several bees, the queen-bee goes to one of these, and, putting her head into it, remains there a second as if she were examining whether it would make a good home for the young bee. Then, coming out, she turns round and lays a small, oval, bluish-white egg in the cell. After this she takes no more notice of it, but goes on to the next cell and the next, doing the same thing, and laying eggs in all the empty cells equally on both sides of the comb. She goes on so quickly that she sometimes lays as many as 200 eggs in one day.

Then the work of the nursing bees begins. In two or three days each egg has become a tiny maggot or larva, and the nursing bees put into its cell a mixture of pollen and honey which they have prepared in their own mouths, thus making a kind of sweet bath in which the larva lies. In five or six days the larva grows so fat upon this that it nearly fills the cell, and then the bees seal up the mouth of the cell with a thin cover of wax, made of little rings and with a tiny hole in the center.

As soon as the larva is covered in, it begins to give out from its under-lip a whitish, silken film, made of two threads of silk glued together, and with this it spins a covering or cocoon all round itself, and so it remains for about ten days more. At last, just twenty-one days after the egg was laid, the young bee is quite perfect, lying in the cell, and she begins to eat her way through the cocoon and through the waxen lid, and scrambles out of her cell. Then the nurses come again to her, stroke her wings and feed her for twenty-four hours, and after that she is quite ready to begin work, and flies out to gather honey and pollen like the rest of the workers.

By this time the number of working bees in the hive is becoming very great, and the storing of honey and pollen-dust goes on very quickly. Even the empty cells which the young bees have left are cleaned out by the nurses and filled with honey; and this honey is darker than that stored in clean cells, and which we always call "virgin honey" because it is so pure and clear.

At last, after six weeks, the queen leaves off laying worker-eggs, and begins to lay, in some rather larger cells, eggs from which drones, or male bees, will grow up in about twenty days. Meanwhile the worker-bees have been building on the edge of the cones some very curious cells which look like thimbles hanging with the open side upwards, and about every three days the queen stops laying drone-eggs and goes to put an egg in *one* of these cells. Notice that she waits three days between each of these peculiar layings, because we shall see presently that there is a good reason for her doing so.

The nursing bees take great care of these eggs, and instead of putting ordinary food into the cell, they fill it with a sweet, pungent jelly, for this larva is to become a princess and a future queen-bee. Curiously enough, it seems to be the peculiar food and the size of the cell which makes the larva grow into a mother-bee which can lay eggs, for if a hive has the misfortune to lose its queen, they take one of the ordinary worker-larvae and put it into a royal cell and feed it with jelly, and it becomes a queen-bee. As soon as the princess is shut in like the others, she begins to spin her cocoon, but she does not quite close it as the other bees do, but leaves a hole at the top.

At the end of sixteen days after the first royal egg was laid, the eldest princess begins to try to eat her way out of her cell, and about this time the old queen becomes very uneasy, and wanders about distractedly. The reason of this is, that there can never be two queen bees in one hive, and the queen knows that her daughter will soon be coming out of her cradle and will try to turn her off her throne. So, not wishing to have to fight for her kingdom, she makes up her mind to seek a new home and take a number of her subjects with her. If you watch the hive about this time you will notice many of the bees clustering together after they have brought in their honey, and hanging patiently, in order to have plenty of wax ready to use when they start, while the queen keeps a sharp lookout for a bright, sunny day, on which they can swarm; for bees will never swarm on a wet or doubtful day if they can possibly help it, and we can easily understand why, when we consider how the rain would clog their wings and spoil the wax under their bodies.

Meanwhile the young princess grows very impatient, and tries to get out of her cell, but the worker-bees drive her back, for they know there would be a terrible fight if the two queens met. So they close up the hole she has made with fresh wax, having put in some food for her to live upon till she is released.

At last a suitable day arrives, and about ten or eleven o'clock in the morning the old queen leaves the hive, taking with her about 2000 drones and from 12,000 to 20,000 worker-bees, which fly a little way clustering round her till she alights on the bough of some tree, and then they form a compact swarm ready for a new hive or to find a home of their own.

Leaving them to go their way, we will now return to the old hive. Here the liberated princess is reigning in all her glory; the worker bees crowd round her, watch over her, and feed her as though they could not do enough to show her honor. But still she is not happy. She is restless, and runs about as if looking for an enemy, and she tries to get at the remaining royal cells where the other young princesses are still shut in. But the workers will not let her touch them, and at last she stands still and begins to beat the air with her wings and to tremble all over, moving more and more quickly, till she makes quite a loud, piping noise.

Hark! What is that note answering her? It is a low, hoarse sound, and it comes from the cell of the next eldest princess. Now we see why the young queen had been so restless. She knows her sister will soon come out, and the louder and stronger the sound becomes within the cell, the sooner she knows the fight will have to begin. And so she makes up her mind to follow her mother's example and to lead off a second swarm. But she cannot always stop to choose a fine day, for her sister is growing very strong and may come out of her cell before she is off. And so the second, or *after swarm*, gets ready and goes away. And this explains why princesses' eggs are laid a few days apart, for if they were laid all on the same day, there would be no time for one princess to go off with a swarm before the other came out of her cell. Sometimes, when the workers are not watchful enough, two queens do meet, and then they fight till one is killed; or sometimes they both go off with the same swarm without finding each other out. But this only delays the fight till they get into the new hive; sooner or later one must be killed.

And now a third queen begins to reign in the old hive, and she is just as restless as the preceding ones, for there are still more princesses to be born. But this time, if no new swarm wants to start, the workers do not try to protect the royal cells. The young queen darts at the first she sees, gnaws a hole with her jaws, and, thrusting in her sting through the hole in the cocoon, kills the young bee while it is still a prisoner. She then goes to the next, and the next, and never rests till all the young princesses are destroyed. Then she is contented, for she knows no other queen will come to dethrone her. After a few days she takes her flight in the air with the drones, and comes home to settle down in the hive for the winter.

Then a very curious scene takes place. The drones are of no more use, for the queen will not fly out again, and these idle bees will never do any work in the hives. So the worker-bees begin to kill them, falling upon them, and stinging them to death, and as the drones have no stings they cannot defend themselves, and in a few days there is not a drone, nor even a drone-egg, left in the hive. This massacre seems very sad to us, since the poor drones have never done any harm beyond being hopelessly idle. But it is less sad when we know that they could not live many weeks, even if they were not attacked, and, with winter coming, the bees cannot afford to feed useless mouths, so a quick death is probably happier for them than starvation.

And now all the remaining inhabitants of the hive settle down to feeding the young bees and laying in the winter's store. It is at this time, after they have been toiling and saving, that we come and take their honey; and from a well stocked hive we may

even take thirty pounds without starving the industrious little inhabitants. But then we must often feed them in return and give them sweet syrup in the late autumn and the next early spring when they cannot find any flowers.

Although the hive has now become comparatively quiet and the work goes on without excitement, yet every single bee is employed in some way, either out of doors or about the hive. Besides the honey collectors and the nurses, a certain number of bees are told off to ventilate the hive. You will easily understand that where so many insects are packed closely together the heat will become very great, and the air impure and unwholesome. And the bees have no windows that they can open and let in fresh air, so they are obliged to fan it in from the one opening of the hive. The way in which they do this is very interesting. Some of the bees stand close to the entrance, with their faces towards it, and opening their wings, so as to make them into fans, they wave them to and fro, producing a current of air. Behind these bees, and all over the floor of the hive, there stand others, this time with their backs toward the entrance, and fan in the same manner, and in this way air is sent into all the passages.

Another set of bees clean out the cells after the young bees are born, and make them fit to receive honey, while others guard the entrance of the hive to keep away the destructive wax-moth, which tries to lay its eggs in the comb so that its young may feed on the honey. All industrious people have to guard their property against thieves and vagabonds, and the bees have many intruders, such as wasps and snails and slugs, which creep in whenever they get a chance. If they succeed in escaping the sentinel

bees, then a fight takes place within the hive, and the invader is stung to death.

Sometimes, however, after they have killed the enemy, the bees cannot get rid of his body, for a snail or slug is too heavy to be easily moved, and yet it would make the hive very unhealthy to allow it to remain. In this dilemma the ingenious little bees fetch the gummy "propolis" from the plant-buds and cement the intruder all over, thus embalming his body and preventing it from decaying.

And so the life of this wonderful city goes on. Building, harvesting, storing, nursing, ventilating, and cleaning from morn till night, the little worker-bee lives for about eight months, and in that time has done quite her share of work in the world. Only the young bees, born late in the season live on, till the next year to work in the spring. The queen-bee lives longer, probably about two years, and then she too dies, after having had a family of many thousands of children.

—*From a Lecture*
By ARABELLA B. BUCKLEY.

TRUE OR FALSE

Number your lines to correspond to the number of groups. Read statement number one and write true or false on line one of your paper. You are to decide whether the statement is true or false. Your teacher will time you.

Write your name and grade at the bottom of your paper.

1. Abraham Lincoln set the negroes free.
2. Columbus was our first President.
3. Water is always healthful.
4. There are three seasons.
5. Everyone likes the color blue.

THE HOUSE FLY

The presence of flies is an indication of uncleanness and unsanitary conditions. They are not only annoying but are sometimes actually dangerous to health, because they may carry disease germs to the food which we eat. It is therefore important to know where and how they are bred so that we may get rid of the substances in which their eggs are laid.

There are several kinds of flies which are found in houses. One of these, the biting stable fly, is often mistaken for the true house fly. It differs from the the house fly in having its mouth parts formed for piercing the skin. The true house fly is a medium-sized fly with black stripes on its back. The house fly can not bite because its mouth parts are spread out at the tip for sucking up liquid substances.

The eggs of the house fly are laid upon horse manure and on decaying vegetables and meat. In order that the fly may not have a place to raise its young, all manure and decaying garbage of every sort should not be allowed to be exposed where the fly can lay its eggs.

The eggs of the house fly hatch in less than 24 hours. The little worm-like larvae which come from the eggs are called maggots. They grow very rapidly and usually complete their growth in the larva stage in about four or five days.

The full grown larvae then crawl under some loose material or burrow into the soil and enter what is called the pupa (or sleeping) stage which lasts from 3 to 10 days. In this stage the fly is inactive while the larva is changed into the adult fly.

After the adult fly emerges from the pupa stage, it crawls about until its wings expand and are dry

enough for flight. In a few days the adult female fly is ready to begin laying eggs.

Thus under favorable conditions a new generation of flies can be produced in from 11 to 14 days. This rapid development of the fly allows the formation of from 6 to 15 generations of flies every summer, depending upon the length and intensity of the hot weather.

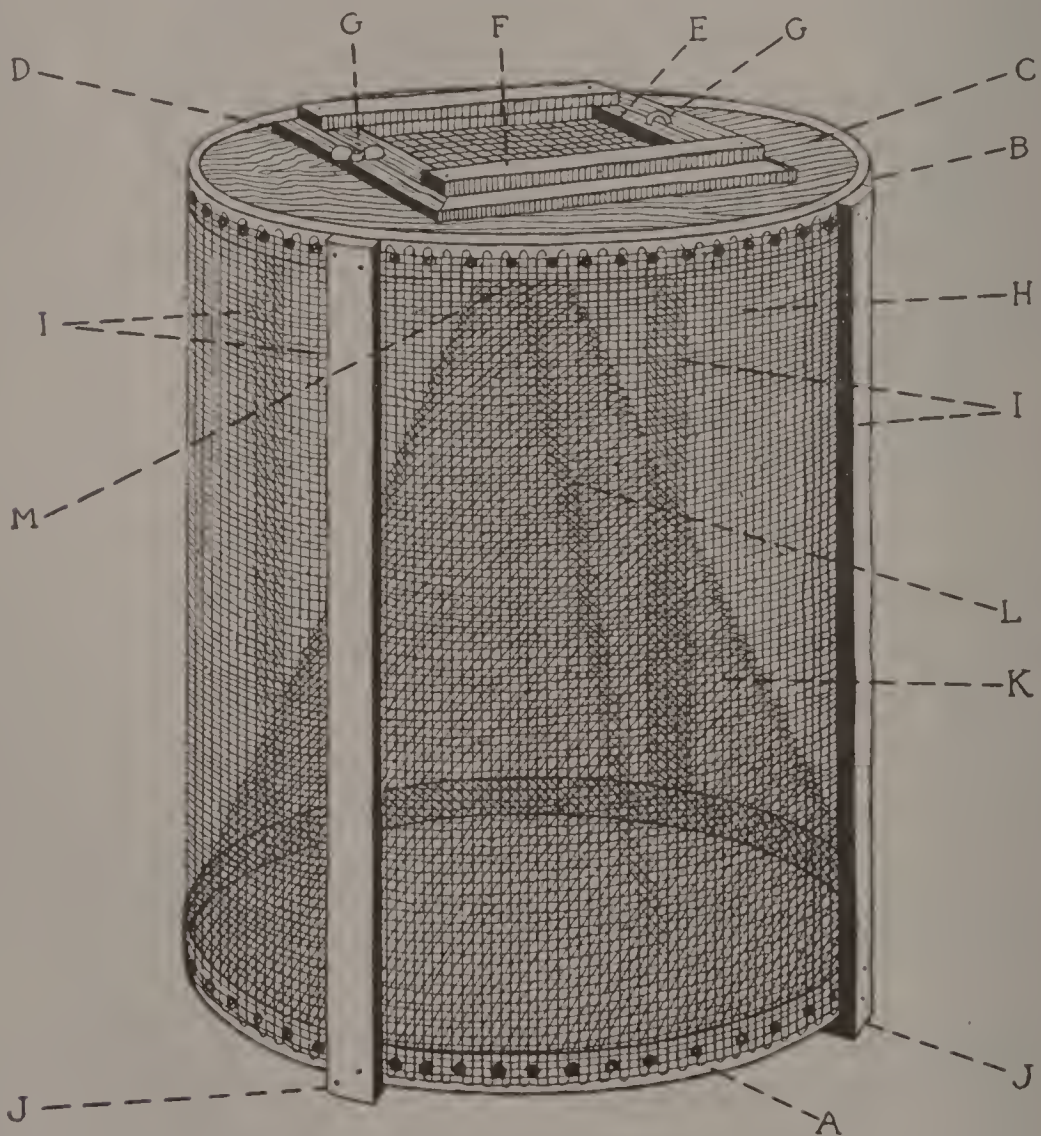
The common belief that the house fly lives through the winter as an adult, hiding in cracks and crevices of buildings, has been shown to be incorrect. Under outdoor conditions house flies are killed when the temperature falls to about 10 degrees above zero on the Fahrenheit thermometer. In rooms and similar places protected from winds and partially heated during the winter flies have been kept alive in cages for long periods of time; but they have never lived through the entire winter.

The house fly passes the winter in the larva or pupa stage. In the spring they emerge from the manure heaps where they spent the winter. The house fly can also pass the winter by producing new offspring from time to time if they are in heated rooms and have access to garbage which is suitable for rearing the larvae. It is necessary therefore that we destroy all garbage in winter as well as in the summer.

The body of the house fly is covered with hairs and bristles of various lengths. This is especially true of the legs. Thus when it crawls over material containing disease germs, the hairs become loaded with these germs. Then the fly crawls over human foods on the table or in the pantry and often leaves some of these germs on the food. Typhoid fever and many

other dangerous diseases are transmitted to people in this manner.

Fly traps may be used to advantage in decreasing the number of flies. Their use is advocated not only because of the immediate results but also because of the chance that the flies may be caught before they lay their first batch of eggs. A trap which is very efficient in catching flies may be made as follows:



Conical hoop flytrap; side view. *A*, Hoops forming frame at bottom. *B*, Hoops forming frame at top. *C*, Top of trap made of barrel head. *D*, Strips around door. *E*, Door frame. *F*, Screen on door. *G*, Buttons holding door. *H*, Screen on outside of trap. *I*, Strips on side of trap between hoops. *J*, Tips of these strips projecting to form legs. *K*, Cone. *L*, United edges of screen forming cone. *M*, Aperture at apex of cone. (Bishopp.)

“The trap consists essentially of a screen cylinder with a frame made of barrel hoops, in the bottom of which is inserted a screen cone. The height of the cylinder is 24 inches, the diameter 18 inches, and the cone is 22 inches high, and 18 inches in diameter at the base. Material necessary for this trap consists of four new or secondhand wooden barrel hoops, one barrel head, four laths, 10 feet of strips 1 to 1½ inches wide by one-half inch thick (portions of old boxes will suffice), 61 linear inches of 12 or 14 mesh galvanized screening 24 inches wide for the sides of the trap and 41 inches of screening 26 inches wide for the cone and door, an ounce of carpet tacks, and two turn buttons, which may be made of wood.” The cost of the material for this trap is not great, and in many cases the barrel hoops, barrel head, lath, and strips can be obtained without expense.

“In constructing the trap two of the hoops are bent in a circle (18 inches in diameter on the inside), and nailed together, the ends being trimmed to give a close fit. These form the bottom of the frame (*A*), and the other two, prepared in a similar way, the top (*B*). The top (*C*) of the trap is made of an ordinary barrel head with the bevel edge sawed off sufficiently to cause the head to fit closely in the hoops and allow secure nailing. A square, 10 inches on the side, is cut out of the center of the top to form a door. The portions of the top (barrel head) are held together by inch strips (*D*) placed around the opening one-half inch from the edge to form a jamb for the door. The door consists of a narrow frame (*E*) covered with screen (*F*) well fitted to the trap and held in place (not hinged) by buttons (*G*). The top is then nailed in the upper hoops and the sides (*H*) formed by closely tacking screen wire on the outside

of the hoops. Four laths (*I*) (or light strips) are nailed to the outside of the trap to act as supports between the hoops, and the ends are allowed to project 1 inch at the bottom to form legs (*J*). The cone (*K*) is cut from the screen and either sewed with fine wire or soldered where the edges meet at *L*. The apex of the cone is cut off to give an aperture (*M*) 1 inch in diameter. It is then inserted in the trap and closely tacked to the hoop around the base.”

To get the best results with this trap, you must use an attractive bait. In a saucer of milk put some crushed overripe bananas. Place this saucer of bait under the fly trap. A mixture of 3 parts of water and 1 part of cheap molasses which has been allowed to ferment for a day or two also makes a very attractive bait. After the flies have eaten some of the bait, they fly up in the screen cone and go through the opening into the trap. In a few days the flies will die on account of lack of food and the trap may then be emptied through the door in the top.

THINGS FOR YOU TO DO

1. Build a flytrap from the description given in this book.
2. Help organize an anti-fly crusade in your community and get every man, woman and child in your community to help in this work by swatting every fly that they see.

ACUTE HEARING

Two students on a train were telling about their ability to see and hear. The one said: “Do you see that barn over there on the horizon?”

“Yes.”

“Can you see that fly walking around on the roof of that barn?”

“No, but I can hear the shingles crack when he steps on them.”

—*The American Boy*

ORIGIN OF OUR WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

TO THE PUPIL: Prepare a set of questions on this article. Select the most important points for your questions, leaving out some of the unimportant details. Be ready to answer the questions prepared by other pupils.

You have probably wondered why our English system of weights and measures has so many different numbers as multipliers. For example 12 inches equal a foot; 3 feet equal a yard; $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards equal a rod; and 320 rods equal a mile. This is due to the peculiar way in which these measures originated.

In the early days of England the length of three grains of barley placed end to end in a straight line was called an *inch*. The *foot* was taken as the length of the foot of one of the early English kings and the *yard* was taken as the length of his arm. Finally the yard was taken as the standard unit of length. It was divided into three equal parts which corresponded in length to the old measure of the foot. Each foot was further divided into twelve equal parts which were practically the same as the old unit of the inch.

The farmers of England used an old unit of length called the *furlong*. This came from plowing the fields and is a contraction of "furrow-long." This unit is seldom used in our country at the present time. In the early days of England when the plowing was done with slow and heavy oxen, the amount that a man could plow in a day was called an *acre*. Later this unit of measuring land was made to equal 160 square rods.

The origin of the units of weight is equally interesting. Our unit of the *pound* was formerly obtained from the weight of 7000 grains of wheat. This is still kept in our system of avoirdupois weight in which

7000 grains make a pound even though we do not use the grains of wheat themselves. As a matter of convenience people made lead or iron weights which were equal in weight to the 7000 grains of wheat. Half-pound and quarter-pound weights were prepared in a similar manner.

The abbreviation for the word ounce was formerly *o*, the initial letter of the word. It was followed by an old mark which was used following the letter to show that it was a sign of abbreviation. This mark was mistaken for the letter *Z* which it resembled and because of this mistake *oz.* became the abbreviation for ounce.

The *stone* is an old English unit of weight. It is equal to 14 pounds. This unit of weight, though not in use in our country, is still used in some parts of Scotland and England. A boy in Glasgow, who weighs 94 pounds, has his weight expressed as 6 stone 10, meaning 6 stones and 10 pounds.

The *gallon*, our unit of liquid measure, takes its name from an old French wine jar or bowl. The *gill*, which is now seldom used in this country, was a wine measure. The gill has been discarded as a unit of measure and the *cup* (or half-pint) has taken its place.

On account of each nation's having different units of weights and measures and also on account of the inconvenience of changing some of these units to others of the same table, a Congress was called which included representatives of all the nations of the world. This body of men devised the *metric* system of weights and measures. The metric system is very convenient to use because 10 units of one kind make one unit of the next larger unit.

The *meter* is the unit of length in the metric system. It is equal to about 39.37 inches. A thousand meters equal a *kilometer*. The kilometer is used to measure distances between cities.

The *liter*, which equals 1.057 quarts, is the unit of capacity in the metric system. Instead of a French family's buying quarts of milk, they buy liters of milk.

The *gram* and *kilogram* are the two most commonly used units of weight in the metric system. The kilogram is equal to 2.204 pounds.

All of the great nations of the world except the United States and the British Empire have adopted the metric system. It is in use in both England and the United States in scientific work.

WORDS OPPOSITE IN MEANING

You are to have two more lines on your paper than there are groups below. Write your name on line one and your grade on line two. Select the word in parenthesis in each group which is opposite in meaning to the first word.

1. Down (away, up, far, near)
2. Near (up, far, away, here)
3. Work (play, idle, loaf)
4. Walk (sleep, sing, run, stop)
5. True (honest, false, faithful)

SIMPLE OUTLINING

One of the best ways to remember an article or a story is to make a plan or outline of the chief things told in the selection. A simple outline consists of the main headings or "guide-posts" of the selection and should always be expressed in titles which do not contain verbs.

The biography of James Watt is here outlined simply and briefly as a suggestion as to how such an article may be treated. Note the outline first to see what you are to be informed about, when you have read this biography. Then read the story of Watt's work rapidly but carefully. Again go back to the outline and compare it with the account of his life.

After thus teaching yourself something about outlines and their use, turn back to the outline and with it as a guide, give as complete and orderly a report on the life of James Watt as you can. This report may be either oral or written as the teacher directs.

Outline of "James Watt, the Famous Inventor."

- I. Introduction.
- II. Birth and early life.
 - A. Place.
 - B. Time.
 - C. Education.
- III. Preparation for life work.
 - A. In Glasgow.
 - B. In London.
- IV. Partners and patents.
 - A. Dr. Roebuck.
 - B. Matthew Boulton.
 - C. Difficulties.

- V. Success.
 - A. Inventions and improvements.
 - B. Financial returns.
- VI. Conclusion.
 - A. Watt's death.
 - B. His workshop.

NOTE: You will see that in this outline Roman numerals are used for the main headings and capital letters for the sub-headings. This order might have been reversed and capital letters have been used for the main headings while the sub-headings were numbered. The point is to keep your outline regular or consistent.

JAMES WATT, THE FAMOUS INVENTOR

Have you ever watched the steam pouring from the spout of a teakettle? Many, many years ago a little Scotch lad became interested in playing with his mother's teakettle. He would hold a cup or a spoon over the end of the spout and watch the steam raise the lid of the teakettle. Thousands of other boys had probably watched their mothers' teakettles but it remained for James Watt to harness the power of steam in an engine and make it drive the machinery of our mines and factories.

James Watt was born in the little city of Greenlock, Scotland in 1736. He was a very delicate boy and was too frail to attend a regular school. He obtained a good education at home, his mother teaching him to read and his father instructing him in penmanship and arithmetic. He early showed his mechanical ability by taking his toy carpenter tools to pieces and making different tools out of them. Before he was fifteen years old he had constructed various kinds of machines. One of these was an electrical toy with which he delighted to shock his friends.

When James was eighteen years of age, he went

to Glasgow to learn the trade of making mathematical instruments. Being unable to secure a place in a shop where mathematical instruments were made, he accepted a position with a man who made fishing tackle, mended violins, and sold spectacles. He soon found that he could learn very little in this shop and decided to go to London to look for a position.

When James Watt arrived in London, he found it very difficult to secure employment. Finally he offered to work for a watchmaker, without wages, until he could find the kind of position that he wanted. At last he found a position in a shop where the owner, Mr. Morgan, agreed to teach him his trade for one hundred dollars per year. In order to pay for this instruction James worked at various odd jobs before and after his regular day's work.

After completing his course with Mr. Morgan, he went to Glasgow where he established a shop in one of the rooms in the college. In order to make a living he mended musical instruments, spectacles, and various other articles.

One of his friends in the college suggested to him that he make a steam carriage. Watt went to work and in a short time had a model worked out for a steam engine. He was already in debt, however, and did not have money enough to construct a full-sized engine. His friends persuaded an iron dealer, Dr. Roebuck, to go into partnership with him to improve his model and to build steam engines.

Watt finally secured a patent for his steam engine. A patent is a written permit issued by the government. It prevents any one else from making a machine like the one made by the inventor without

securing his permission. The full sized engine which Watt constructed was poorly cast and leaked steam at some of the joints. Unfortunately his partner, Dr. Roebuck, ran badly into debt at the same time and Watt was forced to look around for another partner. In order to make a living for himself and family he went back to surveying. To add to his discouragement his wife died at this time. He was very much down-hearted and wrote to a friend, "To-day I enter the thirty-fifth year of my life, and I think I have hardly yet done thirty-five pence worth of good in the world."

About nine years after Watt had secured the patent on his engine, a wealthy manufacturer, Matthew Boulton, of Birmingham went into partnership with Watt. Watt was to receive one-third of all the profits from the sale of his engines.

The first engine that was made was a success and orders came in rapidly for others. The Russian Government heard about his invention and offered him a salary equal to five thousand dollars a year if he would come to that country. Watt refused this offer and remained with his partner.

Others soon discovered the principle of the steam engine and began to make engines similar to those constructed by Boulton and Watt. They had to sue these rival manufacturers to prevent them from using their patent. Watt made some improvements on his engine and large orders began to come in from all parts of England and her colonies. After a long hard struggle Watt had finally gained wealth and success.

He built a beautiful home at Heathfield and entertained some of the most famous men in England. In addition to the steam engine, Watt invented a

letter-copying press. There was soon a great demand for this machine. It added to the profits of the firm.

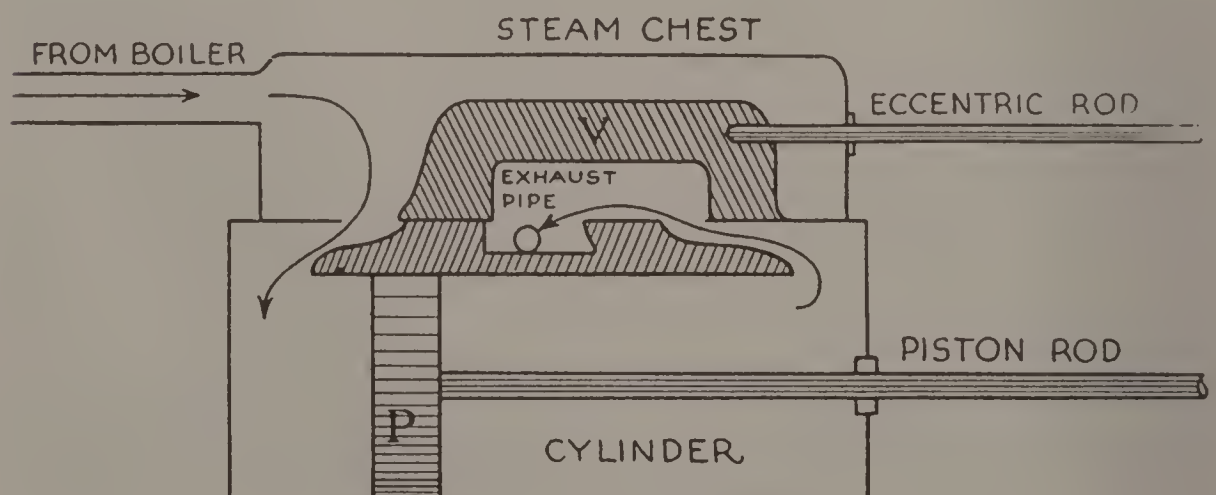
James Watt lived to be eighty-three years old. His workshop in the garret of his home has been left just as it was when he died. If you ever go to England, you must visit the home of the inventor of the steam engine.

HOW A STEAM ENGINE WORKS

Have you ever watched a steam engine and wondered how it works? It is not very difficult to understand how an engine runs if you see a diagram of its principal parts.

Every engine must have a *boiler*. Here a hot fire drives a portion of the water in the boiler off in the form of steam. As more and more steam accumulates, the steam presses out on all parts of the boiler.

A pipe from the boiler conducts the steam to the *steam-chest*. In this steam-chest there is a valve *V* which allows the steam to enter one end of the cylinder. This pushes the piston *P* toward the other end of the cylinder. Any steam which is on the

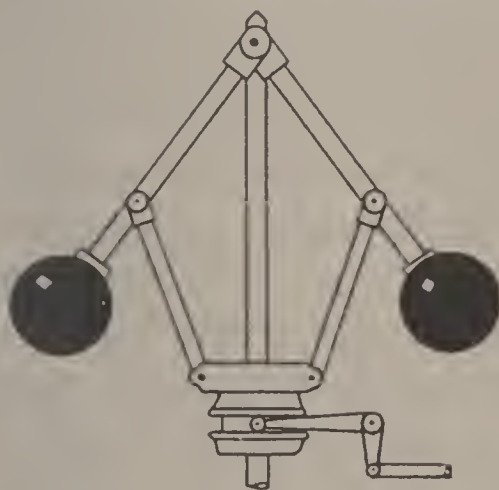


other side of the piston is allowed to escape through the exhaust pipe which leaves the chamber under the valve V.

When the piston P is driven to the opposite end of the cylinder, the valve is quickly moved so as to close the first opening and allow the steam to enter opposite end of the cylinder. The valve V is run by an *eccentric rod* which moves only at certain times. This eccentric rod is fastened to a *cam shaft*. When you are looking at a steam engine, ask the engineer to explain just how the cam shaft moves the eccentric rod at just the right time.

The *piston rod* is connected to the shaft which runs the machinery.

The more steam that is allowed to enter the steam chest and the greater the pressure of the steam, the faster the engine will run. James Watt invented



a *governor* to regulate the amount of steam which is allowed to enter the steam-chest. If the engine is running fast, the balls swing out and the steam is partly shut off. The engine then runs slower and the balls of the governor begin to fall. This opens up the steam valve

and allows more steam to enter the steam-chest, thus increasing the speed of the engine.

1. Draw a diagram of the steam-chest, the valve V, and the piston P when the piston is at the right end of the cylinder.
2. Name all of the principal parts of a steam engine and give the use of each.

MOZART, THE FAMOUS COMPOSER

Preceding the article entitled "James Watt and the Steam Engine," you were given a simple outline as a suggestion to follow in selecting the outstanding facts of an article. The account of Mozart is a similar article which you are to read and then outline for yourself. After the class have completed their outlines, several outlines will be put on the board for discussion. See if yours can be among the best ones offered.

In the quaint old city of Salzburg, Austria, in 1756 was born a child to whom they gave the unusual name of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. This little boy was destined to become one of the most unusual and talented musicians and composers of music that the world has known.

His father was a good musician, especially gifted in playing the violin, and Wolfgang had a sister, Maria Anna, who at first gave promise of being as great a genius as her brother. Before Wolfgang was five years old, he had composed several pieces which astonished his elders so that when he was six years old his father took him and Maria Anna on a concert tour to Vienna where they played before the Empress Maria Theresa, who held the little boy in her arms and kissed him heartily, so delighted was she with this delicate, sensitive, and talented child. The children romped and played with the little princess Marie Antoinette who afterwards became Queen of France, and had a remarkably pleasant time at court.

One day when Mozart was walking by Marie Antoinette on the highly polished floor, he slipped and fell. The little princess helped him to rise whereupon he exclaimed, "You are very kind; I will marry you," an unconsciously bold remark which

alarmed Mozart's father but greatly delighted the lovely princess, who kissed him for the compliment.

The following year he was taken to Paris where he and his sister sat at the royal table, played before the court, were praised by kings and by queens, and showered with gifts. From here they went to London where they again excited the wonder and admiration of all. The father wrote home that royalty had given them enough gold snuff boxes to set up a shop but that in money they were very poor. The little boy was now seized with inflammatory fever and then with small-pox and from that time on, was ill much of the time. His ardor for composing continued, however, and often when confined to his bed, he would have a board put across his lap and write out in notes new pieces of music.

When Mozart was ten years old the archbishop of Salzburg doubting the genius of the boy and wanting to test it, shut him in a room for a week to write an oratorio. Mozart stood the test nobly and removed all doubt from the mind of the cold archbishop, who rewarded him with the paltry salary of five and a quarter dollars a year.

When fourteen years of age, Wolfgang was taken to Italy to study. Soon after his arrival he went to the Cistine Chapel to hear the famous "Miserere" which was held so sacred that the musicians were forbidden to take home any of the music or to copy any of it. Wolfgang, as soon as he reached his lodgings, sat down and wrote all of it from memory, an accomplishment so great that all Rome talked about this wonderful lad. His playing was so remarkable that the people of Naples thought that a ring he wore on his left hand was bewitched and he was obliged to remove it.

When but fifteen years of age, he composed the opera "Mithridate," conducted it himself for twenty nights in succession, and thus added to his fame but little to his purse for people were not educated to pay for music of the high type that he wrote. In all he wrote 769 compositions during his short lifetime of thirty-five years, and all of his works were filled with charming melody.

When he was twenty-six he married a penniless, good-hearted but weak girl of eighteen to whom he had taught music. For her and their family of six children he labored ceaselessly day and night for nine years. The publishers wanted him to write "popular" music, but he refused, saying that if he had to lower his ideals by catering to the popular taste, he could make no more money by his pen and that he had better starve and go to destruction at once. So poor did he and his family become that on one occasion a friend who called one winter day found Mozart and his wife waltzing round the room. "We were cold," they said, "and were dancing to keep warm. We have no wood to make a fire."

Shortly before his death, Mozart was asked to compose a requiem, or funeral song for the wife of a nobleman, for fifty dollars. He accepted the offer, but tired out from overwork, worried by debts, hurt by the jealousies and scheming of rival musicians, his ordinarily hopeful good cheer forsook him and he told his wife that the Requiem would be written for himself. On the day before his death, he asked that his friends sing the requiem for him and as they did so, he joined in singing alto to the masterpiece. Shortly after the singing, a messenger was announced, who came with the news that Mozart had been appointed organist at St. Stephen's Cathedral, a position for

which he had longed for years. But the messenger came too late; death was upon him. He said, "Now I must go, just as I should be able to live in peace. I must leave my family, my poor children, at the very instant in which I should have been able to provide for their welfare."

On his funeral day a great storm arose and only the undertaker and his men went to the cemetery to see him buried. This remarkable man died so poor that his body had to be put into a pauper's grave, or into a "common grave" where so many other coffins lay. Weeks after, when the frail wife was able to visit the spot, she found a new grave digger who could not tell where Mozart was buried, and to this day, no one knows his burial spot. The Emperor Leopold aided the wife in a concert to raise fifteen hundred dollars to pay expenses and debts.

After half a century the town of Salzburg erected a bronze statue to her famous genius, in the public square, while seventy years after Mozart's death Vienna built a monument in his honor in the cemetery of St. Mark. "He filled the world with music yet died in want and sorrow." It is truly pathetic to think that this hard working and remarkable genius could not have been appreciated and rewarded before his death.

A SUGGESTION FOR YOUR MUSIC PERIOD

Perhaps some one of the class can play a selection composed by Mozart or you can get a Victrola record of one of his beautiful pieces of music. As you hear these pieces, think of the brave man who composed them.

A BOY WHO USED HIS BRAIN

Prepare a set of questions on this article which will bring out the important facts of the selection. Also select five of the most difficult words in the selection and look up their meanings. Submit both questions and words to the teacher as a basis for the class discussion on this article.

In the year 1870 a white-faced anaemic boy of twelve years ran, breathless, trembling and even more pallid than usual, into his home on Twentieth Street in New York City.

“There is no need for you to hurry,” his mother warned him, “and you must never run like that. You are not strong enough to run like other boys.”

The boy made no reply but his cheeks became red at once, not with health but with secret shame. To his way of thinking there had been a very great need of hurrying, of running his best, for he was being chased by some tough boys who were anxious to roll him and his pretty clothes in the muddy gutter, and to give him a pummeling on “general principles,” because he was so well dressed, so pale, so slight, and so timid—an easy little chap to frighten and to bully.

Not so very long ago in a quiet little cemetery in Oyster Bay, Long Island, was buried one of the most famous, most rugged, brave, adventurous outdoor Americans in our history—ex-cowboy, Rough Rider, fearless soldier, ranchman, big game hunter, explorer, former United States President.

Theodore Roosevelt, of course!

What live, wide-awake American boy has not admired him, worshiped him as a hero, and longed to emulate him in all the wonderful adventures of his wonderful life?

Yet at twelve—at fifteen, he was extremely sickly. “Puny” was the word they used, and his people were sorely afraid that he would never live to grow to manhood. At the age of twelve he was taken to Egypt at the advice of physicians in hopes that his life might be spared, but he seemed no better when he came back. He *was* better, however, for he had come to a great decision—he would become a famous naturalist, he would be a professor in a college and would go all over the world exploring and having adventures—he would get a salary for being a naturalist and thus be paid for doing the thing he wanted most to do.

There was no doubt about this desire. He has recorded it himself, his people knew about it quite well, his trunks while abroad and his room at home were filled with a great assortment of what mothers call “trash.” These were his “Specimens”—strange, pressed flowers, minerals, shells—all sorts of things. The boy Theodore suddenly realized that he could not go on scientific expeditions into the Arctic and down into the tropics unless he were strong and healthy—the books on such subjects that he had read taught him that. He knew that he wasn’t healthy—he was not so large or strong or ruddy as boys of his age, or as many boys considerably younger than he. To become a great naturalist he must become a strong man. To become a strong man he must exercise, get out of doors and be in the fresh air. This was simple enough; anyone knew that fresh air and good exercise would help build up the body more than all the doctors in the world.

Besides—this would enable him not only to become a naturalist, but it would enable him to be as strong as other boys, so that he need not run and be cowardly.

Was the late Theodore Roosevelt ever cowardly? We have his own word for it—it was the cowardice brought on by fear of bodily harm, of pain. He fought against it—in his own story of himself he admits that he had not entirely conquered that sort of cowardice at the age of twenty-six when he went out to North Dakota.

But the pale-faced, thin-limbed lad of twelve used his brains—he must be big and strong and he must get out of doors and exercise. His good mother naturally sought to protect her weakling boy—to shield him, to wrap him up like a fragile thing. But at fifteen, or soon after, when he got away from home and entered Harvard College, he had more opportunity to get out and take strenuous exercise. He was not strong then.

“I really preferred the warm corner by the fireplace and a good book, one of the sea stories or Indian stories or a book on nature, to getting out of doors,” he once said of himself. Yet he went in for sports. Because of wearing glasses he could not play baseball, but he began to ride horseback; he could row and he could remove his glasses and see well enough at close quarters to box. Boxing being the most strenuous exercise and the one that he still feared most, he fairly steeled himself into it and stood up and took the painful blows when his innermost desire was to duck and back away. It has been said that Harvard University never turned out an amateur boxer equal to Theodore Roosevelt.

At twenty-one he was graduated from Harvard. He was not a brilliant scholar, but just average. He was not a leader in sports, but fair in some, excelling in boxing. He took up the study of law. His father died, and while authorities do not agree

as to the exact amount of money left to the boy it was between \$50,000 and \$100,000.

“This being tied down to a desk in a law office will be the death of me. I must be out in the open more,” he told his uncle, who promptly took him to a noted politician and asked him to help the youngster along in politics. At the age of twenty-four he was elected to the state legislature. But he wasn’t getting as rugged as he wished. At eighteen he grew side whiskers to make his face look more round and full, to hide his thin cheeks and the paleness of his face. At twenty-four he had scarcely changed. After serving for two years in the legislature he had an opportunity to go still further in politics but he had never forgotten his boyhood plan—to get strong by outdoor life. He had given up his plan to be a naturalist—it was a boyish whim such as so many have.

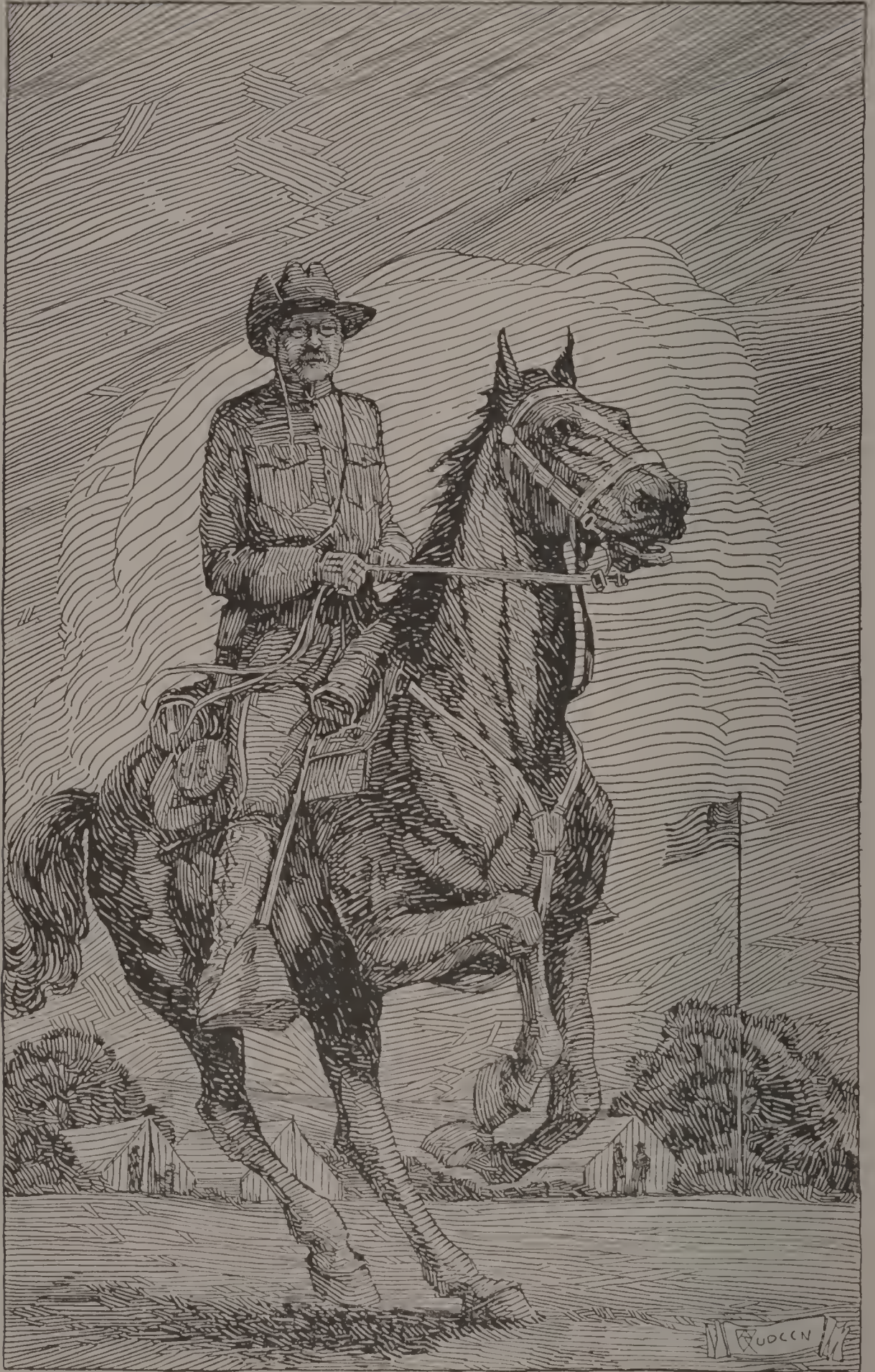
But the exercise he had forced himself to take when a boy, the encounters with other boys that he forced himself to meet instead of run away from, had helped him. Yet he needed more of the great outdoors, not the outdoors of the city streets but the real outdoors. He somewhat shocked his relatives when he declared that he was going “out West and be a cowboy.”

“Surely, Theodore,” they said to him, “you are not serious. Only little boys dream such dreams.”

“I’m a little boy yet. I need more strength, more health. I am going to set aside just one-half of the money my father left me and spend it in building up my body, in living in the open.”

That is exactly what Theodore Roosevelt did.

“There was sufficient money to keep me com-



fortably here," he once said, "but I would not have lived a very long life and surely never a useful life. I wanted the comfortable library and warm fire and books and specimens—but I needed more rich red blood and hard muscles, so I went West and became a cowboy and ranchman."

For more than two years he lived in the wilds of North Dakota—and it was indeed wild back in 1884. He owned a string of horses—regular terrors, difficult to ride; he slept out with his saddle for a pillow with the other herders; he rode in the round-up; he hunted grizzlies and mountain sheep; he fished—and when he was through he was at last what he wanted to be—he possessed muscles of steel, his cheeks were ruddy with health, and he was able to go back and live the strenuous life that he so constantly preached about.

Books could be written—have been written—of the exploits of Theodore Roosevelt—his boxing bouts, his bear hunting in the Southern canebrakes, his bobcat hunting in Colorado, his fighting in the Spanish War—his daily exercise while President, his elephant, tiger and lion hunting in Africa, his explorations in South America at an age when most men feel that they should sit in the corner with cane and skullcap and await the end.

Here was a weakling, the sort of boy that the average boy pities deeply, yet laughs at. The boy knew that he was a weakling, he found himself cowardly and blushed for himself, he used his brains—the solution was to be found only in the great outdoors. As a lad of fifteen he thought this out—with results that all the world knows.

All the world mourned his going, and, above the fact that he was an Ex-President of this country,

above the fact that he was a soldier, politician and author, every newspaper and every magazine and everything that gave publicity to his going, noted these two things—he led a clean life and he was the greatest Outdoor American.

—JUDSON D. STUART.

Courtesy of The American Boy.

THREE RULES FOR YOUNG AND OLD

Edward Everett Hale, who is famous for having written "The Man Without A Country," gave these three rules which may help you to build strong.

First of all, *make it a rule to be out of doors for some definite portion of every twenty-four hours.* Nature is a great teacher, and the foundation of all large success is health, which she offers freely to those who walk in her meadows and woods.

"Second, *make it a point to rub elbows every day with your fellow men.* We live in a democracy, and no man can expect large usefulness in a democracy who lives to himself. Only by knowing your fellows, working with them, and letting their fellowship and influence work on you, can you expect to achieve really first class success.

"And finally, *make it a rule to spend some time every day with someone who knows more than you do.* A live man if you can find him, or a man of a former generation, speaking through a great book. No man grows except as he reaches out and up. Don't spend your life with those who know less than you do or only as much; expose yourself regularly to the inspiration and education of bigger, more mature minds."

SPEED TEST IV

At various places in the selection called "Alfred the Great" you will notice small numbers following a word. These indicate the number of words up to that point. At a signal from the teacher, you are to start reading and read for two minutes, when time will be called. Place a check mark (✓) after the last word read, count on from the last number given, and give your total number of words read to your teacher for her record.

Your rate of reading may be determined as in Test III. Have you increased your speed?

THE GOOD SAXON, ALFRED THE GREAT

Alfred the Great was a young man, three and twenty years of age, when he became king. Twice in his childhood he had been taken to Rome, where the Saxon nobles were in the habit of going on journeys which they supposed to be religious; and, once, he had stayed for some time in Paris. Learning, however, was so little cared for, then, that at twelve years old he had not been taught to read; although, of the sons of King Ethelwulf, he, the youngest, was the favorite. But he had—as most men who grow up to be great¹⁰⁰ and good are generally found to have had—an excellent mother; and, one day, this lady, whose name was Osburga, happened, as she was sitting among her sons, to read a book of Saxon poetry. The art of printing was not known until long and long after that period, and the book, which was written, was what is called "illuminated," with beautiful bright letters, richly painted. The brothers admiring it very much, their mother said, "I will give it to that one of you four princes who first learns to read." Alfred sought out a tutor that very day, applied²⁰⁰ himself to learn with great diligence, and soon won the book. He was proud of it all his life.

This great king, in the first year of his reign, fought nine battles with the Danes. He made some treaties with them too, by which the false Danes swore they would quit the country. They pretended to consider that they had taken a very solemn oath, in swearing this upon the holy bracelets that they wore, and which were always buried with them when they died; but they cared little for it, for they thought nothing of breaking oaths and treaties³⁰⁰ too, as soon as it suited their purpose, and coming back again to fight, plunder, and burn, as usual. One fatal winter, in the fourth year of King Alfred's reign, they spread themselves in great numbers over the whole of England; and so dispersed and routed the King's soldiers that the King was left alone, and was obliged to disguise himself as a common peasant and to take refuge in the cottage of one of his cowherds who did not know his face.

Here, King Alfred, while the Danes sought him far and near, was left alone one day, by⁴⁰⁰ the cowherd's wife, to watch some cakes which she put to bake upon the hearth. But, being at work upon his bow and arrows, with which he hoped to punish the false Danes when a brighter time should come, and thinking deeply of his poor unhappy subjects whom the Danes chased through the land, his noble mind forgot the cakes, and they were burnt. "What!" said the cowherd's wife, who scolded him well when she came back, and little thought she was scolding the King, "you will be ready enough to eat them by-and-by, and yet you cannot⁵⁰⁰ watch them, idle dog!"

At length, the Devonshire men made head against a new host of Danes who landed on their coast: killed their chief, and captured their flag; on which

was represented the likeness of a Raven—a very fit bird for a thievish army like that, I think. The loss of their standard troubled the Danes greatly, for they believed it to be enchanted—woven by the three daughters of one father in a single afternoon—and they had a story among themselves that when they were victorious in battle, the Raven stretched his wings and seemed to⁶⁰⁰ fly; and that when they were defeated, he would droop. He had good reason to droop now, if he could have done anything half so sensible: for, King Alfred joined the Devonshire men; made a camp with them on a piece of firm ground in the midst of a bog in Somersetshire; and prepared for a great attempt for vengeance on the Danes, and the deliverance of his oppressed people.

But, first, as it was important to know how numerous those pestilent Danes were, and how they were fortified, King Alfred, being a good musician, disguised himself as a glee-man⁷⁰⁰ or minstrel, and went, with his harp, to the Danish camp. He played and sang in the very tent of Guthrum, the Danish leader, and entertained the Danes as they caroused. While he seemed to think of nothing but his music, he was watchful of their tents, their arms, their discipline, everything that he desired to know. And right soon did this great king entertain them to a different tune; for, summoning all his true followers to meet him at an appointed place, where they received him with joyful shouts and tears, as the monarch whom many of them had⁸⁰⁰ given up for lost or dead, he put himself at their head, marched on the Danish camp, defeated the Danes with great slaughter, and besieged them for fourteen days to prevent their escape. But, being as merciful as he was good and brave, he then,

instead of killing them, proposed peace: on condition that they should altogether depart from that Western part of England, and settle in the East; and that Guthrum should become a Christian, in remembrance of the Divine religion which now taught his conqueror, the noble Alfred, to forgive the enemy who had so often injured him⁹⁰⁰. This, Guthrum did. At his baptism King Alfred was his godfather. And Guthrum was an honorable chief who well deserved that clemency; for, ever afterwards he was loyal and faithful to the king. The Danes under him were faithful too. They plundered and burned no more, but worked like honest men. They ploughed, and sowed, and reaped, and led good honest English lives. And I hope the children of those Danes played, many a time, with Saxon children in the sunny fields; and that the Danish young men fell in love with Saxon girls, and married them; and that English¹⁰⁰⁰ travellers, benighted at the doors of Danish cottages, often went in for shelter until morning; and that Danes and Saxons sat by the red fire as friends, talking of King Alfred the Great.

All the Danes were not like these under Guthrum: for, after some years, more of them came over, in the old plundering and burning way—among them a fierce pirate of the name of Hastings, who had the boldness to sail up the Thames to Gravesend, with eighty ships. For three years, there was war with these Danes; and there was a famine in the country, too, and¹¹⁰⁰ a plague, both upon human creatures and beasts. But King Alfred, whose mighty heart never failed him, built large ships nevertheless, with which to pursue the pirates on the sea; and he encouraged his soldiers, by his brave example, to fight valiantly against them on the shore. At last, he drove

them all away; and then there was repose in England.

As great and good in peace, as he was great and good in war, King Alfred never rested from his labors to improve his people. He loved to talk with clever men, and with travellers from foreign countries, and¹²⁰⁰ to write down what they told him, for his people to read. He had studied Latin after learning to read English, and now another of his labors was, to translate Latin books into the English-Saxon tongue, that his people might be interested, and improved by their contents. He made just laws, that they might live more happily and freely; he turned away all partial judges that no wrong might be done by them; he was so careful of their property, and punished robbers so severely, that it was a common thing to say that under the great King Alfred,¹³⁰⁰ garlands of golden chains and jewels might have hung across the streets, and no man would have touched one. He founded schools; he patiently heard causes himself in his Court of Justice; the great desires of his heart were, to do right to all his subjects, and to leave England better, wiser, happier in all ways than he found it. His industry in these efforts was quite astonishing. Every day he divided into certain portions, and in each portion devoted himself to a certain pursuit. That he might divide his time exactly, he had wax torches or candles made, which were all of the same size, were notched across at regular distances, and were always kept burning. Thus, as the candles burned down, he divided the day into notches, almost as accurately as we now divide it into hours upon the clock. But when the candles were first invented, it was found that the wind and draughts of air,

blowing into the palace through the doors and windows, and through the chinks in the walls, caused them to gutter and burn unequally. To prevent this, the King had them put into cases formed of wood and white horn. And these were the first lanthorns (lanterns) ever made in England.

All this time, he was afflicted with a terrible unknown disease, which caused him violent and frequent pain that nothing could relieve. He bore it, as he had borne all the troubles of his life, like a brave, good man, until he was fifty-three years old; and then, having reigned thirty years, he died. He died in the year nine hundred and one; but long ago as that is, his fame, and the love and gratitude with which his subjects regarded him, are freshly remembered to the present hour.

—From DICKENS' "*A Child's History of England.*"

"Be cheerful! Give this lonesome world a smile!
We stay at longest but a little while.
Hasten we must or we shall lose the chance
To give the gentle word, the kindly glance.
Be sweet and tender. That is doing good.
'Tis doing what no other good deed could.

—*Anonymous.*

TO THE PUPIL: See how quickly you can memorize this helpful little poem.

THE SAVAGES OF NORTH AMERICA

Savages we call them, because their manners differ from ours, which we think the perfection of civility; they think the same of theirs.

Perhaps if we could examine the manners of different nations with impartiality we should find no people so rude as to be without any rules of politeness, or none so polite as not to have some remains of rudeness.

The Indian men, when young, are hunters and warriors; when old, counselors; for all their government is by the counsel or advice of the sages. There is no force, there are no prisons, no officers to compel obedience or to inflict punishment. Hence they generally study oratory, the best speaker having the most influence. The Indian women till the ground, dress the food, nurse and bring up the children and preserve and hand down to posterity the memory of public transactions. These employments of men and women are accounted natural and honorable. Having few artificial wants, they have abundance of leisure for improvement by conversation. Our laborious manner of life, compared with theirs, they esteem slavish and base; and the learning on which we value ourselves they regard as frivolous and useless. An instance of this occurred at the treaty of Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, in the year 1744, between the government of Virginia and the Six Nations. After the principal business was settled, the commissioners from Virginia acquainted the Indians by a speech that there was at Williamsburg a college, with a fund for educating Indian youth; and that if the chiefs of the Six Nations would send down half a dozen of their sons to that

college, the government would take care that they should be well provided for and instructed in all the learning of the white people. It is one of the Indian rules of politeness not to answer a public proposition the same day that it is made; they think it would be treating it as a light matter, and that they show it respect by taking time to consider it as of a matter important. They therefore deferred their answer till the day following, when their speaker began by expressing their deep sense of the kindness of the Virginia government in making them that offer; "for we know," says he, "that you highly esteem the kind of learning taught in those colleges, and that the maintenance of our young men while with you would be very expensive to you. We are convinced, therefore, that you mean to do us good by your proposal, and we thank you heartily. But you, who are wise, must know that different nations have different conceptions of things; and you will therefore not take it amiss if our ideas of this kind of education happen not to be the same with yours. We have had some experience of it. Several of our young people were formerly brought up at the colleges of the northern provinces; they were instructed in all your sciences; but when they came back to us they were bad runners, ignorant of every means of living in the woods, unable to bear either cold or hunger, knew neither how to build a cabin, take a deer, nor kill an enemy, spoke our language imperfectly; were therefore neither fit for hunters, warriors, nor counselors—they were therefore totally good for nothing. We are, however, not the less obliged by your kind offer, though we decline accepting it; and to show our grateful sense of it, if the gentlemen of Virginia will send us a dozen

of their sons we will take great care of their education, instruct them in all we know, and make men of them."

Having frequent occasions to hold councils, they have acquired great order and decency in conducting them. The old men sit in the foremost ranks, the warriors in the next, and the women and children in the hindmost. The business of the women is to take exact notice of what passes, imprint it in their memories (for they have no writing), and communicate it to their children. They are the records of the council, and they preserve the tradition of the stipulations in treaties a hundred years back; which, when we compare with our writings, we always find exact. He that would speak rises. The rest observe a profound silence. When he has finished and sits down, they leave him five or six minutes to recollect that if he has omitted anything he intended to say or has anything to add, he may rise again and deliver it. To interrupt another, even in common conversation, is reckoned highly indecent. How different this is from the conduct of a polite British House of Commons, where scarce a day passes without some confusion, that makes the Speaker hoarse calling to order; and how different from the mode of conversation in many polite companies of Europe, where, if you do not deliver your sentence with great rapidity, you are cut off in the middle of it by the impatient loquacity of those you converse with and never suffered to finish it.

The politeness of these savages in conversation is indeed carried to excess, since it does not permit them to contradict or deny the truth of what is asserted in their presence. By this means they indeed avoid disputes; but then it becomes difficult

to know their minds or what impression you make upon them. The missionaries who have attempted to convert them to Christianity all complain of this as one of the great difficulties of their mission. The Indians hear with patience the truths of the Gospel explained to them and give their usual tokens of assent and approbation. You would think they were convinced. No such matter. It is mere civility.

A Swedish minister having assembled the chiefs of the Susquehanna Indians made a sermon to them, acquainting them with the principal historical facts on which our religion is founded—such as the fall of our first parents by eating an apple, the coming of Christ to repair the mischief, his miracles and suffering, etc. When he had finished an Indian orator stood up to thank him. “What you have told us,” said he, “is all very good. It is indeed bad to eat apples. It is better to make them all into cider. We are much obliged for your kindness in coming so far to tell us those things which you have heard from your mothers. In return, I will tell you some of those we have heard from ours. ‘In the beginning our fathers had only the flesh of animals to subsist on, and if their hunting was unsuccessful they were starving. Two of our young hunters having killed a deer made a fire in the woods to boil some parts of it. When they were about to satisfy their hunger, they beheld a beautiful young woman descend from the clouds and seat herself on that hill which you see yonder among the Blue Mountains. They said to each other, ‘It is a spirit that perhaps has smelt our broiling venison and wishes to eat of it; let us offer some to her.’ They presented her with the tongue; she was pleased with the taste of it and said: ‘Your kindness shall be

rewarded; come to this place after thirteen moons, and you will find something that will be of great benefit in nourishing you and your children to the latest generations.' They did so, and to their surprise found plants they had never seen before, but which from that ancient time have been constantly cultivated among us to our great advantage. Where her right hand had touched the ground they found maize; where her left had touched it they found kidney-beans." The good missionary, disgusted with this idle tale, said: "What I delivered to you were sacred truths; but what you tell me is mere fable, fiction, and falsehood." The Indian, offended, replied: "My brother, it seems your friends have not done you justice in your education; they have not well instructed you in the rules of common civility. You saw that we, who understand and practice those rules, believed all your stories; why do you refuse to believe ours?"

When any of them come into our towns our people are apt to crowd them, gaze upon them, and incommode them where they desire to be private; this they esteem great rudeness and the effect of the want of instruction in the rules of civility and good manners. "We have," say they, "as much curiosity as you, and when you come into our towns we wish for opportunities of looking at you; but for this purpose we hide ourselves behind bushes where you are to pass and never intrude ourselves into your company."

Their manner of entering one another's village has likewise its rules. It is reckoned uncivil in traveling for strangers to enter a village abruptly without giving notice of their approach. Therefore as soon as they arrive within hearing they stop and halloo, remaining there until invited to enter. Two old men

usually come out to them and lead them in. There is in every village a vacant dwelling, called the strangers' house. Here they are placed, while the old men go round from hut to hut acquainting the inhabitants that strangers have arrived, who are probably hungry and weary; and every one sends them what he can spare of victuals and skins to repose on. When the strangers are refreshed, pipes and tobacco are brought; and then, but not before, conversation begins, with inquiries who they are, whither bound, what news, etc., and it usually ends with offers of service, if the strangers have occasion for guides, or any necessaries for continuing their journey; and nothing is exacted for the entertainment.

The same hospitality, esteemed among them as a principal virtue, is practised by private persons, of which Conrad Weiser, our interpreter, gave me the following instance. He had been naturalized among the Six Nations and spoke well the Mohawk language. In going through the Indian country, to carry a message from our governor to the council at Onondaga, he called at the habitation of Canassetego, an old acquaintance, who embraced him, spread furs for him to sit on, and placed before him some boiled beans and venison and mixed some rum and water for his drink. When he was well refreshed and had lit his pipe, Canassetego began to converse with him; asked him how he had fared the many years since they had seen each other, whence he then came, what occasioned the journey, etc. Conrad answered all his questions, and when the discourse began to flag the Indian, to continue it, said: "Conrad, you have lived long among the white people and know something of their customs. I have been sometimes

at Albany, and have observed that once in seven days they shut up their shops and assemble all in the great house. Tell me what it is for. What do they do there?"

"They meet there," says Conrad, "to hear and learn good things."

"I do not doubt," says the Indian "that they tell you so—they have told me the same; but I doubt the truth of what they say, and I will tell you my reasons. I went lately to Albany to sell my skins and buy blankets, knives, powder, rum, etc. You know I used generally to deal with Hans Hanson, but was a little inclined this time to try some other merchants. However, I called first upon Hans and asked him what he would give for beaver. He said he could not give any more than four shillings a pound; 'but,' says he, 'I cannot talk on business now; this is the day when we meet together to learn good things, and I am going to meeting.' So I thought to myself, 'Since I cannot do any business to-day, I may as well go to the meeting too,' and I went with him. There stood up a man in black and began to talk to the people very angrily. I did not understand what he said; but perceiving that he looked much at me and at Hanson, I imagined he was angry at seeing me there; so I went out, sat down near the house, struck fire and lit my pipe, waiting till the meeting should break up. I thought, too, that the man had mentioned something of beaver, and I suspected it might be the subject of their meeting. So when they came out I accosted my merchant. 'Well, Hans,' says I, 'I hope you have agreed to give more than four shillings a pound.' 'No,' says he; 'I cannot give so much; I cannot give more than three shillings and sixpence.'

I then spoke to several dealers; but they all sang the same song—three and sixpence—three and sixpence. This made it clear to me that my suspicion was right; and that whatever they pretended of meeting to learn good things the real purpose was to consult how to cheat Indians in the price of beaver. Consider but a little, Conrad, and you must be of my opinion. If they met so often to learn good things, they are still ignorant. You know our practice. If a white man in traveling through our country enters one of our cabins, we all treat him as I do you: we dry him if he is wet; we warm him if he is cold and give him meat and drink that he may allay his thirst and hunger; and we spread soft furs for him to rest and sleep on. We demand nothing in return. But if I go into a white man's house at Albany and ask for victuals and drink, they say: 'Where is your money?' and if I have none they say: 'Get out, you Indian dog!' You see they have not learned those little good things that we need no meetings to be instructed in, because our mothers taught them to us when we were children; and therefore it is impossible their meetings should be, as they say, for any such purpose or have any such effect: they are only to contrive the cheating of Indians in the price of beaver."

—From "*An Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin.*"

Memorize and deliver the Indian's speech to Conrad Weiser just as you think the Indian would have delivered it himself.

Tell the story of the gift of maize and kidney beans. There is another Indian legend about the origin of maize. Read the chapter on Hiawatha's Fasting in Longfellow's *Hiawatha* and tell the story to the class.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

This poem tells the story of the first battle of the Revolutionary War. There had been much ill feeling between the British soldiers and the people of Boston. The men in the neighborhood of Boston organized themselves into military companies to be prepared to fight if necessary. They called themselves "minute-men"; that is, they would be ready to fight with a minute's notice. The British had heard that the Americans had stored some arms and ammunition a short distance from Boston. They planned to send a company of soldiers at night, surprise the "minute-men" and seize this ammunition. The Americans heard of this expedition and spread the alarm among the "minute-men" when the British started out from Boston. This is one of the most famous poems in American literature and is well worth memorizing. See page 75 for the shortest method of memorizing.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.
He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good-night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay

The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread

Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in the village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet;
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the
light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,

Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,



From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A WELL EDUCATED GENTLEMAN DEFINED

I tell you earnestly, you must get into the habit of looking intently at words, assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable, nay, letter by letter. A well educated gentleman may not know many languages, may not be able to speak any but his own, may have read very few books; but whatever language he knows, he knows precisely; whatever word he pronounces, he pronounces rightly. Above all he is versed in the peerage of words.

—JOHN RUSKIN.

INTERESTING WORDS

Words are as interesting as people and the study of their family trees and history is fascinating. As in the case of people so with words, there are family groups and family names, the root of the word (or the basic meaning) corresponding to our surnames and the prefixes (or syllables placed before the root) corresponding to our first or Christian names. Let us look at some of these group names or roots.

One of the largest families in word history is the "mit" or "mis" family of Latin origin, this surname meaning "to send or give out." We have many interesting words in which this family name appears; for instance, "transmit" (trans = across + mit = send) to send across, as; "to transmit a message"; "emit" (e = out + mit) to send out; as, "to emit a cry"; "permit" (per = through + mit) to send through or to allow; as, "permit him entrance"; "admit" (ad = to + mit) to send to a place; as, "his ticket admits him to the balcony"; "remit" (re = back + mit) to send back; as, "remit five dollars for the bill."

Another interesting family is the "graph" or "write" family of Greek origin. To this group belongs the word "graphite," a kind of carbon used in lead pencils for writing. "Graphophone" means an instrument recording written sound from the roots "graph" = write and "phon" = sound; "biography" means a written life history from "bio" = life and "graph" = write; "autobiography" means a life history written by one's self from "auto" = self, "bio" = life, and "graph" = write; "autograph" means one's name written by one's self; "geography" means a written description of the earth from "geo" = earth and "graph," and "paragraph" means written at the

side from “para” =aside and “graph.” This word has changed somewhat in its application for a paragraph used to be a little sign (¶) put out at the side of the written matter to indicate a change of thought, but afterwards printers indented the first word of the writing where the thought changed and all of the related ideas taken together formed a paragraph, so that the sign was not necessary any longer.

There are many words that, like persons, have gone up in the social scale while others have gone down. For instance, the word “mob” was first considered as slang and far below the dignity of pure stock words. It comes from the Latin root *mobilis* meaning “movable or unsettled,” and was at first a word of low type, signifying an object of terror. Now, however, though we still associate these ideas with a mob, the word is no more considered slang and has been elevated to a place in the dictionaries among the polite society of words.

The word “villain,” on the other hand, has gone down the social ladder. In medieval days, when the feudal system was in force and the peasant folk lived in small hut-like homes called villas, one who lived in such a villa was called a “villain” and a group of villas was called a “village.” If you will remember that formerly a villain was simply one who lived in a villa, you will never have any difficulty in spelling this troublesome word. After a time these villains who were entirely respectable people, though poor, became so poverty stricken, through the oppression of the nobles, that they could not earn a living and many of them started to steal for a livelihood. In this way the reputation of the villains became bad and soon all of the villa dwellers were looked down upon as thieves and rascals, just as a villain is considered today.

Another interesting word from early days is the word "curfew." Curfew comes from two old English words meaning "cover fire." In olden times, before people had any street lighting systems or fire departments and the huts and houses had thatched roofs of straw and floors and beds were covered with straw, fires were common and so the officials ordered people to cover their fires at sunset to prevent fires' breaking out in the night, and a bell was rung at that time as a signal. Since there was nothing for the people to do after sunset, their homes being dark, they soon took the ringing of the curfew bell as a signal to clear the streets and now in some cities a bell is sounded at about nine o'clock to warn young people that they must be in their homes and off the streets.

Some of our verbs come from the names of people. Such a word is "macadamize," which means to make a pavement of macadam or crushed stone because the first one to devise such a pavement was a man named Macadam. "Tantalize" is of this class also. This word means to tease or to torment by having the object desired just out of one's reach. This comes from an old myth about a king of Phrygia called Tantalus who was so cruel as not only to starve his subjects but even to cook and serve them as food to the immortal gods. For this he was punished by being sent to Hades where he was forced to stand up to his chin in a stream of pure water, tormented with thirst, for whenever he stooped to drink the water receded, while over his head hung luscious fruit which, whenever he tried to reach it, swung upward on the branch and eluded his grasp.

There are many other words whose histories are just as interesting as those mentioned in this selection. A knowledge of words and their histories not

only increases our vocabularies but also our enjoyment of reading.

Word Study Project

Consult your dictionaries to find the meaning and interesting history of the following words:

Mackintosh	martial	benediction
circumnavigate	bisect	October
transfer	perspire	legal
damask	dialogue	expel
indent	prologue	projection

SOME HUMORS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

“WE’ll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes,
 But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes.
 Then one fowl is goose, but two are called geese,
 Yet the plural of mouse should never be meese,
 You may find a lone mouse, or a whole nest of mice,
 But the plural of house is houses, not hice;
 If the plural of man is always called men,
 Why shouldn’t the plural of pan be called pen?
 If I speak of a foot and you show me your feet
 And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?
 If one is a tooth, and a whole set are teeth,
 Why shouldn’t the plural of booth be called beeth?
 If the singular’s this and the plural is these
 Should the plural of kiss be nicknamed keese?
 Then one may be that and three would be those,
 Yet hat in the plural would never be hose,
 And the plural of cat is cats, not cose.
 The masculine pronouns are he, his, and him
 But imagine the feminine, she, shis, and shim.
 So the English, I think you all will agree
 Is the most wonderful language you ever did see.”

HOW TO USE REFERENCES

If we are to be educated, it is not necessary to carry an encyclopedia of facts in our heads, but it is necessary to know how and where to find out about various matters. Many times we wish to find information in a book with which we are not familiar. Then we may save time by looking in the index of the book in which we think that the information will be found, under the general heading that covers the subject sought. Indexes are arranged alphabetically, usually in the back of the text books, and so we may locate topics quickly with a little practice. The following suggestions are given to train you how to use dictionaries and text books to find items of information.

1. *What is the correct pronunciation of "Himalaya"?* You will know that the dictionary or geography is the proper reference book for this information. In the back of each you will find a pronouncing gazetteer with the word divided into syllables and the vowels marked. Of course you will look for the word *Himalaya*. If you are not familiar with the diacritical markings, you may look at the bottom of the page or at the explanatory table of vowel markings preceding the gazetteer. Wait for your teacher to give the signal to begin and then see who can first find and give the correct pronunciation.

2. Close your books and again wait for the signal to find the correct pronunciation of *Chihuahua*. *Locate this city*. Raise your hand when you have the desired information.

3. Take out your English grammar texts and, when the signal is given, see who can be the first to locate and copy neatly definitions for the following: *a*

phrase; a proper noun; a declarative sentence; a predicate.

4. Take your geographies. At a signal, open your books and find the answer to this question: *Where are the important salmon fisheries of the world?* Raise your hand when you have the facts.

5. Use your geographies or an atlas to find the answer to this question when told to start: *What is the population, according to the last census, of the following cities and how should they be arranged if we are to put them in order of their size, starting with the largest?* Chicago, Paris, London, Philadelphia, New York. The first pupil to get these facts may tell the class the method by which he or she was able to locate them so quickly.

6. In what book would you look to find the rule for determining *the area of a rectangle; the number of square rods in an acre? How many square rods are there in an acre?*

7. In what book would you find the answers to the following questions? *What is the scientific name for the shoulder blade? For the knee cap? What kind of blood do our veins carry?* Find the answers to these questions.

8. Prepare a good question calling for some fact found in your text books. Submit this to the class for a speed contest to see who can be the leader in locating information. Do not tell in which book the answer will be found.

GOVERNMENT BULLETINS

Government bulletins are usually published with sub-topics distributed through the text. This enables one to turn through a bulletin until he sees the sub-topic in which he is interested.

Find the answers to the following questions by first choosing the sub-topics that you think will most likely contain the answers, then read the portions of the bulletin which will give you the desired information.

1. What is the best substance to use in extinguishing burning oil?
2. What substances are used to charge a chemical fire extinguisher?
3. What is the oldest and cheapest fire extinguisher?
4. When are dry-powder extinguishers very effective?
5. What are "hand-grenade" extinguishers?
6. Name four methods to use in fighting forest fires.
7. Why should water-buckets, for use in case of fires, have covers on them? Where should these buckets be placed?
8. How should sawdust be treated to make it effective for fighting fires?

FIRE FIGHTING

While the easiest way to fight fire is to prevent it, some provision should be made for promptly extinguishing any fire which may start in spite of precautions. Nearly all farm products and equipment are combustible and are contained in frame buildings. It is almost a necessity that fire be maintained in some of these buildings during a part of the year and carried into most of the remaining ones occasionally. In a large percentage of cases some one is in the building when a fire starts. Thus all buildings should be equipped with some kind of fire-extinguishing apparatus, for all fires are of the same size at the

start, and most of them are discovered in time to be put out by a single person if the means are at hand. The apparatus should be located in convenient places known to everyone who frequents the building, and should always be kept ready for instant use, and a ladder long enough to reach the roof should be kept in a handy place if there is no other way to get to the roof quickly. Fire insurance companies give special rates to all property owners in cities who equip their premises with satisfactory fire-extinguishing apparatus, and many companies would doubtless be willing to make similar arrangements in the case of farm buildings so equipped.

Water

A pail of water is the oldest, simplest, and also the cheapest fire extinguisher. Fire buckets are found in all places of business and manufacturing plants, and there is no other reason why pails of water to be used for no other purpose should not be found in every farm building. They are so effective in extinguishing small fires that insurance companies grant lower rates to many merchants and manufacturers who follow this practice, yet there are very few farm buildings where buckets of water are kept in fixed places to be used for fire only, although it would cost but little and require only a slight amount of work to maintain such protection. Most people rely on pumps to furnish water when a fire breaks out; but the well may be a considerable distance from the fire, and the delay caused by having to hunt buckets, pump the water, and carry it to the fire may be sufficient to permit the flames to spread beyond control. The usefulness of the fire bucket depends upon its being instantly available. To insure this the water

should never under any circumstances be used for other purposes, the buckets should be inspected and refilled at regular intervals, measures should be taken to prevent the water from freezing in cold weather, and the buckets should always be kept at certain fixed places. They should be set on shelves or hung on brackets, and not put on the floor where they may be upset or have other things piled on them. If they are provided with covers the water will not evaporate so quickly as from open buckets, nor will it get full of dust and dirt and develop an offensive smell. The water can be kept from freezing in all except very low temperatures by adding two pounds of common salt to each bucketful. In some cases calcium chloride may be preferable to common salt, as it will not cause deterioration of a metal bucket. If the buckets are specially painted or labeled they will be more conspicuous and there will be less likelihood of their being used by careless persons for other purposes than fire fighting.

Water-supply systems which furnish water under pressure afford excellent fire-fighting facilities if the necessary hose and connections are provided and kept ready for use in emergency. This fact should be taken into account when considering the cost and advisability of installing such a system.

Chemical Extinguishers have many Advantages

The chemical extinguisher has come into general use in recent years, and it has many advantages over water buckets. Since it can be used for nothing else, it is always sure to be in its place and ready when needed. Furthermore, some types of chemical extinguishers are effective in subduing fires among oils, where water is of no value.

The chemical extinguisher in most general use is the soda-acid variety with a capacity of about $2\frac{1}{2}$ gallons of water. More than twenty firms manufacture approved apparatus of this type. These extinguishers generally cost from \$7 to \$12. Their construction is simple and they are easy to operate. The apparatus in most general use is about 2 feet in height and is intended to be hung on the wall. The chemical extinguishers which are approved by insurance companies are tested to withstand a pressure of 350 pounds. They are designed to hold $2\frac{1}{2}$ gallons of water mixed with $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of bicarbonate of soda, and a bottle which holds 4 ounces of acid. The stream which is thrown at the blaze has a range of from 25 to 40 feet and will flow for about one minute. If applied correctly the contents of a $2\frac{1}{2}$ gallon extinguisher are equivalent to many times that volume of water thrown from pails. These extinguishers can be refilled and used many times. When not in use they require no attention, except that they should be discharged and thoroughly cleaned and refilled once a year, and must be protected from freezing. Specific directions for operating and refilling are printed upon a plate attached to the tank of all approved makes. The chemicals for refilling can be purchased at any drug store for half a dollar or less, and a supply should always be kept on hand. These extinguishers are useful on any fire which water will quench, but are not very effective in gasoline or kerosene fires.

Another type of chemical extinguisher consists of a quart of fluid in a double-action metal syringe, the handle of which is worked back and forth to eject the liquid. The chemical agent which smothers the fire is carbon tetrachloride. This is a liquid which does

not freeze until a temperature of 50° F. below zero is reached. When the temperature rises to about 200° F., very nearly the temperature required to boil water, it turns into a heavy vapor, which covers and smothers the fire. It is especially useful in extinguishing fires on which water or carbonic-acid-gas extinguishers have little effect. Burning oil, gasoline, kerosene, or acetylene generally can be subdued with it and it is especially valuable in the garage. It is not poisonous and evaporates quickly without damaging articles on which it is thrown. However, a large quantity of the vapor may cause suffocation of persons remaining in a closed room with it. Caution in its use is therefore necessary. One-quart extinguishers of this type can be purchased for about \$8, and liquid for refilling them costs about \$1.50. These extinguishers are approved by all fire insurance companies.

Dry-powder Extinguishers

There are on the market many makes of extinguishers consisting of sheet metal tubes filled with powder, which decomposes when thrown on a hot fire and produces a noncombustible gas which smothers the flames by shutting off the oxygen. The manufacturers recommend them for fires in confined spaces, and especially for chimney fires, and in many cases they have been effective in curbing gasoline and oil fires. The ingredients are coarsely powdered, decompose easily without explosion, and give off a strong odor and much smoke. They appeal to many on account of their low cost when compared with other extinguishers, but their value has been greatly exaggerated and most experts in fire protection do not recommend them. Their use in attempts

to extinguish fires on which they can be of little help is likely to cause disastrous delay in the use of water or other approved agents.

“Hand Grenade” Extinguishers

Glass bottles of spherical form containing fire-extinguishing liquids of various kinds are sold in many places. The bottle is to be thrown on the fire and broken and the liquid thus liberated. When heated the liquid gives off a non-combustible gas, and in some cases is supposed to encrust the burning material with a fireproof chemical and thus smother the fire. These grenades are not so dependable as other forms of extinguishers. Their capacity is small, it is difficult to throw one of them to the base of the fire, and sometimes they do not break when thrown. As in the case of the tubes of dry powder, they are likely to cause serious delay in the use of better extinguishing agents.

Sand for Extinguishing Oil Fires

Sand is a very good extinguisher of burning oil in case of a small fire on a floor or in a shallow container. Water is of little value in fires of this kind unless a large quantity of it is at hand, for if applied in small quantity it will generally serve only to scatter the burning material and make the fire more difficult to control. Sand is not very efficient if the fire is in a tank or bucket, since the sand sinks to the bottom of the vessel and allows the fire to keep on burning. Pails of sand are recommended in many ordinances applying to garages, and, when all things are considered, are probably superior to anything except good chemical extinguishers. Sand is very heavy, and the bucket containing it should be small

or else only partly filled, so that it will not be too heavy to carry. A light, long-handled scoop or dipper might be useful for applying the sand to the fire.

Sawdust for Extinguishing Oil Fires

Sawdust is recognized as a fairly efficient extinguisher of oil fires, especially if the oil is in a deep container. Sawdust, poured on burning oil, floats and smothers the fire by shutting off the oxygen. Sawdust itself is somewhat inflammable, and if it is used care must be taken that it does not become oil-soaked and as hazardous as the oil itself. If two or three pounds of common soda is mixed with a bucketful of sawdust, it is almost entirely incombustible; and if the fire on which it is thrown is very hot the soda will give off a gas which aids in smothering the flames.

Fighting Woods Fires

By the use of proper methods fire in the woods, except during very dry and windy weather, can usually be controlled. Quick action is of the utmost importance. One man who is close by at the start can often stop a fire which after a few minutes' headway would require hours or days of hard fighting by many men.

Effective ordinary tools for fighting light, running surface fires and clearing away loose-leaf litter as a fire guard or check line are long-handled forks, shovels, and garden rakes. A rake, however, clogs up quickly. A much better tool is the long-handled, wire bristle stable brush. Axes should be included in every fire-fighting equipment. Mattocks prove very useful in checking fire in deep forest humus, where it is necessary to dig through to the mineral soil. Various improvised substitute tools are widely

made use of, often with success, in stopping fires. In the hardwood forests a stout forked stick is very commonly used to scrape away loose-leaf litter in front of an approaching fire.

Whipping is a common method of fighting lines of fire. This is particularly true in pine or other coniferous woods, where a small sapling or branch is an effective implement. A wet burlap sack does good work in whipping almost all kinds of grass or shallow ground fires. Water applied by means of a watering can will deaden a very hot fire so that a man following can readily beat out what fire remains. This method is especially well adapted to heavy grass or ground litter fires in relatively flat or smooth, rolling country, even where water has to be hauled by wagon in barrels for distances of a mile or more.

Soil thrown over the fire with a shovel checks it effectually, especially in regions of loose sandy soils free from much surface vegetable matter.

Night and early morning are the most favorable times to fight fire in the woods. Strike the advancing lines of fire by taking favorable periods of low fire, due either to lulls in the wind or small areas of sparse trees and ground cover. Don't overtax the fighting forces by attacking a fiercely burning fire front. If this sector of the fire proves too hot and aggressive, efforts should be concentrated along the sides lines and back line, heading the fire off obliquely from each side till the two sides come together in a point.

Back-firing is a hazardous undertaking for anyone not experienced in fire fighting. Too commonly as a result of back-firing, two or more separate fires are added to the original fire, and each must be fought out. The aim should be to back-fire along narrow roadways, paths, or streams which if not used as

guards would very likely be crossed by the fire. Back-firing should be used only when absolutely necessary. One of the most common mistakes in fighting fires is to overestimate the rapidity of the fire and the difficulty of putting it out. In back-firing property is deliberately burned over, and one should bear in mind as a fixed principle to burn over as small an area as possible.

As soon as the head fire is stopped, attack the wings at once, particularly if there is a strong wind; otherwise from each wing of the old fire there will soon form an independent fire with a central head.

Go over the deadened fire line carefully and, by removing all traces of smoldering embers, make it safe against the outbreak of new fires. All snags and standing dead trees on the inside border of the burned area should be cut. If burned off at the base these might fall across the line and start a new fire, or if burning while still standing might scatter sparks beyond the line. Logs and down trees which may lie across the fire line should be rolled a safe distance back into the burned area to prevent their carrying fire across the line.

—*Extracts from Farmers' Bulletin 904.*
United States Department of Agriculture.

AN ANECDOTE FOR YOU TO TELL

“Say, pa.”

“Well, my son.”

“I took a walk through the cemetery today and read the inscriptions on the tombstones.”

“Well, what about it?”

“Where are all the wicked people buried?”

—*The Continent*

ALL ABOARD FOR THE FOOTBALL GAME

Football is one of the most interesting and popular of our great national games. All of the members of a team must understand certain signals in order that they may know what plays are to be used. Have one of the boys in your class explain a system of signals for football. The others in the class who have not played football will then appreciate the story, "The Air Line," much more than they would otherwise.

After you have read the story, tell why the title "The Air Line" is appropriate.

THE AIR LINE

Excuse me, Mother, there's Alf Davis' whistle," exclaimed Jim Hunt, bolting his pie.

"Alf Davis?" questioned Jim's older brother Tom. "Is that old "Hi' Davis' boy?"

"Yes," Jim nodded, "and he's a live wire, all right. He plays quarterback on the East End football team. Wish we could have had him on ours."

Tom's grunt did not sound enthusiastic. "He may be a live wire, but his older brother Hi was about as unhealthful an influence in my crowd of fellows as you'd find anywhere."

Jim bristled at once. "I don't know anything about Hi—he's been gone from here for two years—but Alf's all right. He's as sharp as a brier, and in on the ground floor every time." And away went Jim.

Jim's father leaned back in his chair thoughtfully. "Old Hi has always managed to keep on the safe side of the law—but I don't imagine he sets a very fine example for his boys."

"Mrs. Davis used to seem like a nice sort of woman," Jim's mother put in. "I guess they miss

her. But I don't want Jim running with Alf if Tom thinks he is an undesirable companion."

"Neither do I want Jim to cast him off, and perhaps lessen Alf's chances for good companionship," her husband said slowly. "Tom may be mistaken. I think boys size up one another pretty well—eh, son? Jim's keen about his new acquaintance now; let's give him a little time on it."

Meantime the two under discussion were speeding down Travers Street, headed for Ray's Sporting Goods Shop.

"If you fellows take the black and tan, we'll take red and white," said Jim. "Hope old Ray has a full set of each."

"It's shoes I'm after specially," Alf said, casting a quick look at his companion. "You look at the stockings while I cruise round among the 'beetle crushers.'"

Ray's shop was a fascinating spot, and presently Jim was deep in jerseys and football stockings, while Alf hurried back to the rear where the shoes were kept. "Football shoes, sir?" came the young clerk's crisp query.

"Uh-huh," nodded Alf, "and baseball shoes, too. Might as well see all the sports shoes you have."

"Of course you wouldn't want baseball shoes for football," Mr. Deems reminded him. "There are spikes in them, you know, they would tear up your opponent."

Alf made no reply, but set several pairs of either kind on the counter for examination. "I'll take these," and he pointed to a stout pair of football shoes. "No, I believe I'll get you to hunt a half size larger."

While Deems was hunting the larger shoes Alf made an adroit change; the forbidden spiked shoes he slipped into the box that had held the football shoes. The appearance and price were the same. When the transfer was made he called to Mr. Deems. "I think this pair will do, after all," he told him; "they're big enough."

Their purchases made, the boys parted company at the door.

"We are going to mop up with you East Enders next week," Jim called after his friend. "Better do your best to beat Blake's School on Saturday."

"We'll eat you and Blake both up!" Alf responded, then gave a wicked grin at the package under his arm. "When I get you beauties filed down and camouflaged a bit, you'll knock out some surprised youngsters on the West End team, or I miss my guess!"

Jim's team had no game on Saturday, and they repaired in a body to Riston Field, on the outskirts of the town, to see the East Enders play Blake.

True to Alf's prediction, his crowd had it all their own way with the visiting eleven. But so clever had been the quarterback's manipulation of his spiked shoes that the punishment dealt out by his side to Blake's boys remained untraced, though there was some grumbling about rough stuff.

Alf, in spite of his success in athletics, was not a popular boy, even among his own players, and Jim Hunt was the sole member of the West End crowd that chummed with him at all. Jim was a little stubborn in such matters, and the more the others turned down Alf's advances, the more resolutely Jim championed him.

Vague rumors of sharp practice by the East End

quarter were continually in the air, but to Jim, Alf could do no wrong. He encouraged the latter to hang about his house more than suited Jim's mother.

The West Enders felt a little blue over the ease with which Alf's team walked away with Blake's School, and Monday afternoon saw a vigorous try out on their practice lot, marked by several trick plays new to the team—tricks evolved in Jim's fertile brain.

"That end pass will sure puzzle them," chuckled Charlie Post.

"So will the block play," Ed Hannon added.

"What you fellows need," Jim insisted, "is to grind the new signals into your 'noodles.' See, I've got them all copied out on this paper; each of you can copy it if you like."

"Better not have too many copies around," Ed said darkly. "Spose you give us a drill in them right now, and you keep the only copy."

"Righto!" Jim answered importantly. "Now, then, 81-62-4-3!"

"Pass ball to left end, start fake run, pass to center," translated the group, and so on, until Jim was satisfied.

Dusk fell as the team left the field and the boys scattered to their homes, full of Saturday's game. Jim and Sam Leftwidge went off down Oak street, and presently Jim gave a shrill whistle which caused a figure half a block ahead of them to turn. "That's Alf Davis," he began.

"What makes you chum with him?" grunted Sam. "That fellow's too slick for my taste."

"'Slick' nothing! He's as straight as any of us,"

Jim defended huffily. "He is keener than the rest, and puts it over us."

Sam nodded glumly to the new companion and turned off down his street.

"Sam seems peeved," Alf remarked. "What's he grouched about?"

"Oh, the fellows are tired, I guess," Jim parried. "I've been putting them through a pretty stiff signal practice—new signals for some stunts we're going to pull off on you fellows Saturday."

"That so? Wish I could get a look at them," laughed Alf. "Who's the grand custodian of the West Enders' secrets?"

"I am," and with a flourish Jim pulled off his cap and showed the valuable slip of paper tucked into the inner band.

Alf made a playful snatch, and the two parted laughing. But the older boy's face grew thoughtful as he left Jim's gate.

Next day's recess brought the schoolboys crowding out on the playground; Jim and his mates engaged in impromptu scrimmages and races all over the generous open space, but Alf was not of the number. He had made one of his few failures in algebra recitation that morning, and had been kept in to do his work over.

As he sat in the empty classroom, where the windows were open for ventilation, the shouts of the others spurred his wits, and he mastered the difficulty shortly. Laying the corrected paper on Mr. Waring's desk, he stepped to the window overlooking the playground in time to hear Jim's voice immediately below him——

"Watch us put the E-N-D in East End Saturday! Whoop!" He tossed his cap high in air, just as Owen

Hardy shouted, "Race anybody to the fence and back!"

And the cap? Jim stood a second, then looked up, expecting his headpiece to hit him in the eye. There was no sign of it! The other boys had gone by this time, and Jim searched the ground for his cap, then tore off after the others. "Hey, there! Who caught my cap?"

Even after further investigation, the cap was not found, and Jim, hot and excited challenged everyone to aid in finding a cap which had been tossed into the air and failed to come down.

Alf Davis, practicing a wrestling fall in one corner of the grounds, joined the search. Jim began to enjoy his position as the center of a genuine mystery.

Mrs. Hunt took a different view. She was aggrieved at his losing a new cap, and declined to replace it at once, making him wear an old cap of Tom's the rest of the week.

All such minor matters were forgotten, however, when Saturday brought the rival teams together on Riston Field, and to Jim's relief, his well-drilled followers were letter perfect in their signal work.

It was an evenly matched contest, although the West Enders complained that their injuries were unusually painful—deep scratches and ugly bruises shortly appearing.

"Somebody in that bunch is mighty savage," growled Charlie Post, while the captain stuck a bit of adhesive on his arm.

"There isn't but one boy mean enough"—began Roy Martin.

"Oh, dry up!" Jim broke in. "Play the game and

don't grouch. We've held them to no score so far; let's try that trick play now."

In they went. The signal was given, and the ball passed as arranged. But what was this? An East Ender shot into position just in time to frustrate the play, and no advantage to Jim's team resulted.

Again one of the new plays was tried, only to fail, by reason of Alf Davis himself, who foiled the attempt at an end run made as neatly as if he had known the meaning of "9-11-86"!

"They're on to our signals!" panted Ed Hannon, when time was called for somebody to get his wind again. "I say, Jim, is there any way by which Alf Davis could have had a look at our plans?"

Jim flushed angrily under the grime which covered his face. "You ought to know the answer to that, Ed," he snapped. "You know I kept those signals in my cap, as close to me as the paper on the wall. How could he have seen them, I'd like to know?"

"Your cap!" Jack Willis cried, "why, you lost that!" Jim's jaw dropped open.

"So I did, but if you can tell me where, you're pretty smart. And as for Alf, he was on the playground and helped us hunt."

"He wasn't on the playground during the whole recess period," Owen Hardy asserted, "he flunked in old Waring's class, and was kept in that day."

"There's the whistle; get into line," Jim said hurriedly, an incredible suspicion assailing him. He remembered so well just the spot under the Algebra classroom window where he had tossed his cap into the air. If Alf were up there—

"Try the first trick play, boys," he mumbled, "when I give you the second-play signals 81-62-4-3."

Away went the ball in the opposite direction from that first tried. There was obvious bewilderment among the East End players, followed by a desperate rally—too late. Charlie Post tore down the field, and two minutes more saw a touchdown for West End.

Victory tasted only half sweet to Jim when, a few minutes later, the successful team marched around the field to the shouts of their supporters, while the losers stood in a rather disconsolate group round their coach. The moment the jubilation was over, Jim shook off his mates and darted after the departing East Enders.

“Alf!” he called, “Alf Davis!”

Alf looked anything but willing to be interrupted, but Jim was upon him before he could frame an excuse, and the two dropped behind the others.

“How did you get hold of our signals?” demanded Jim briefly. “I know you must have seen them, and I’d like to hear what you have to say for yourself.”

Alf turned a sullen eye on his friend. Things were going badly with him to-day, and now he bid fair to lose the friendship of this one boy whose loyalty he had never valued before as he did at this moment.

“What are you talking about?” he fenced, “signals? Didn’t you tell me you carried them in your cap all the time?”

Jim gave a short, scornful laugh. “And I’ve about concluded that my cap landed in your hands when I threw it up in the air the other day and lost it.”

Alf’s nerves, already on edge from fear that his illegal shoe trick had been discovered by the referee, and that trouble was in store for him on that score, tried to cover his confusion by a strained laugh. But

the laugh stuck, somehow, and with mouth open he faced Jim's accusing look.

"I won't say that I didn't get a line on your play," he said haltingly. The two were all but alone in the darkening street. Jim whirled round on his companion.

"Yes, and it was an air line. My cap must have fallen into Waring's window when you were doing your algebra. The boys have all been telling me, Alf, that you weren't straight, but I wouldn't believe it. I never dreamed you would do me a trick like that—and I won't believe it now if you've got anything to say for yourself."

The other boy ground his heel into the gravel sidewalk. "Well, I did catch the blooming cap!" he blurted out, "I'd just stepped to the window that second and heard you blowing down below about what you were going to do to us, and up sailed the thing right into my hands, signals and all. Much good it did us! I suppose you'll tell them all, and I'll be outlawed just as my brother Hi was."

Jim shot him a curious look. He had caught a totally new note of shame and despair in Alf's rather hard voice.

"Tell?" he said slowly. "Well, I don't know about that. It was a scurvy trick; it didn't get you anything, though. You didn't lose much as far as the other boys are concerned, because they always knew you were crooked. But I—I have always stuck up for you and believed in you. No, I guess I won't say anything about it, but"—

Alf shot out an impetuous hand as the other turned away. "Jim," he said hoarsely, "If you'll still stand by me, I'll cut out the sneak business from now on.

I can make those fellows change their minds about me, if I choose.”

Jim's face cleared, and two grimy hands met. “I'll stick by you, Alf,” he said, “and if I see you getting in bad, I'll send you a few more signals by air line!”

—JANET ALLAN BRYAN.

Courtesy Presbyterian Board of Publication.

YES OR NO

Write your name on line one and your grade on line two. Below are groups of words. You are to rearrange the words to make good sentences then answer each by Yes or No. They are true or false statements.

1. Fish in water live.
2. Horses legs four have.
3. Water runs stream up.
4. Madison capitol is the of Wisconsin.
5. Good health sleep is necessary to.
6. Success to necessary is health.
7. Arithmetic than history is easier.
8. Roosevelt a foreigner was.
9. We eat must live to.
10. Honesty rewarded always is.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

In one of the battles in the Crimean War with Russia, the English commander made an error in ordering a certain English regiment of six hundred men, known as the Light Brigade, to charge the Russian army in a position that meant defeat and almost certain death. Even though they knew that an error had been made, the men obeyed the command and made the charge, very few of them returning alive. This poem is a fine example of men obeying their superiors and doing their duty.

A *league* is an old English unit of measure. It is equal to 3 miles. It is seldom used now but it is well to know its meaning because we frequently find it used in old stories and poems.

This poem is one of the best known poems in English literature. Memorize it by the method described on page 75.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
“Forward the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!” he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”
Was there a man dismayed?
Not tho’ the soldiers knew
Some one had blunder’d:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them
 Volleyed and thunder'd;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell
 Boldly they rode and well,
 Into the jaws of Death,
 Into the mouth of Hell
 Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
 Flashed as they turned in air
 Sab'ring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered:
 Plunged in the battery smoke,
 Right through the line they broke;
 Cossack and Russian
 Reeled from the sabre-stroke
 Shattered and sundered.
 Then they rode back, but not—
 Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them
 Volleyed and thundered;
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well,
 Came thro' the jaws of Death,
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

—ALFRED LORD TENNYSON.

THINGS TO FORGET

“If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd,
A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud,
Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,
It’s a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away
In a closet, and guarded and kept from the day
In the dark; and whose showing, whose sudden display,
Would cause grief and sorrow and life-long dismay,
It’s a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,
That will wipe out a smile, or the least way annoy
A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy,
It’s a pretty good plan to forget it.”

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

The island of Cuba belonged to Spain for four hundred years. The Spanish rulers were very cruel to the people of Cuba and the Cubans made several attempts to gain their independence. The people of our country sympathized with the Cubans and secretly sent them money and ammunition. General Garcia was one of the leaders of the Cuban armies which had been forced to retreat to the mountain regions of Cuba.

When the United States battleship Maine was blown up in Havana harbor, our people became very angry, and Congress declared war on Spain. President McKinley wished to send a message to General Garcia to tell him of the assistance which we were planning to give to the Cuban armies. How this message was delivered is told in the following selection.

In all this Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion.

When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his cooperation, and quickly. What to do?

Some one said to the President, "There is a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How the "fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the Island, having

traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia—are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail. The point that I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, “Where is he at?”

By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies: do the thing —“Carry a message to Garcia.”

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias. No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it.

Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds, unless by hook or crook or threat; he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant.

You, reader, put this matter to a test: You are sitting now in your office—six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: “Please look in the encyclopedia and make a memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio.”

Will the clerk quietly say, “Yes, sir,” and go do the task? On your life he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?

Which encyclopedia?

Where is the encyclopedia?

Was I hired for that?

Don't you mean Bismarck?

What's the matter with Charlie doing it?

Is he dead?

Is there any hurry?

Sha'n't I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself?

What do you want to know for?

And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions, and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him try to find Garcia—and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course I may lose my bet, but according to the Law of Average I will not. Now, if you are wise, you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that Correggio is indexed under the C's, not in the K's, but you will smile very sweetly and say, "Never mind," and go look it up yourself. And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to cheerfully catch hold and lift—these are the things that put pure Socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all?

A first mate with knotted club seems necessary; and the dread of getting the "bounce" Saturday night holds many a worker to his place. Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply can

neither spell nor punctuate—and do not think it necessary to. Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?

“You see that bookkeeper,” said the foreman to me in a large factory.

“Yes; what about him?”

“Well, he’s a fine accountant, but if I’d send him up town on an errand, he might accomplish the errand all right, and on the other hand, he might stop at four saloons on the way, and when he got to Main Street would forget what he had been sent for.”

Can such a man be entrusted to carry a message to Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the “downtrodden denizens of the sweatshop” and the “homeless wanderer searching for honest employment,” and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne’er-do-wells to do intelligent work; and his long, patient striving after “help” that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away “help” that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on. No matter how good times are, this sorting continues: only, if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer—but out and forever out the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best—those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to any one else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing, or intending to oppress, him. He can not give orders, and he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be, "Take it yourself!"

Tonight this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his threadbare coat. No one who knows him dare employ him, for he is a regular firebrand of discontent. He is impervious to reason, and the only thing that can impress him is the toe of a thick-soled Number Nine boot.

Of course I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple; but in our pitying let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slipshod imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds—the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it: nothing but bare board and clothes. I have carried a dinner-pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know that there is something

to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, *per se*, in poverty; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious and high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous. My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long, anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted. He is wanted in every city, town and village—in every office, shop, store and factory. The world cries out for such; he is needed and needed badly—the man who can "Carry a Message to Garcia."

—ELBERT HUBBARD.

OUR WORK

No man was born into the world whose work
Is not born with him. There is always work
And tools to work withal, for those who will.
And blessed are the horny hands of toil!
The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tells him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task marked out
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

In the preceding story of "The Message To Garcia" we learned about a man who did his duty of carrying a message against all odds and became a hero as a result. Here we have the story, in poetry, of an unnamed boy who too made himself a hero by delivering his message even though it cost him his life.

When Napoleon, the great French general, was trying to conquer the world in the early nineteenth century, it was a part of his plan to capture Ratisbon, a city in Austria. He had ordered his men to take the city and when they had done so to send him word. He did not take part in this battle himself, but stood "a mile or so away on a little mound" in his usual position of legs apart, hands behind him, and his head thrust forward as if in watchful thought, ready to hear the battle returns. The message of victory was brought him by a boy who was badly wounded, but who, through forcing every ounce of endurance in him, succeeded in delivering the message that was so welcome to Napoleon and then fell over dead. He too "carried a message to Garcia."

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy now,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader, Lannes,
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound

Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

“Well,” cried he, “Emperor, by God's grace.
We've got you Ratisbon!
The marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!” The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes:
“You're wounded!” “Nay,” the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
“I'm killed, sire!” And his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

—ROBERT BROWNING

While this poem is a fine tribute to a boy who was faithful to his duty, it also shows the terrible side of war—the sacrifice of a boy who would have been faithful to his employer in the more profitable pursuits of peace. War takes for its toll a large portion of the finest young men in the nation.

SPEED TEST V

Read the following story as rapidly as you can. The teacher will indicate in minutes and quarter-minutes the time that it takes you to read the whole selection. Divide the total number of words in the selection, 1181, by the number of minutes that it took you to read the whole story. This will give you your speed in words per minute. Compare your speed with the standards given in the introduction in the front of the book. Be ready to tell the story either orally or in writing, as the teacher directs. This will test whether you can get the thought out of the selection.

A *shilling* is an English coin about the size and value of our quarter.

THE PINE TREE SHILLINGS

Captain John Hull was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made there. This was a new line of business; for, in the earlier days of the colony, the money consisted only of the gold and silver coin of England and Spain.

For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bearskin for it. If he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it with a pile of pine boards. The Indians had a sort of money, called wampum, which was made of clam shells, and this strange sort of specie was taken in payment of debts by the English settlers. Bank bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay the salaries of the ministers; so that they sometimes had to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood, instead of silver and gold.

As the people grew more numerous, and their trade with one another increased, the want of money

was still greater. To supply the demand, the general court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Captain John Hull was chosen to manufacture this money, and was to have one shilling out of every twenty to pay him for the trouble of making them.

Hereupon all the silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver buttons from worn-out coats, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at court, all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers—who were little better than pirates—had taken from the Spaniards, and brought to Massachusetts.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each had the date 1652 on the one side, and the figure of a pine tree on the other. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled to put one shilling into his own pocket.

The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would but give up that twentieth shilling, but he declared himself perfectly satisfied. And well he might be; for so diligently did he labor, that, in a few years, his pockets, his money bags, and his strong box were overflowing with pine-tree shillings. This was probably the case when he came into possession of Grandfather's Chair; and as he had worked so hard

at the mint, it was certainly proper that he should have a comfortable chair to rest himself in.

When the mint-master had grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came a-courting his only daughter.

His daughter—whose name I do not know, but we will call her Betsy—was a fine, hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our own day. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding herself. With this round, rosy Miss Betsy, did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious habits, and a member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent.

“Yes, you may take her,” said he in his rough way, “and you’ll find her a heavy burden enough.”

On the wedding day, we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plum-colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences; and the knees of his smallclothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in Grandfather’s Chair, and being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow.

On the opposite side of the room, between her bridesmaids, sat Miss Betsey. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony, or a great red apple.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat and gold lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would

allow him to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But he was a very personable young man; and so thought the bridesmaids and Miss Betsy herself.

The mint-master, also, was pleased with his new son-in-law, especially as he had courted Miss Betsy out of pure love, and had said nothing at all about her portion. So, when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word to two of his men-servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned, lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as merchants use for weighing bulky commodities and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

“Daughter Betsy,” said the mint-master, “get into one side of these scales.”

Miss Betsy—or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her—did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of the why or wherefore. But what her father could mean unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound (in which case she would have been a dear bargain), she had not the least idea.

“And now,” said honest John Hull to his servants, “bring that box hither.”

The box to which the mint-master pointed was a huge, square, ironbound, oaken chest; it was big enough, my children, for four of you to play at hide and seek in. The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor.

Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree

shillings, fresh from the mint; and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts treasury.

But it was only the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsy remained in the other. Jingle, jingle, went the shillings, as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewell!" cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in Grandfather's Chair, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank Heaven for her. It is not every wife that's worth her weight in silver!"

—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

FREEDOM IS KING

God said, I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.

Think ye I made this ball
A field of havoc and war,
Where tyrants great and tyrants small
Might harry the weak and poor?

My angel—his name is Freedom—
Choose him to be your king;
He shall cut pathways east and west,
And fend you with his wing.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

READING ALOUD

Mark Twain, whose real name was Samuel Clemens, is considered one of our best American writers and fun makers. His short stories are especially popular. Here we have a story told in dialect or in the crude language of a rough Westerner. It may take you somewhat longer than usual to read this story the first time, but read carefully to yourself and then try reading the selection aloud several times to see how well you can imitate this queer story teller. Readings given in dialect are well liked and the better you can interpret selections like this, the more pleasure you can give others.

THE JUMPING FROG

There was a feller here once in Calaveras County by the name of Jim Smiley, in the winter of '49—or maybe it was the spring of '50—I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume warn't finished when he first come to the camp; but any way, he was the curiourest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't he'd change sides. Any way what suited the other man would suit him—any way just so's he got a bet, he was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solit'ry thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it, and take ary side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse-race you'd find him flush or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet

you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp-meeting, he would be there reg'lar to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here, and so he was too, and a good man. If he even see a straddle-bug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get to--to wherever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would foller that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley, and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to him—he'd bet on anything—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he come in, and Smiley up and asked him how she was, and he said she was considerable better—thank the Lord for his inf'nite mercy—and coming on so smart that with the blessing of Prov'dence she'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says, "Well, I'll resk two-and-a-half she don't anyway."

This-yer Smiley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because of course she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag end of the race she'd get excited and desperate like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side among the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and

blowing her nose—and always fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cipher it down.

And he had a little small bull-pup, that to look at him you'd thing he warn't worth a cent but to set around and look ornery and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was up on him he was a different dog; his under-jaw'd begin to stick out like the fo'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover and shine like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him and bully-rag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson—which was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what he was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the j'int of his hind leg and freeze to it—not chaw, you understand, but only just grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a a year. Smiley always come out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off in a circular saw, and when the thing had gone far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he see in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad.

He give Smiley a look as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was his fault, for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight,

and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him and he had genius—I know it, because he hadn't no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under the circumstances if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat-terriers, and chicken cocks, and tomcats and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'lated to educate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he did learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or may be a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of ketching flies, and kep' him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as fur as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and could do 'most anything—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, “Flies, Dan'l, flies!” and quicker'n you could wink he'd spring straight up and make a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor ag'in as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin'

any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it came to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had traveled and been everywheres all said he laid over any frog that ever they see.

Well, Smiley kep' the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the the camp, he was—come acrost him with his box, and says: "What might it be that you've got in the box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent-like, "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain't—it's just a frog."

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, "H'm—so 'tis. Well, what's he good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "he's good enough for *one* thing, I should judge—he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, "Well," he says, "I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"Maybe you don't," Smiley says. "Maybe you don't understand 'em, maybe you've had experience, and maybe you ain't only a amature, as it were.

Anyways, I've got *my* opinion, and I'll resk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, "Well, I'm only a stranger here but if I had a frog, I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That's all right—that's all right—if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog." And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and pried his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says:

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his forepaws just even with Dan'l's, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "One—two—three—*git!*" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off lively, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it warn't no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as a church, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder—so—at Dan'l, and says

again, very deliberate, "Well," he says, "I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better than any other frog."

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw'd off for—I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow." And he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and hefted him, and says, "Why blame my cats if he don't weigh five pound!" and turned him upside down and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after that feller but he never ketched him. And—"

(Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard and got up to see what was wanted.) And turning to me as he moved away, he said: "Just set where you are, stranger, and rest easy—I ain't going to be gone a second."

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond Jim Smiley would be likely to afford me much information concerning the Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he button-holed me and recommenced:

"Well this-yer Smiley had a yaller one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail, only just a short stump like a bannanner, and—"

However, lacking both time and inclination, I did not wait to hear about the afflicted cow, but took my leave.

*Courtesy of the Mark Twain Estate,
and Harper and Brothers.*

A CHAPARRAL PRINCE

O. Henry, one of the best short story writers, here gives us a typical American story.

Do you know what a *chaparral* is? If you do not, look up this Western expression in a dictionary and after you have completed the reading, decide why O. Henry called his story by this name.

What does he mean when he talks about Grimm?

To what did Lena attribute her good fortune?

Nine o'clock at last, and the drudging toil of the day was ended. Lena climbed to her room in the third half-story of the Quarrymen's Hotel. Since daylight she had slaved, doing the work of a full-grown woman, scrubbing the floors, washing the heavy ironstone plates and cups, making the beds, and supplying the insatiate demands for wood and water in that turbulent and depressing hostelry.

The din of the day's quarrying was over—the blasting and drilling, the creaking of the great cranes, the shouts of the foremen, the backing and shifting of the flat-cars hauling the heavy blocks of limestone. Down in the hotel office three or four of the laborers were growling and swearing over a belated game of checkers. Heavy odors of stewed meat, hot grease, and cheap coffee hung like a depressing fog about the house.

Lena lit the stump of a candle and sat limply upon her wooden chair. She was eleven years old, thin and ill-nourished. Her back and limbs were sore and aching. But the ache in her heart made the biggest trouble. The last straw had been added to the burden upon her small shoulders. They had taken away Grimm. Always at night, however tired she might be, she had turned to Grimm for comfort and

hope. Each time had Grimm whispered to her that the prince or the fairy would come and deliver her out of the wicked enchantment. Every night she had taken fresh courage and strength from Grimm.

In whatever tale she read she found an analogy to her own condition. The woodcutter's lost child, the unhappy goose girl, the persecuted stepdaughter, the little maiden imprisoned in the witch's hut—all these were but transparent disguises for Lena, the overworked kitchenmaid in the Quarrymen's Hotel. And always when the extremity was direst came the good fairy or the gallant prince to the rescue.

So, here in the ogre's castle, enslaved by a wicked spell, Lena had leaned upon Grimm and waited, longing for the powers of goodness to prevail. But on the day before Mrs. Maloney had found the book in her room and had carried it away, declaring sharply that it would not do for servants to read at night; they lost sleep and did not work briskly the next day. Can one only eleven years old, living away from one's mother, and never having any time to play, live entirely deprived of Grimm? Just try it once and you will see what a difficult thing it is.

Lena's home was in Texas, away up among the little mountains on the Pedernales River, in a little town called Fredericksburg. They are all German people who live in Fredericksburg. Of evenings they sit at little tables along the sidewalk and drink beer and play pinochle and scat. They are very thrifty people.

Thriftiest among them was Peter Hildesmuller, Lena's father. And that is why Lena was sent to work in the hotel at the quarries, thirty miles away. She earned three dollars every week there, and Peter added her wages to his well-guarded store. Peter had

an ambition to become as rich as his neighbour, Hugo Hiffelbauer, who smoked a meerschaum pipe three feet long and had wiener schnitzel and hassenpfeffer for dinner every day in the week. And now Lena was quite old enough to work and assist in the accumulation of riches. But conjecture, if you can, what it means to be sentenced at eleven years of age from a home in the pleasant little Rhine village to hard labour in the ogre's castle, where you must fly to serve the ogres, while they devour cattle and sheep, growling fiercely as they stamp white limestone dust from their great shoes for you to sweep and scour with your aching fingers. And then—to have Grimm taken away from you!

Lena raised the lid of an old empty case that had once contained canned corn and got out a sheet of paper and a piece of pencil. She was going to write a letter to her mother. Tommy Ryan was going to post it for her at Ballinger's. Tommy was seventeen, worked in the quarries, went home to Ballinger's every night, and was now waiting in the shadows under Lena's window for her to throw the letter out to him. That was the only way she could send a letter to Fredericksburg. Mrs. Maloney did not like for her to write letters.

The stump of candle was burning low, so Lena hastily bit the wood from around the lead of her pencil and began. This is the letter she wrote:

Dearest Mother: I want so much to see you. And Gretel and Claus and Heinrich and little Adolf. I am so tired. I want to see you. To-day I was slapped by Mrs. Maloney and had no supper. I could not bring in enough wood, for my hand hurt. She took my book yesterday. I mean "Grimm's Fairy Tales," which Uncle Leo gave me. It did not hurt any one for me to read the book. I try to work as well as I can, but there is

so much to do. I read only a little bit every night. Dear mother, I shall tell you what I am going to do. Unless you send for me to-morrow to bring me home I shall go to a deep place I know in the river and drown. It is wicked to drown, I suppose, but I wanted to see you and there is no one else. I am very tired, and Tommy is waiting for the letter. You will excuse me, mother, if I do it.

Your respectful and loving daughter,

LENA.

Tommy was still waiting faithfully when the letter was concluded, and when Lena dropped it out she saw him pick it up and start up the steep hillside. Without undressing she blew out the candle and curled herself upon the mattress on the floor.

At 10:30 o'clock old man Ballinger came out of his house in his stocking feet and leaned over the gate, smoking his pipe. He looked down the big road, white in the moonshine, and rubbed one ankle with the toe of his other foot. It was time for the Fredericksburg mail to come pattering up the road.

Old man Ballinger had waited only a few minutes when he heard the lively hoofbeats of Fritz's team of little black mules, and very soon afterward his covered spring wagon stood in front of the gate. Fritz's big spectacles flashed in the moonlight and his tremendous voice shouted a greeting to the postmaster of Ballinger's. The mail-carrier jumped out and took the bridles from the mules, for he always fed them oats at Ballinger's.

While the mules were eating from their feed bags old man Ballinger brought out the mail sack and threw it into the wagon.

Fritz Bergmann was a man of three sentiments—or to be more accurate—four, the pair of mules deserving to be reckoned individually. Those mules

were the chief interest and joy of his existence. Next came the Emperor of Germany and Lena Hildesmuller.

"Tell me," said Fritz, when he was ready to start, "contains the sack a letter to Frau Hildesmuller from the little Lena at the quarries? One came in the last mail to say that she is a little sick, already. Her mother is very anxious to hear again."

"Yes," said old man Ballinger, "thar's a letter for Mrs. Helterskelter, or some sich name. Her little gal workin' over thar, you say?"

"In the hotel," shouted Fritz, as he gathered up the lines; "eleven years old and not bigger as a frankfurter. The closefist of a Peter Hildesmuller!—some day shall I with a big club pound that man's dummkopf—all in and out the town. Perhaps in this letter Lena will say she is yet feeling better. So, her mother will be glad. *Auf wiedersehen*, Herr Ballinger—your feets will take cold out in the night air."

"So long, Fritzy," said old man Ballinger. "You got a nice cool night for your drive."

Up the road went the little black mules at their steady trot, while Fritz thundered at them occasional words of endearment and cheer.

These fancies occupied the mind of the mail-carrier until he reached the big post oak forest, eight miles from Ballinger's. Here his ruminations were scattered by the sudden flash and report of pistols and a whooping as if from a whole tribe of Indians. A band of galloping centaurs closed in around the mail wagon. One of them leaned over the front wheel, covered the driver with his revolver, and ordered him to stop. Others caught at the bridles of Donder and Blitzen.

“Donnerwetter!” shouted Fritz, with all his tremendous voice— “wass ist? Release your hands from dose mules. Ve vas der United States mail!”

“Hurry up, Dutch!” drawled a melancholy voice. “Don’t you know when you’re in a stick-up? Reverse your mules and climb out of the cart.”

It is due to the breadth of Hondo Bill’s demerit and the largeness of his achievements to state that the holding up of the Fredricksburg mail was not perpetrated by way of an exploit. As the lion while in the pursuit of prey commensurate to his prowess might set a frivolous foot upon a casual rabbit in his path, so Hondo Bill and his gang had swooped sportively upon the pacific transport of Meinherr Fritz.

The real work of their sinister night ride was over. Fritz and his mail bag and his mules came as a gentle relaxation, grateful after the arduous duties of their profession. Twenty miles to the southeast stood a train with a killed engine, hysterical passengers and a looted express and mail car. That represented the serious occupation of Hondo Bill and his gang. With a fairly rich prize of currency and silver the robbers were making a wide detour to the west through the less populous country, intending to seek safety in Mexico by means of some fordable spot on the Rio Grande. The booty from the train had melted the desperate bushrangers to jovial and happy skylarkers.

Trembling with outraged dignity and no little personal apprehension, Fritz climbed out to the road after replacing his suddenly removed spectacles. The band had dismounted and were singing, capering, and whooping, thus expressing their satisfied delight in the life of a jolly outlaw. Rattlesnake Rogers,

who stood at the heads of the mules, jerked a little too vigorously at the rein of the tender-mouthed Donder, who reared and emitted a loud, protesting snort of pain. Instantly Fritz, with a scream of anger, flew at the bulky Rogers and began to assiduously pommel that surprised freebooter with his fists.

“Villain!” shouted Fritz, “dog, bigstiff! Dot mule he has a soreness by his mouth. I vill knock off your shoulders mit your head—robbermans!”

“Yi-yi!” howled Rattlesnake, roaring with laughter and ducking his head, “somebody git this sourkrout off’n me!”

One of the gang yanked Fritz back by the coat-tail, and the woods rang with Rattlesnake’s vociferous comments.

“The don-goned little wienerwurst,” he yelled, amiably. “He’s not so much of a skunk, for a Dutchman. Took up for his animile plum quick, didn’t he? I like to see a man like his hoss, even if it is a mule. The dad-blamed little Limburger he went for me, didn’t he? Whoa, now, muley—I ain’t a-goin’ to hurt your mouth agin any more.”

Perhaps the mail would not have been tampered with had not Ben Moody, the lieutenant, possessed certain wisdom that seemed to promise more spoils.

“Say, Cap,” he said, addressing Hondo Bill, “there’s liable to be good pickings in these mail sacks. I’ve done some hoss tradin’ with these Dutchmen around Fredericksburg, and I know the style of the varmints. There’s big money goes through the mails to that town. Them Dutch risk a thousand dollars sent wrapped in a piece of paper before they’d pay the banks to handle the money.”

Hondo Bill, six feet two, gentle of voice and impul-

sive in action, was dragging the sacks from the rear of the wagon before Moody had finished his speech. A knife shone in his hand, and they heard the ripping sound as it bit through the tough canvas. The outlaws crowded around and began tearing open letters and packages, enlivening their labours by swearing affably at the writers, who seemed to have conspired to confute the prediction of Ben Moody. Not a dollar was found in the Fredericksburg mail.

“You ought to be ashamed of yourself,” said Hondo Bill to the mail-carrier in solemn tones, “to be packing around such a lot of old, trashy paper as this. What d’you mean by it, anyhow? Where do you Dutchers keep your money at?”

The Ballinger mail sack opened like a cocoon under Hondo’s knife. It contained but a handful of mail. Fritz had been fuming with terror and excitement until this sack was reached. He now remembered Lena’s letter. He addressed the leader of the band, asking that that particular missive be spared

“Much obliged, Dutch,” he said to the disturbed carrier. “I guess that’s the letter we want. Got spondulicks in it, ain’t it? Here he is. Make a light, boys.”

Hondo found and tore open the letter to Mrs. Hildesmuller. The others stood about gazing at the twisted-up letters. Hondo gazed with mute disapproval at the single sheet of paper covered with the angular German script.

“Whatever is this you’ve humbugged us with, Dutchy? You call this here a valuable letter? That’s a mighty low-down trick to play on your friends what come along to help you distribute your mail.”

"That's Chiny writin'," said Sandy Grundy, peering over Hondo's shoulder.

"You're off your kazip," declared another of the gang, an effective youth, covered with silk handkerchiefs and nickel plating. "That's shorthand. I seen 'em do it once in court."

"Ach, no, no, no—dot is German," said Fritz. "It is no more as a little girl writing a letter to her mama. One poor little girl, sick and vorking hard away from home. Ach! it is a shame. Good Mr. Robberman, you vill please let me have dot letter?"

"What tha devil do you take us for, old Pretzels?" said Hondo with sudden and surprising severity. "You ain't presumin' to insinuate that we gents ain't possessed of sufficient politeness for to take an interest in the miss's health, are you? Now, you go on, and you read that scratchin' out loud and in plain United States language to this here company of educated society."

Hondo twirled his six-shooter by its trigger guard and stood towering above the little German, who at once began to read the letter, translating the simple words into English. The gang of rovers stood in absolute silence, listening intently.

"How old is that kid?" asked Hondo when the letter was done.

"Eleven," said Fritz.

"And where is she at?"

"At dose rock quarries—working. Ach, mien Gott—little Lena, she speak of drowning. I do not know if she vill do it, but if she shall I swear I vill dot Peter Hildesmuller shoot mit a gun."

"You Dutchers," said Hondo Bill, his voice swelling with fine contempt, "make me plenty tired.

Hirin' out your kids to work when they ought to be playin' dolls in the sand. You're a nice sect of people. I reckon we'll fix your clock for a while just to show what we think of your old cheesy nation. Here, boys!"

Hondo Bill parleyed aside briefly with his band, and then they seized Fritz and conveyed him off the road to one side. Here they bound him fast to a tree with a couple of lariats. His team they tied to another tree near by.

"We ain't going to hurt you bad," said Hondo reassuringly. "'Twon't hurt you to be tied up for a while. We will now pass you the time of day, as it up to us to depart. Augespielt—nixcumrous, Dutchy. Don't get any more impatience."

Fritz heard a great squeaking of saddles as the men mounted their horses. Then a loud yell and a great clatter of hoofs as they galloped pell-mell back along the Fredericksburg road.

For more than two hours Fritz sat against his tree, tightly but not painfully bound. Then from the reaction after his exciting adventure he sank into slumber. How long he slept he knew not, but he was at last awakened by a rough shake. Hands were untying his ropes. He was lifted to his feet, dazed, confused in mind, and weary of body. Rubbing his eyes, he looked and saw that he was again in the midst of the same band of terrible bandits. They shoved him up to the seat of his wagon and placed the lines in his hands.

"Hit it out for home, Dutch," said Hondo Bill's voice commandingly. "You've given us lots of trouble and we're pleased to see the back of your neck. Spiel! Zwei bier! Vamoose!"

Hondo reached out and gave Blitzen a smart cut with his quirt.

The little mules sprang ahead, glad to be moving again. Fritz urged them along, himself dizzy and muddled over his fearful adventure.

According to schedule time, he should have reached Fredericksburg at daylight. As it was, he drove down the long street of the town at eleven o'clock A.M. He had to pass Peter Hildesmuller's house on his way to the post-office. He stopped his team at the gate and called. But Frau Hildesmuller was watching for him. Out rushed the whole family of Hildesmullers.

Frau Hildesmuller, fat and flushed, inquired if he had a letter from Lena, and then Fritz raised his voice and told the tale of his adventure. He told the contents of the letter that the robber had made him read, and then Frau Hildesmuller broke into wild weeping. Her little Lena drown herself! Why had they sent her from home? What could be done? Perhaps it would be too late by the time they could send for her now. Peter Hildesmuller dropped his meerschaum on the walk and it shivered into pieces.

"Woman!" he roared at his wife, "why did you let that child go away? It is your fault if she comes home to us no more."

Every one knew that it was Peter Hildesmuller's fault, so they paid no attention to his words.

A moment afterward a strange, faint voice was heard to call. "Mother!" Frau Hildesmuller at first thought it was Lena's spirit calling, and then she rushed to the rear of Fritz's covered wagon, and, with a loud shriek of joy, caught up Lena herself, covering her pale little face with kisses and smother-

ing her with hugs. Lena's eyes were heavy with the deep slumber of exhaustion, but she smiled and lay close to the one she had longed to see. There among the mail sacks, covered in a nest of strange blankets and comforters, she had lain asleep until awakened by the voices around her.

Fritz stared at her with eyes that bulged behind his spectacles.

"Gott in Himmel!" he shouted. "How did you get in that wagon? Am I going crazy as well as to be murdered and hanged by robbers this day?"

"You brought her to us, Fritz," cried Frau Hildes-muller. "How can we ever thank you enough?"

"Tell mother how you came in Fritz's wagon," said Frau Hildesmuller.

"I don't know," said Lena. "But I know how I got away from the hotel. The Prince brought me."

"By the Emerpor's crown!" shouted Fritz, "we are all going crazy."

"I always knew he would come," said Lena, sitting down on her bundle of bedclothes on the sidewalk. "Last night he came with his armed knights and captured the ogre's castle. They broke the dishes and kicked down the doors. They pitched Mr. Maloney into a barrel of rain water and threw flour all over Mrs. Maloney. The workmen in the hotel jumped out of the windows and ran into the woods when the knights began firing their guns. They wakened me up and I peeped down the stair. And then the Prince came up and wrapped me in the bed-clothes and carried me out. He was so tall and strong and fine. His face was as rough as a scrubbing brush, and he talked soft and kind and smelled of schnapps. He took me on his horse before him and

we rode away among the knights. He held me close and I went to sleep that way, and didn't wake up till I got home."

"Rubbish!" cried Fritz Bergmann. "Fairy tales! How did you come from the quarries to my wagon?"

"The Prince brought me," said Lena, confidently.

And to this day the good people of Fredericksburg haven't been able to make her give any other explanation.

—O. HENRY,
Courtesy of Doubleday Page & Co.

WORTH WHILE SAYINGS

Memorize the three sayings that you think are best in this group of maxims. Some day they may help you in your work.

I would rather be beaten in right than succeed in wrong.

—GARFIELD.

He that waits to do a great deal at once will never do any.

—DR. JOHNSON.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

—EMERSON.

A face that cannot smile is never good.

—SMILES.

Let him that would move the world, first move himself.

—SOCRATES.

To learn obeying is the fundamental art of governing.

—CARLYLE.

To be conscious that you are ignorant is a great step to knowledge.

—DISRAELI.

GABRIEL GRUB

What sort of man do you imagine Gabriel Grub to be from his name? After you have read a little of the story you will see how well this name fits.

Were you ever alone in a grave yard at dusk or after dark? Surely it is not the most cheerful place in the world to be and the silence is pretty apt to make one do some serious thinking. You will be interested to see what happened in the graveyard to Gabriel Grub, the man who had envious malice in his heart on Christmas Eve.

In an old abbey town, down in this part of the country, a long, long while ago—there officiated as sexton and grave-digger one Gabriel Grub.

A little before twilight one Christmas eve, Gabriel shouldered his spade, lighted his lantern, and betook himself towards the old churchyard, for he had got a grave to finish by next morning; and feeling very low, he thought it might raise his spirits perhaps, if he went on with his work at once. As he wended his way up the ancient street, he saw the cheerful light of the blazing fires gleam through the old casements, and heard the loud laugh and the cheerful shouts of those who were assembled around them; he marked the bustling preparations for the next day's good cheer, and smelt the numerous savory odors consequent thereupon, as they steamed up from the kitchen windows in clouds. All this was gall and wormwood to the heart of Gabriel Grub; and as groups of children bounded out of the houses, tripped across the road, and were met, before they could knock at the opposite door, by half a dozen curly-headed little rascals, who crowded round them as they flocked up stairs to spend the evening in their Christmas games, Gabriel smiled grimly, and

clutched the handle of his spade with a firmer grasp, as he thought of measles, scarlet-fever, thrush, whooping-cough, and a good many other sources of consolation beside.

In this happy frame of mind, Gabriel strode along, returning a short, sullen growl to the good-humoured greetings of such of his neighbors as now and then passed him, until he turned into the dark lane which led to the churchyard. Now he had been looking forward to reaching the dark lane, because it was, generally speaking, a nice gloomy, mournful place, and he was not a little indignant to hear a young urchin roaring out some jolly song about a merry Christmas in this very sanctuary. So Gabriel waited till the boy came up, and then dodged into a corner, and rapped him over the head with his lantern five or six times, just to teach him to modulate his voice. And as the boy hurried away with his hand to his head singing quite a different sort of tune, Gabriel Grub chuckled very heartily to himself, and entered the churchyard, locking the door behind him.

He took off his coat, set down his lantern, and getting into the unfinished grave, worked at it for an hour or so, with right goodwill. But the earth was hardened with the frost, and it was no very easy matter to break it up, and shovel it out; and although there was a moon, it was a very young one, and shed little light upon the grave, which was in the shadow of the church. At any other time these obstacles would have made Gabriel Grub very moody and miserable, but he was so well pleased with having stopped the small boy's singing, that he took little heed of the scanty progress he had made, and looked down into the grave when he had finished work for

the night with grim satisfaction, murmuring, as he gathered up his things—

Brave lodgings for one, brave lodgings for one,
A few feet of cold earth when life is done.

“Ho! ho!” laughed Gabriel Grub, as he sat himself down on a flat tombstone, which was a favorite resting place of his, and drew forth his wicker bottle; “a coffin at Christmas—a Christmas box. Ho! ho! ho!”

“Ho! ho! ho!” repeated a voice, which sounded close behind him.

Gabriel paused in some alarm, in the act of raising the wicker bottle to his lips, and looked round. The bottom of the oldest grave about him was not more still and quiet than the churchyard in the pale moonlight. The frost glistened on the tombstones, and sparkled like rows of gems along the stone carvings of the old church. Not the faintest rustle broke the profound tranquillity of the solemn scene. Sound itself appeared to be frozen up,—all was so cold and still.

“It was the echoes,” said Gabriel Grub, raising the bottle to his lips again.

“It was *not*,” said a deep voice.

Gabriel started up, and stood rooted to the spot, with astonishment and terror; for his eyes rested on a form which made his blood run cold.

Seated on an upright tombstone, close to him, was a strange unearthly figure, whom Gabriel felt at once was no being of this world. His long fantastic legs which might have reached the ground, were cocked up, and crossed after a quaint fantastic fashion; his sinewy arms were bare, and his hands rested on his knees. On his short round body

he wore a close covering, ornamented with small slashes; and a short cloak dangled on his back; the collar was cut into curious peaks, which served the goblin in lieu of ruff or neckerchief; and his shoes curled up at the toes into long points. On his head he wore a broad-brimmed sugar-loaf hat, garnished with a single feather. The hat was covered with the white frost, and the goblin looked as if he had sat on the same tombstone very comfortably for two or three hundred years. He was sitting perfectly still; his tongue was put out, as if in derision; and he was grinning at Gabriel Grub with such a grin as only a goblin could call up.

“It was *not* the echoes,” said the goblin.

Gabriel Grub was paralyzed, and could make no reply.

“What do you do here on Christmas eve?” said the goblin sternly.

“I came to dig a grave, sir,” stammered Gabriel Grub.

“What man wanders among graves and churchyards, on such a night as this?” said the goblin.

“Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!” screamed a wild chorus of voices that seemed to fill the churchyard. Gabriel looked fearfully round—nothing was to be seen.

“What have you got in that bottle?” said the goblin.

“Hollands, sir,” replied the sexton, trembling more than ever; for he had bought it of the smugglers, and he thought that perhaps his questioner might be in the excise department of the goblins.

“Who drinks Hollands in a churchyard, on such a night as this?” said the goblin.

“Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!” exclaimed the wild voices again.

The goblin leered maliciously at the terrified sexton; and then, raising his voice, exclaimed—“And who, then, is our fair and lawful prize?”

To this inquiry, the invisible chorus replied,—in a strain that sounded like the voices of many choristers singing to the mighty swell of the old church organ—a strain that seemed borne to the sexton’s ears upon a gentle wind, and to die away as its soft breath passed onward; but the burden of the reply was still the same,—“Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!”

The goblin grinned a broader grin than before, as he said, “Well, Gabriel, what do you say to this?”

The sexton gasped for breath.

“It’s—it’s—very curious, sir, very curious, and very pretty; but I think I’ll go back and finish my work, sir, if you please.”

“Work!” said the goblin, “what work?”

“The grave, sir: making the grave,” stammered the sexton.

“Oh, the grave, eh?” said the goblin; “Who makes graves at a time when all other men are merry, and takes a pleasure in it?”

Again the mysterious voices replied, “Gabriel Grub! Gabriel Grub!”

“I’m afraid my friends want you, Gabriel, I’m afraid my friends want you.”

“Under favor, sir, I don’t think they can, sir; they don’t know me, sir; I don’t think the gentlemen have ever seen me, sir.”

“Oh, yes, they have. We know the man with the sulky face and the grim scowl that came down the

street to-night, throwing his evil looks at the children, and grasping his burying-spade the tighter. We know the man that struck the boy, in the envious malice of his heart, because the boy could be merry, and he could not. We know him—we know him.”

“I—I—am afraid I must leave you, sir.”

“Leave us!—Gabriel Grub going to leave us. Ho! ho! ho!”

As the goblin laughed, the sexton observed for one instant a brilliant illumination within the windows of the church, as if the whole building were lighted up; it disappeared, the organ pealed forth a lively air, and whole troops of goblins, the very counterpart of the first one, poured into the churchyard, and began playing at leap-frog with the tombstones, never stopping for an instant to take breath, but overing the highest among them, one after the other, with the most marvelous dexterity. The first goblin was a most astonishing leaper, and none of the others could come near him. Even in the extremity of his terror, the sexton could not help observing, that while his friends were content to leap over the common-sized gravestones, the first one took the family-vaults, iron railings and all, with as much ease as if they had been so many street posts.

At last, the game reached to a most exciting pitch; the organ played quicker and quicker, and the goblins leaped faster and faster, coiling themselves up, rolling head over heels upon the ground, and bounding over the tombstones like footballs. The sexton's brain whirled round with the rapidity of the motion he beheld, and his legs reeled beneath him, as the spirits flew before his eyes, when the goblin king, suddenly darted towards him, laid his

hand upon his collar, and sank with him through the earth.

When Gabriel Grub had had time to fetch his breath, which the rapidity of his descent had, for the moment, taken away, he found himself in what appeared to be a large cavern, surrounded on all sides by crowds of goblins, ugly and grim. In the centre of the room, on an elevated seat, was stationed his friend of the churchyard; and close beside him, stood Gabriel Grub himself, without the power of motion.

“Cold, to-night,” said the king of the goblins,—“very cold. A glass of something warm, here.”

At this command, half a dozen officious goblins, with a perpetual smile upon their faces, whom Gabriel Grub imagined to be courtiers on that account, hastily disappeared, and presently returned with a goblet of liquid fire, which they presented to the king.

“Ah!” said the goblin, whose cheeks and throat were quite transparent, as he tossed down the flame, “this warms one indeed; bring a bumper of the same for Mr. Grub.”

It was in vain for the unfortunate sexton to protest that he was not in the habit of taking anything warm at night; for one of the goblins held him, while another poured the blazing liquid down his throat; and the whole assembly screeched with laughter, as he coughed and choked, and wiped away the tears which gushed plentifully from his eyes, after swallowing the burning draught.

“And now,” said the king, fantastically poking the taper corner of his sugar-loaf hat into the sexton’s eye, and thereby occasioning him the most exquisite

pain,—“And now, show the man of misery and gloom a few of the pictures from our own great storehouse.”

As the goblin said this, a thick cloud, which obscured the further end of the cavern, rolled gradually away, and disclosed, apparently at a great distance, a small and scantily-furnished, but neat and clean apartment. A crowd of children were gathered round a bright fire, clinging to their mother's gown, and gamboling round her chair. The mother occasionally rose, and drew aside the window-curtain, as if to look for some expected object. A frugal meal was ready spread upon the table, and an elbow-chair was placed near the fire. A knock was heard at the door; the mother opened it, and the children crowded round her, and clapped their hands for joy, as their father entered. He was wet and weary, and shook the snow from his garments, as the children crowded round him, and, seizing his cloak, hat, stick and gloves, with busy zeal, ran with them from the room. Then, as he sat down to his meal before the fire, the children climbed upon his knee, and the mother sat by his side, and all seemed happiness and comfort.

But a change came upon the view, almost imperceptibly. The scene was altered to a small bedroom, where the fairest and youngest child lay dying; the roses had fled from his cheek, and the light from his eye; and even as the sexton looked upon him, with an interest he had never felt or known before, he died. His young brothers and sisters crowded round his little bed, and seized his tiny hand, so cold and heavy; but they shrank back from its touch, and looked with awe on his infant face; for calm and tranquil as it was, and sleeping

in rest and peace, as the beautiful child seemed to be, they saw that he was dead, and they knew that he was an angel, looking down upon them, and blessing them, from a bright and happy heaven.

Again the light cloud passed across the picture, and again the subject changed. The father and mother were old and helpless now, and the number of those about them was diminished more than half; but content and cheerfulness sat on every face, and beamed in every eye, as they crowded round the fireside, and told and listened to old stories of earlier and bygone days. Slowly and peacefully the father sank into the grave, and, soon after, the sharer of all his cares and troubles followed him to a place of rest and peace. The few who yet survived them knelt by their tomb, and watered the green turf which covered it with their tears; then rose, and turned away, sadly and mournfully, but not with bitter cries, or despairing lamentations, for they knew that they should one day meet again; and once more they mixed with the busy world, and their content and cheerfulness were restored. The cloud settled upon the picture and concealed it from the sexton's view.

"What do you think of that?" said the goblin, turning his large face toward Gabriel Grub.

Gabriel murmured out something about its being very pretty, and looked somewhat ashamed, as the goblin bent his fiery eyes upon him.

"You are a miserable man!" said the goblin, in a tone of excessive contempt. "You!" He appeared disposed to add more, but indignation choked his utterance; so he lifted up one of his very pliable legs, and, flourishing it above his head a little, to insure his aim, administered a good sound kick to

Gabriel Grub; immediately after which, all the goblins, in waiting, crowded round the wretched sexton, and kicked him without mercy, according to the established and invariable custom of courtiers upon earth, who kick whom royalty kicks, and hug whom royalty hugs.

“Show him some more,” said the king of the goblins.

At these words the cloud was again dispelled, and a rich and beautiful landscape was disclosed to view. The sun shone from out the clear blue sky, the water sparkled beneath his rays, and the trees looked greener, and the flowers more gay, beneath his cheerful influence. The water rippled on, with a pleasant sound, the trees rustled in the light wind that murmured among their leaves, the birds sang upon the boughs, and the lark caroled on high her welcome to the morning. Yes, it was morning, the bright, balmy morning of summer; the minutest leaf, the smallest blade of grass, was instinct with life. Man walked forth, elated with the scene; and all was brightness and splendor.

“*You* are a miserable man!” said the king of the goblins, in a more contemptuous tone than before. And again the king of the goblins gave his leg a flourish; and again it descended on the shoulders of the sexton; and again the attendant goblins imitated the example of their chief.

Many a time the cloud went and came, and many a lesson it taught to Gabriel Grub, who, although his shoulders smarted with pain from the frequent applications of the goblin’s feet thereunto, looked on with an interest which nothing could diminish. He saw that men who worked hard, and earned their scanty bread with lives of labor, were cheerful and happy; and that to the most ignorant, the sweet

face of nature was a never-failing source of cheerfulness and joy. Above all, he saw that men like himself, who snarled at the mirth and cheerfulness of others, were the foulest weeds on the fair surface of the earth; and, setting all the good of the world against the evil, he came to the conclusion that it was a very decent and respectable sort of a world after all. No sooner had he formed it, than the cloud which had closed over the last picture, seemed to settle on his senses, and lull him to repose. One by one the goblins faded from his sight, and as the last one disappeared, he sank to sleep.

The day had broken when Gabriel Grub awoke, and found himself lying at full length on the flat gravestone in the churchyard, with the wicker bottle lying empty by his side, and his coat, spade, and lantern, well whitened by the last night's frost, scattered on the ground. The stone on which he had first seen the goblin seated, stood bolt upright before him, and the grave at which he had worked the night before, was not far off. At first he began to doubt the reality of his adventures; but the acute pain in his shoulders, when he attempted to rise, assured him that the kicking of the goblins was certainly not a dream. He was staggered again, by observing no traces of footsteps in the snow on which the goblins had played at leap-frog with the gravestones; but he speedily accounted for this circumstance when he remembered that, being spirits, they would leave no visible impression behind them. So Gabriel Grub got on his feet as well as he could for the pain in his back; and brushing the frost off his coat, put it on, and turned his face toward the town.

But he was an altered man, and he could not bear

the thought of returning to a place where his repentance would be scoffed at, and his reformation disbelieved. He hesitated for a few moments; and then turned away to wander where he might, and seek his bread elsewhere.

The lantern, the spade, and the wicker bottle, were found that day in the churchyard. There were a great many speculations about the sexton's fate at first, but it was speedily determined that he had been carried away by the goblins; and there were not wanting some very credible witnesses who had distinctly seen him whisked through the air on the back of a chestnut horse blind of one eye, with the hind quarters of a lion, and the tail of a bear. At length all this was devoutly believed; and the new sexton used to exhibit to the curious for a trifling emolument, a good-sized piece of the church weathercock which had been accidentally kicked off by the aforesaid horse in his aerial flight, and picked up by himself in the churchyard a year or two afterward.

Unfortunately these stories were somewhat disturbed by the unlooked-for reappearance of Gabriel Grub himself, some ten years afterward, a ragged, contented, rheumatic old man. He told his story to the clergyman, and also to the mayor: and in course of time it began to be received as a matter of history, in which form it has continued down to this very day. The believers in the weathercock tale, having misplaced their confidence once, were not easily prevailed upon to part with it again, so they looked as wise as they could, shrugged their shoulders, touched their foreheads, and murmured something about Gabriel Grub's having drunk all the Hollands, and then fallen asleep on the flat tombstone; and they affected to explain what he supposed

he had witnessed in the goblin's cavern, by saying he had seen the world and grown wiser. But this opinion, which was by no means a popular one at any time gradually died off; and be the matter how it may, as Gabriel Grub was afflicted with rheumatism at the end of his days, this story has at least one moral, if it teach no better one—and that is, that if a man turns sulky and drinks at Christmas time, he may make up his mind not to be a bit the better for it, let the spirits be ever so good, or let them be even as many degrees beyond proof, as those which Gabriel Grub saw in the goblin's cavern.

—CHARLES DICKENS.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

Tell the story as interestingly as you can, making the mockery and mysteriousness of the goblins and the cave stand out. Show how and why Gabriel was punished and what lessons he learned.

What does the expression "All this was gall and wormwood to the heart of Gabriel Grub" mean?

You have probably read the story of Rip Van Winkle and if so you will be able to tell how one story reminds you of the other. If not, read it, for it is a capital story by Washington Irving.

You will also be interested in reading another similar and excellent story by Dickens called "A Christmas Carol." This tells about a stingy man named Scrooge who also had an exciting experience on Christmas Eve.

Christmas is the only holiday of the year that brings the whole human family into common communion. The only time in the long calendar of the year when men and women seem, by one consent, to open their shut-up hearts freely.

—CHARLES DICKENS.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

This is one of the most famous fairy stories that has ever been written. Read the entire selection silently to enjoy the beauty of the story. Select some of the most interesting passages to read orally with your best expression. Practise reading these passages aloud several times before attempting to read them to the class.

In a secluded and mountainous part of Styria there was, in olden times, a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded on all sides by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks, which were always covered with snow, and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell westward, over the face of a crag so high that, when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was therefore called by the people of the neighborhood the Golden River. It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound away through broad plains and by populous cities. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that, in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burned up, there was still rain in the little valley; and its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to everyone who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers, called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck.

Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with overhanging eyebrows and small, dull eyes, which were always half shut, so that you couldn't see into them, and always fancied they saw very far into you. They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were. They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the blackbirds, because they pecked the fruit; and killed the hedgehogs, lest they should suck the cows; they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen; and smothered the cicadas, which used to sing all summer in the lime-trees. They worked their servants without any wages, till they would not work any more, and then quarreled with them, and turned them out of doors without paying them. It would have been very odd if, with such a farm, and such a system of farming, they hadn't got very rich; and very rich they did get. They generally contrived to keep their corn by them till it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value; they had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or crust in charity; they never went to mass; grumbled perpetually at paying tithes; and were, in a word, of so cruel and grinding a temper, as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings, the nickname of the "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was as completely opposed, in both appearance and character, to his seniors as could possibly be imagined or desired. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly well with his brothers, or rather, they did not agree with him.

He was usually appointed to the honorable office of turnspit, when there was anything to roast, which was not often; for, to do the brothers justice, they were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times he used to clean the shoes, the floors, and sometimes the plates, occasionally getting what was left on them, by way of encouragement, and a wholesome quantity of dry blows, by way of education.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country round. The hay had hardly been got in, when the haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea by an inundation; the vines were cut to pieces by the hail; the corn was all killed by a black blight; only in the Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe. As it had rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Everybody came to buy corn at the farm, and went away pouring maledictions on the Black Brothers. They asked what they liked and got it, except from the poor people, who could only beg, and several of whom were starved at their very door, without the slightest regard or notice.

It was drawing toward winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out, with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to mind the roast, that he was to let nobody in, and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable looking. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown. "What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner. I'm sure, when they've got such a nice

piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has got so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke there came a double knock at the housedoor, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up,—more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door."

No; it wasn't the wind; there it came again very hard, and, what was particularly astounding, the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be in the least afraid of the consequences. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary-looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-colored; his cheeks were very round and very red, and might have warranted a supposition that he had been blowing a refractory fire for the last eight and-forty hours; his eyes twinkled merrily through long silky eyelashes, his mustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt color, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four feet six in height, and wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a violent exaggeration of what is now termed a "swallow-tail," but was much obscured by the swelling folds of an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it clear out

from the wearer's shoulder to about four times his own length.

Gluck was so perfectly paralyzed by the singular appearance of his visitor, that he remained fixed without uttering a word, until the old gentleman, having performed another and more energetic concerto on the knocker, turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In so doing he caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with its mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

"Hello!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door; I'm wet, let me in."

To do the little gentleman justice, he was wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella; and from the ends of his mustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets and out again like a mill-stream.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck, "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old Gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir,—I can't, indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman, petuantly, "I want fire and shelter; and there's your great fire there, blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself."

Gluck had had his head, by this time, so long out of the window that he began to feel it was really unpleasantly cold, and when he turned, and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring, and throwing long bright tongues up the chimney, as if it were

licking its chops at the savory smell of the leg of mutton, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing. "He does look very wet," said Little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour." Round he went to the door, and opened it; and as the little gentleman walked in, through the house came a gust of wind that made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come; they would be the death of me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck, "and it's very brown."

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen, and sat himself down on the hob, with the top of his cap accommodated up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did *not* dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed and sputtered, and began to look very black and uncomfortable; never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

"I beg pardon sir," said Gluck at length, after watching the water spreading in long, quicksilver-like streams over the floor for a quarter of an hour; "mayn't I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir?"

"I'm all right, thank you," said the old gentleman, rather gruffly.

"But—sir—I'm very sorry," said Gluck, hesitatingly; "but—really, you're putting the fire out."

"It'll take longer to do the mutton then," replied his visitor dryly.

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behavior of his guest; it was such a strange mixture of coolness and humility. He turned away at the string meditatively for another five minutes.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman, at length. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman; "I've had nothing to eat yesterday, nor to-day. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!"

He spoke in so very melancholy a tone that it quite melted Gluck's heart. "They promised me one slice to-day, sir," said he; "I can give you that, but not a bit more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again.

Then Gluck warmed a plate and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton, there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hob, as if it had suddenly become inconveniently warm. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again, with desperate efforts at exactitude, and ran to open the door.

"What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck's face.

“Ay! what for, indeed, you little vagabond?” said Hans, administering an educational box on the ear, as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

“Bless my soul,” said Schwartz, when he opened the door.

“Amen,” said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing with the utmost possible velocity.

“Who’s that?” said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin, and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

“I don’t know, indeed, brother,” said Gluck, in great terror.

“How did he get in?” roared Schwartz.

“My dear brother,” said Gluck, deprecatingly, “he was so very wet!”

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck’s head; but, at the instant, the old gentleman interposed his conical cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room. What was very odd, the rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap, than it flew out of Schwartz’s hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the further end of the room.

“Who are you, sir?” demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

“What’s your business?” snarled Hans.

“I’m a poor old man, sir,” the little gentleman began very modestly, “and saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour.”

“Have the goodness to walk out again, then,” said Schwartz. “We’ve quite enough water in our kitchen, without making it a drying-house.”

“It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my gray hairs.” They hung down to his shoulders, as I told you before.

“Ay!” said Hans, “there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!”

“I’m very, very hungry, sir; couldn’t you spare me a bit of bread before I go?”

“Bread, indeed!” said Schwartz; “do you suppose we’ve nothing to do with our bread but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you!”

“Why don’t you sell your feather?” said Hans, sneeringly. “Out with you.”

“A little bit,” said the old gentleman.

“Be off!” said Schwartz.

“Pray, gentleman.”

“Off, and be hanged!” cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman’s collar, than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round, till he fell into the corner on the top of it. Then Schwartz was very angry, and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him, when away he went, after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round with velocity in the opposite direction; continued to spin until his long cloak was all wound neatly about him; clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side (for it could not stand upright without going through the ceiling), gave an additional twist to his corkscrew mustaches, and replied with perfect coolness: “Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o’clock to-night I’ll call again; after such a

refusal of hospitality as I have just experienced you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you."

"If ever I catch you here again," muttered Schwartz, coming half frightened, out of the corner, —but before he could finish his sentence, the old gentleman had shut the house-door behind him with a great bang; and past the window, at the same instant, drove a wreath of ragged cloud, that whirled and rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes; turning over and over in the air; and melting away at last in a gush of rain.

"A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck!" said Schwartz. "Dish the mutton, sir. If ever I catch you at such a trick again—Bless me, why the mutton's been cut!"

"You promised me one slice, brother, you know," said Gluck.

"Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It'll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir; and have the kindness to wait in the coal-cellar till I call you."

Gluck left the room melancholy enough. The brothers ate as much of the mutton as they could, locked the rest in the cupboard, and proceeded to get very drunk after dinner.

Such a night as it was! Howling wind and rushing rain without intermission. The brothers had just sense enough left to put up all the shutters and double bar the door, before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room. As the clock struck twelve they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their door burst open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

“What’s that?” cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.

“Only I,” said the little gentleman.

The two brothers sat up on their bolster, and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water, and by a misty moonbeam, which found its way through a hole in the shutter, they could see, in the midst of it, an enormous foam globe, spinning round, and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which as on a most luxurious cushion, reclined the little old gentleman, cap and all. There was plenty of room for it now, for the roof was off.

“Sorry to incommode you,” said their visitor, ironically. “I’m afraid your beds are dampish; perhaps you had better go to your brother’s room; I’ve left the ceiling on there.”

They required no second admonition, but rushed into Gluck’s room, wet through, and in an agony of terror.

“You’ll find my card on the kitchen table,” the old gentleman called after them. “Remember, the *last* visit.”

“Pray heaven it may be!” said Schwartz, shuddering. And the foam globe disappeared.

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck’s little room in the morning. The Treasure Valley was a mass of ruin and desolation. The inundation had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left, in their stead, a waste of red sand and gray mud. The two brothers crept shivering and horror-struck, into the kitchen. The water had gutted the whole floor; corn, money, almost every movable thing had been swept away, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table.

On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were engraved the words:-

SOUTHWEST WIND, ESQUIRE

II

Southwest Wind, esquire, was as good as his word. After the momentous visit above related, he entered the Treasure Valley no more; and, what was worse, he had so much influence with his relations, the West Winds in general, and used it so effectually, that they all adopted a similar line of conduct. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the Three Brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers, unable longer to contend with adverse skies, abandoned their valueless patrimony in despair, to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious, old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

"Suppose we turn goldsmiths?" said Schwartz to Hans, as they entered the large city. "It is a good knave's trade: we can put a good deal of copper into the gold, without any one's finding it out."

The thought was agreed to be a very good one, they hired a furnace, and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circumstances affected their trade; the first, that people did not approve of the coppered gold; the second, that the two elder brothers, whenever they had sold anything, used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace, and go and drink out the money in the ale-

house next door. So they melted all their gold, without making money enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large drinking-mug, which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck, and which he was very fond of, and would not have parted with for the world: though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water. The mug was a very odd mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than like metal, and these wreaths descended into, and mixed with, a beard and whiskers, of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face, of the reddest gold imaginable, right in the front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command its whole circumference. It was impossible to drink out of the mug, without being subjected to an intense gaze out of the side of these eyes; and Schwartz positively averred that once, after emptying it full of Rhenish seventeen times, he had seen them wink! When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart; but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting-pot, and staggered out to the ale-house, leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars, when it was all ready.

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting-pot. The flowing hair was all gone; nothing remained but the red nose, and the sparkling eyes, which looked more malicious than ever. "And no wonder," thought Gluck, "after being treated in that way," He sauntered disconsolately to the window, and sat himself down to catch the fresh evening air, and escape the hot

breath of the furnace. Now this window commanded a direct view of the range of mountains which, as I told you before, overhung the Treasure Valley, and more especially of the peak from which fell the Golden River. It was just at the close of the day, and, when Gluck sat down at the window, he saw the rocks of the mountain-tops, all crimson and purple with the sunset; and there were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering about them; and the river, brighter than all, fell, in a waving column of pure gold, from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad, purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately in the wreaths of spray.

“Ah!” said Gluck aloud, after he had looked at it for a little while, “if that river were really gold, what a nice thing it would be!”

“No, it wouldn’t Gluck.” said a clear, metallic voice, close at his ear.

“Bless me, what’s that?” exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There was nobody there. He looked around the room and under the table, and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he didn’t speak but he couldn’t help thinking again that it would be very convenient if the river were really all gold.

“Not at all, my boy,” said the same voice, louder than before.

“Bless me!” said Gluck again, “what *is* that?” He looked again into all the corners and cupboards, and then began turning round and round, as fast as he could, in the middle of the room, thinking there was somebody behind him, when the same voice

struck again on his ear. It was singing now very merrily "Lala-lira-la," no words, only a soft running effervescent melody, something like that of a kettle on the boil. Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Upstairs, and downstairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time and clearer notes every moment. "Lala-lira-la." All at once it struck Gluck that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening and looked in; yes, he saw right, it seemed to be coming, not only out of the furnace, but out of the pot. He uncovered it, and ran back in great fright, for the pot was certainly singing. He stood in the farthest corner of the room, with his hands up, and his mouth open, for a minute or two, when the singing stopped, and the voice became clear and pronounciative.

"Hello!" said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

"Hello! Gluck, my boy," said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The gold was all melted and its surface as smooth and polished as a river; but instead of its reflecting little Gluck's head, as he looked in, he saw meeting his glance, from beneath the gold, the red nose and sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, a thousand times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice of the pot again, "I'm all right; pour me out."

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind.

"Pour me out, I say," said the voice rather gruffly.

Still Gluck couldn't move.

"*Will* you pour me out?" said the voice passionately. "I'm too hot."

By a violent effort, Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible, and sloped it so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream there came out, first, a pair of pretty little yellow legs, then some coat-tails, then a pair of arms stuck akimbo, and, finally, the well-known head of his friend the mug; all which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up energetically on the floor, in the shape of a little golden dwarf about a foot and a half high.

"That's right," said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes, without stopping; apparently with the view of ascertaining if he were quite correctly put together, while Gluck stood contemplating him in speechless amazement. He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture that the prismatic colors gleamed over it, as if on a surface of mother-of-pearl; and over this brilliant doublet his hair and beard fell full half-way to the ground, in waving curls, so exquisitely delicate that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended; they seemed to melt into air. The features of the face, however, were by no means finished with the same delicacy; they were rather coarse, slightly inclining to coppery in complexion, and indicative, in expression, of a very pertinacious and intractable disposition in their small proprietor. When the dwarf had finished his self-examination, he turned his small, sharp eyes full on Gluck, and stared at him deliberately for a minute or two. "No, it wouldn't Gluck, my boy," said the little man.

This was certainly rather an abrupt and unconnected mode of commencing conversation. It might indeed be supposed to refer to the course of Gluck's thoughts, which had first produced the dwarf's observations out of the pot; but whatever it referred to, Gluck had no inclination to dispute the dictum.

"Wouldn't it, sir?" said Gluck, very mildly and submissively indeed.

"No," said the dwarf conclusively. "No, it wouldn't." And with that the dwarf pulled his cap hard over his brows, and took two turns of three feet long, up and down the room lifting his legs very high, and setting them down very hard. This pause gave time for Gluck to collect his thoughts a little and, seeing no great reason to view his diminutive visitor with dread, and feeling his curiosity overcome his amazement, he ventured on a question of peculiar delicacy.

"Pray, sir," said Gluck, rather hesitatingly, "were you in my mug?"

On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full height. "I," said the little man, "am the king of the Golden River." Whereupon he turned about again, and took two more turns, some six feet long, in order to allow time for the consternation which this announcement produced in his auditor to evaporate. After which he again walked up to Gluck and stood still, as if expecting some comment on his communication.

Gluck determined to say something, at all events. "I hope your Majesty is very well," said Gluck.

"Listen!" said the little man, deigning no reply



to this polite inquiry. "I am the king of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you; therefore attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing in his first can succeed in a second attempt; and if anyone shall cast unholy water into the river it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone." So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away, and deliberately walked into the center of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling,—a blaze of intense light,—rose, trembled and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

"Oh!" cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him; "oh dear, dear, dear me! My mug! my mug! my mug!"

III

The King of the Golden River had hardly made his extraordinary exit before Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house, very savagely drunk. The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of plate had the effect of sobering them just enough to enable them to stand over Gluck, beating him very steadily for a quarter of an hour; at the expiration of which period they dropped into a couple of chairs, and requested to know what he had got to say for

himself. Gluck told them his story, of which, of course, they did not believe a word. They beat him again, till their arms were tired, and staggered to bed. In the morning, however, the steadiness with which he adhered to his story obtained him some degree of credence; the immediate consequence of which was, that the two brothers, after wrangling a long time on the knotty question which of them should try his fortune first, drew their swords, and began fighting. The noise of the fray alarmed the neighbors, who, finding they could not pacify the combatants, sent for the constable.

Hans, on hearing this, contrived to escape, and hid himself; but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, fined for breaking the peace, and having drunk out his last penny the evening before, he was thrown into prison till he should pay.

When Hans heard this, he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. How to get the holy water was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest could not give any holy water to so abandoned a character. So Hans went to vespers in the evening for the first time in his life, and, under pretense of crossing himself, stole a cupful, and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took his alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

On his way out of the town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows, whom should he see but Schwartz himself peeking out of the bars, and looking very disconsolate.

“Good morning, brother,” said Hans; “have you any message for the King of the Golden River?”

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage, and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed at him, and advising him to make himself comfortable till he came back again, shouldered his basket, shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz’s face till it frothed again, and marched off in the highest spirits in the world.

It was, indeed, a morning that might have made anyone happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains—their lower cliffs in pale gray shadow, hardly distinguishable from the floating vapor, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy color along the angular crags, and pierced, in long level rays, through their fringes of spearlike pine. Far above shot up red splintered masses of castellated rock, jagged and shivered into myriads of fantastic forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow.

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above the undulating line of cataract, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind

On this object, and on this alone, Hans’s eyes and thoughts were fixed; forgetting the distance he had to traverse, he set off at an imprudent rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of the green and low hills. He was moreover, surprised, on surmounting them, to find that a large glacier, of whose existence, notwith-

standing his previous knowledge of the mountains, he had been absolutely ignorant, lay between him and the source of the Golden River. He entered on it with the boldness of a practiced mountaineer; yet he thought he had never traversed so strange or so dangerous a glacier in his life. The ice was excessively slippery, and out of all its chasms came wild sounds of gushing water; not monotonous or low, but changeful and loud, rising occasionally into drifting passages of wild melody, then breaking off into short, melancholy tones, or sudden shrieks, resembling those of human voices in distress or pain. The ice was broken into thousands of confused shapes, but none, Hans thought, like the ordinary forms of splintered ice. There seemed a curious *expression* about all their outlines,—a perpetual resemblance to living features, distorted and scornful. Myriads of deceitful shadows and lurid lights played and floated about and through the pale blue pinnacles, dazzling and confusing the sight of the traveler; while his ears grew dull and his head giddy with the constant gush and roar of the concealed waters. These painful circumstances increased upon him as he advanced; the ice crashed and yawned into fresh chasms at his feet, tottering spires nodded around him, and fell thundering across his path; and though he had repeatedly faced these dangers on the most terrific glaciers, and in the wildest weather, it was with a new and oppressive feeling of panic terror that he leaped the last chasm, and flung himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain.

He had been compelled to abandon his basket of food, which became a perilous incumbrance on the glacier, and had now no means of refreshing himself but by breaking off and eating some of the pieces of

ice. This, however, relieved his thirst; an hour's repose recruited his hardy frame, and, with the indomitable spirit of avarice, he resumed his laborious journey.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare, red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot or a projecting angle to afford an inch of shade from the south sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat intensely upon the steep path, while the whole atmosphere was motionless, and penetrated with heat. Intense thirst was soon added to the bodily fatigue with which Hans was now afflicted; glance after glance he cast on the flask of water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," at last thought he; "I may, at least, cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on an object lying on the rock beside him; he thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its limbs extended lifelessly, and a swarm of black ants were crawling about its lips and throat. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment; and the high hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the hill cataracts sounded like mockery in his ears; they were all distant, and his thirst increased every moment. Another hour passed, and he again looked down to the flask at his side; it was half empty, but there was much more than three drops in

it. He stopped to open it, and again, as he did so, something moved in the path above him. It was a fair child stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its breast heaving with thirst, its eyes closed and its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on. And a dark gray cloud came over the sun; and long snake-like shadows crept up along the mountain sides.

Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking, but its descent seemed to bring no coolness; the leaden weight of the dead air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hillside, scarcely five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to breathe, and sprang on to complete his task.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned, and saw a gray-haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes were sunken, his features deadly pale, and gathered into an expression of despair. "Water!" He stretched his arms to Hans, and cried feebly,—“Water! I am dying.”

“I have none,” replied Hans; “thou hast had thy share of life.” He strode over the prostrate body, and darted on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the east, shaped like a sword; it shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark with one heavy, impenetrable shade. The sun was setting; it plunged toward the horizon like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans's ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset; they shook their crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of bloody light gleamed along their foam.

Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses; his brain grew giddy with the prolonged thunder. Shuddering, he drew the flask from his girdle, and hurled it into the center of the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs; he staggered, shrieked and fell. The waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over—

THE BLACK STONE

IV

Poor little Gluck waited very anxiously alone in the house for Hans's return. Finding that he did not come back, he was terribly frightened, and went and told Schwartz in the prison all that had happened. Then Schwartz was very much pleased, and said that Hans must certainly have been turned into a black stone, and he should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry, and cried all night. When he got up in the morning, there was no bread in the house, nor any money; so Gluck went and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard and so neatly, and so long every day, that he soon got money enough together to pay his brother's fine, and he went and gave it all to Schwartz, and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite pleased, and said he should have some of the gold of the river. But Gluck only begged that he would go and see what had become of Hans.

Now when Schwartz had learned that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that such a proceeding might not be considered altogether correct by the King of the Golden River, and determined to manage matters better. So Schwartz got

up early in the morning, before the sun, took some more of Gluck's money and went to a bad priest who gave him some holy water very readily for it. Then Schwartz was sure it was all quite right. He rose, and took some bread and wine in a basket, and put his holy water in a flask, and set off for the mountains. Like his brother, he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier, and had great difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving his basket behind him. The day was cloudless, but not bright; a heavy purple haze was hanging over the sky and the hills looked lowering and gloomy. And as Schwartz climbed the steep rock path, the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, until he lifted the flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him, and moaned for water.

"Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and passed on. And as he went he thought that the sunbeams grew more dim. and he saw a low bank of black clouds rising out of the west; and when he had climbed for another hour the thirst overcame him again, and he would have drunk. Then he saw the old man lying before him on the path, and he heard him cry out for water. "Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade from before his eyes, and he looked up, and, behold, a mist, of the color of blood, had come over the sun; and the bank of black cloud had risen very high, and its edges were tossing and tumbling like the waves of the angry sea. And they cast long shadows which flickered over Schwartz's path.

Then Schwartz climbed for another hour, and

again his thirst returned; and as he lifted his flask to his lips, he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him, and as he gazed, the figure stretched its arms to him, and cried for water. "Ha, ha," laughed Schwartz "are you there? Remember the prison bars, my boy. Water, indeed! do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for *you*?" And he strode over the figure; yet, as he passed, he thought he saw a strange expression of mockery about its lips. And, when he had gone a few rods farther, he looked back; but the figure was not there.

And a sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not why; but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on. And the bank of black clouds rose to the zenith, and out of it came bursts of spiry lightning, and waves of darkness seemed to heave and float between their flashes, over the whole heavens. And the sky where the sun was setting was all level, and like a lake of blood; and a strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds into fragments, and scattering them far into the darkness. And when Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black like thunderclouds, but their foam was like fire; and the roar of the waters below and the thunder above met, as he cast the flask into the stream. And, as he did so, the lightning glared in his eyes, and the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over—

THE TWO BLACK STONES

V

When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sorry, and did not know what to do. He had no money, and was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard, and gave him very little money. So, after a month or two, Gluck grew tired, and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone." So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If the glacier had occasioned a great deal of fatigue to his brothers, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so practiced on the mountains. He had several very bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange noises under the ice. He lay a long time to rest on the grass, after he had got over, and began to climb the hill just in the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour, he got dreadfully thirsty, and was going to drink like his brothers, when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble and leaning on a staff. "My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst; give me some of that water." Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water; "Only pray don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two-thirds empty. Then he bade him good speed, and Gluck went on again merrily. And the path

became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it, and some grasshoppers began singing on the bank beside it; and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

Then he went on for another hour, and the thirst increased on him so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But, as he raised his flask, he saw a little child lying panting by the roadside, and it cried out piteously for water. Then Gluck struggled with himself and determined to bear the thirst a little longer; and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank it all but a few drops. Then it smiled on him and got small as a little star, and then turned, and began climbing again. And then there were, all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, bright green moss, with pale pink starry flowers and soft-belled gentians, more blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white transparent lilies. And crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet, when he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became intolerable again; and when he looked at his bottle, he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. And as he was hanging the flask to his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath,—just as Hans had seen it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him; and he thought of the dwarf's words, "that no one could succeed, except in his first attempt;" and he tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and Gluck stopped again. "Poor beastie," said Gluck, "it'll be dead when I come down again, if I don't help it." Then he looked closer and closer at it,

and its eye turned on him so mournfully that he could not stand it. "Confound the King and his gold, too," said Gluck; and he opened the flask and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared, its ears became long, longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red, its eyes became very twinkling; in three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood his old acquaintance, the King of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the monarch; "but don't be frightened; it's all right;" for Gluck showed manifest symptoms of consternation at this unlooked-for reply to his last observation. "Why didn't you come before," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make, too."

"Oh, dear me!" said Gluck, "have you really been so cruel?"

"Cruel?" said the dwarf; "they poured unholy water into my stream; do you suppose I am going to allow that?"

"Why," said Gluck, "I am sure, sir,—your Majesty, I mean,—they got the water out of the church font."

"Very probably," replied the dwarf; "but," and his countenance grew stern as he spoke, "the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses."

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily

that grew at his feet. On its white leaves hung three drops of clear dew, and the dwarf shook them into the flask, which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and descend on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so good speed."

As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The playing colors of his robe formed themselves into a prismatic mist of dewy light; He stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. The colors grew faint, the mist rose into the air; the monarch had evaporated.

And Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were as clear as crystal, and as brilliant as the sun. And when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell a small circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because not only the river was not turned into gold, but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity. Yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains, toward the Treasure Valley; and, as he went, he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. And when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river, like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

And as Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew, and climbed among the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river sides, as stars leap

out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle and tendrils of vine cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance, which had been lost by cruelty, was regained by love.

And Gluck went and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door; so that his barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. And, for him, the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

And to this day the inhabitants of the valley point out the place where the three drops of holy dew were cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River under the ground, until it emerges in the Treasure Valley. And at the top of the cataract of the Golden River are still to be seen two black stones, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset; and these stones are still called, by the people of the valley, **THE BLACK BROTHERS.**

—JOHN RUSKIN.

Topics for Discussion

1. Why do you like Fairy Stories?
2. Name other Fairy Stories you have read.
3. How does a Fairy Story differ from other stories?
4. What did you like most about this story?

SPEED TEST VI

You are to read the story of "The Fir Tree" as rapidly as you can, following the same instructions that you were given on page 3 for Speed Test I. It will be of interest to you to compare your average rate of reading now with the rate made when you started reading this book. How much have you improved your speed?

THE FIR TREE

In the Forest

Far away in the deep forest there once grew a pretty little Fir Tree. The sun shone full upon him and the breezes played freely round him. Near him grew many other fir trees, some older, some younger, but the little Fir Tree was not happy, for he was always wishing to be tall like the others.

He thought not of the warm sun and the fresh air, and he did not care for the merry country children who came to the forest to look for strawberries and raspberries. Sometimes, after having filled their pitchers, or made the bright berries into a chain with straw, they would sit down near the little Fir Tree and say: "What a pretty little tree this is!" Then the Fir Tree would feel more unhappy than ever.

"Oh, that I were as tall as the other trees!" sighed the little Fir; "then I should spread my branches on every side, and my top should look over the wide world! The birds would build their nests among my branches, and when the wind blew, I should bend my head so grandly, just as the others do!" He had no joy in the sunshine, in the song of birds, or in the rosy clouds that sailed over him every morning and evening.

In winter, when the ground was covered with the bright, white snow, a hare would sometimes come running along, and jump right over the little Tree's head; and then how sad he felt. However, two winters passed away, and by the third the Tree was so tall that the hare had to run round it. "Oh, if I could but grow and grow, and become tall and old!" thought the Tree. "That is the only thing in the world worth living for."

The woodcutters came in the autumn and felled some of the largest of the trees. This took place every year, and our young Fir, who was by this time a good height, began to shake when he saw those grand trees fall with a crash to the earth. Their branches were then cut off. The stems looked so naked and lanky that the Fir Tree hardly knew them. They were laid one upon another in carts, and horses drew them away, far, far away from the forest.

Where could they be going? What would happen to them? The Fir Tree wished very much to know, so in the spring, when the swallows and the storks came back, he asked them if they knew where the felled trees had been taken.

The swallows knew nothing. But the stork thought for a moment, then nodded his head and said: "Yes, I think I have seen them. As I was flying to this country I met many ships. They had fine new masts that smelt like fir. I am sure that they were the trees that you speak of. They were tall, very tall, I can tell you."

"Oh, I wish that I too was tall enough to sail upon the sea! Tell me what is this sea, and what does it look like?" said the Fir Tree.

"That," said the stork, "would take too long a time to tell," and away he went.

“Be glad that you are young!” said the sunbeams. “Enjoy your fresh youth, and the young life that is within you!”

The wind kissed the tree, and the dew wept tears over him, but the Fir Tree did not know what they meant.

When Christmas drew near, many quite young trees were felled, some of them not so tall as the young Fir Tree who was always wishing to be away. Their branches were not cut off. They too were laid in a cart, and horses drew them away from the forest.

“Where are they going?” asked the Fir Tree. “They are no taller than I; indeed one of them is much less. Why do they keep all their branches? Where can they be going?”

“We know! We know!” chirped the sparrows. “We peeped through the windows in the town below. We know where they are gone. Oh, you cannot think what honor is done to them! We looked through the windows and saw them planted in a warm room, and decked out with such beautiful things: gilded apples, sweets, playthings, and hundreds of bright candles!”

“And then?” asked the Fir Tree, shaking in every branch; “and then? what happened then?”

“Oh, we saw no more! That was beautiful, beautiful beyond anything we have ever seen,” chirped the sparrows.

“Is such a glorious lot to be mine?” cried the Fir Tree in its great joy. “This is far better than sailing over the sea. How I long for the time! Oh, I wish that Christmas was come! I am now tall and have many branches, like those trees that were taken

away last year. Oh, I wish that I was in the warm room, honored and adorned!"

"Enjoy our love!" said the air and the sunshine. "Enjoy your youth and your freedom!"

But be glad he would not. He grew taller every day. In winter and summer he stood there clothed in dark green leaves. The people that saw him said, "That is a beautiful tree!" And next Christmas he was the first that was felled. The axe cut through the wood and pith, and the tree fell to the earth with a deep groan.

Christmas Eve

The Tree first came to himself when, in the courtyard to which he had been taken with the other trees, he heard a man say: "This is a beautiful one, the very thing we want!"

Then came two finely dressed servants and took the Fir Tree into a large and beautiful drawing-room. Pictures hung on the walls, and on the mantelpiece stood large vases with lions on the lids. There were rocking-chairs, silken sofas, tables covered with picture books and toys. The Fir Tree was placed in a large tub filled with sand. But no one could know it was a tub, for it was hung with green cloth and stood on a rich, bright carpet. Oh, how the tree shook! What was to happen next?

Some young ladies, helped by servants, began to deck him. On some branches they hung little nets, cut out of pretty paper, every net filled with sugar plums. From others gilded apples and walnuts were hung, looking just as if they had grown there. And hundreds of little wax tapers, red, blue, and white, were placed here and there among the branches.

Dolls that looked almost like men and women—the Tree had never seen such things before—seemed dancing to and fro among the leaves, and high up, on the top of the tree, was tied a large star of gold tinsel. This was indeed beautiful, beautiful beyond anything the Tree had ever seen.

“This evening,” they said, “it will be lighted up.”

“I wish it was evening,” thought the Tree. “I wish that the lights were kindled, for then—what will happen then? Will the trees come out of the forest to see me? Will the sparrows fly here and look in through the windows? Shall I stand here decked both winter and summer?”

All at once, the doors were flung open, and a troop of children rushed in as if they had a mind to jump over him. The older people came after more quietly.

The little ones stood silent, but only for a moment. Then they shouted with joy till the room rang again. They danced round the Tree, and one present after another was torn down.

“What are they doing?” thought the Tree. “What will happen now?” The candles burnt down to the branches, and as each burnt down it was put out. The children were given leave to strip the Tree. They threw themselves on him till all his branches creaked. If he had not been tied with the gold star to the roof he would have been overturned.

The children danced about with their beautiful playthings. No one but the old nurse thought of the Tree any more. She came and peeped among the branches, but it was only to see if by chance a fig or an apple had been left among them.

“A story! a story!” cried the children, pulling a

little, fat man toward the Tree. "It is pleasant to sit under the shade of green branches," said he, sitting down. "Besides, the Tree may want to hear my story."

The little, fat man told the story of Humpty Dumpty who fell downstairs, and yet came to the throne and won the Princess.

The Fir Tree in the meantime stood quite silent and thinking to himself. The birds in the forest had never told him any story like this.

"Who knows but I, too, may fall downstairs and win a Princess?" And he thought with joy of being next day decked out with candles and playthings, gold and fruit. And the Tree thought about this all night.

Winter in a Garret

In the morning the maids came in. "Now begins my state anew!" thought the Tree. But they dragged him out of the room, up the stairs, and into a garret, and there pushed him into a dark corner where not a ray of light could enter.

"What can be the meaning of this?" thought the Tree. "What am I to do here? What shall I hear in this place?" And he leant against the wall, and thought, and thought.

"It is now winter," thought the Tree. "The ground is hard and covered with snow. They cannot plant me now, so I am to stay here in shelter till the spring. Men are so thoughtful! I only wish it were not so dark and so lonely!"

"Squeak! squeak!" cried a little mouse, just then coming forward. Another came after it. They snuffed about the Fir Tree, and then slipped in and out among the branches.

“It is very cold,” said a little mouse, “or it would be quite nice up here. Don’t you think so, you old Fir Tree?”

“I am not old,” said the Fir Tree; “there are many who are much older than I.”

“How came you here?” asked the mice; “and what do you know?” They seemed to wish to know all about everything, and they asked the Fir Tree a great many things. “Tell us about the most beautiful place on earth! Have you ever been there? Have you been into the storeroom, where cheeses lie on the shelves, and hams hang from the roof; where one can dance over tallow candles; where one goes in thin and comes out fat?”

“I know nothing about that,” said the Tree, “but I know the forest, where the sun shines and where the birds sing.” And then he spoke of his youth and its joys. They listened very closely, and said: “Well, to be sure, how much you have seen! How happy you have been!”

“Happy!” said the Fir Tree in surprise, and he thought a moment over all that he had been saying. “Yes, on the whole those were joyful times.” He then told them about the Christmas Eve when he had been dressed up with cakes and candles.

“Oh,” cried the little mouse, “how happy you have been, you old Fir Tree!”

“I am not old at all!” said the Fir. “It was only this winter that I left the forest. I am just at the best time of life.”

“How well you can talk!” said the little mouse; and the next night they came again, and brought with them four other little mice, who wanted also to hear the Tree’s history. And the more the Tree

spoke of his youth in the forest, the more clearly he remembered it.

“Yes,” said he, “those were happy times! But they may come back, they may come back! Humpty Dumpty fell downstairs, and yet for all that he won the Princess. Perhaps I, too, may win a Princess.”

The Fir Tree Remembers Happy Days

The mice never came again. The Tree sighed. “It was nice when those busy little mice sat round me, listening to my words. Now that, too, is past. However, I shall have joy in remembering it, when I am taken from this place.”

But when would that be? One morning people came and cleared out the lumber room. The trunks were taken away. The Tree, too, was dragged out of the corner. They threw him on the floor; but one of the servants picked him up and carried him downstairs. Once more he beheld the light of day.

“Now life begins again!” thought the Tree. He felt the fresh air and the warm sunbeams—he was out in the yard. All happened so quickly that the Tree quite forgot to look at himself, there was so much to look at all around. The yard joined a garden. Everything was so fresh and blooming. The roses were so bright and sweet-smelling. The lime trees were in full blossom, and the swallows flew backwards and forwards, twittering.

“I shall live! I shall live!” He was filled with joy and hope. He tried to spread out his branches; but, alas! they were all dried and yellow. He was thrown down on a heap of weeds and nettles.

The star of gold tinsel that had been left on his crown now looked bright in the sunshine. Some

children were playing in the yard; they were the same children who had danced round the Tree. One of the youngest of them saw the gold star, and ran to tear it off.

“Look at this, still tied to the ugly old Christmas Tree!” cried he, trampling upon the branches until they broke under his feet.

The Tree looked on the flowers of the garden, now blooming in all the freshness of their beauty. He looked upon himself, and he wished with all his heart that he had been left to wither in the dark corner of the lumber room. He called to mind his happy forest life and the merry Christmas Eve.

“Past, all past!” said the poor Tree. “If I had but been happy, as I might have been! Past, all past!”

The servant came and cut the Tree into small pieces. She then heaped them up, and set fire to them. The Tree groaned deeply. The children all ran up to the place and jumped about in front of the blaze. But at each of those heavy groans the Fir Tree thought of a bright summer’s day, of Christmas Eve, or of Humpty Dumpty, the only story that he knew and could tell. And at last the Tree was burned.

The boys played about in the yard. On the breast of the youngest one shone the golden star that the Tree had worn on the happiest evening of his life. But that was past, and the Tree was past, and the story also, past! past! for all stories must come to an end some time or other.

—HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSON.



THE LAWS OF THE BOY SCOUTS

While the following laws were made especially for the Boy Scouts of America, they are excellent rules of conduct for every boy and girl in this country. A boy scout promises to obey these laws when he takes his scout oath.

Read these rules over carefully, then close your book and see how many of the twelve main headings you can state and also how many of them you can explain in detail.

1. A scout is trustworthy.

A scout's honor is to be trusted. If he were to violate his honor by telling a lie, or by cheating, or by not doing exactly a given task, when trusted on his honor, he may be directed to hand over his scout badge.

2. A scout is loyal.

He is loyal to all to whom loyalty is due; his scout leader, his home, and parents and country.

3. A scout is helpful.

He must be prepared at any time to save life, help injured persons, and share the home duties. He must *do at least one good turn to somebody every day.*

4. A scout is friendly.

He is a friend to all and a brother to every other scout.

5. A scout is courteous.

He is polite to all, especially to women, children, old people, and the weak and helpless. He must not take pay for being helpful or courteous.

6. A scout is kind.

He is a friend to animals. He will not kill or hurt any living creature needlessly, but will strive to save and protect all harmless life.

7. A scout is obedient.

He obeys his parents, scout master, patrol leader, and all other duly constituted authorities.

8. A scout is cheerful.

He smiles whenever he can. His obedience to orders is prompt and cheery. He never shirks or grumbles at hardships.

9. A scout is thrifty.

He does not wantonly destroy property. He works faithfully, wastes nothing, and makes the best use of his opportunities. He saves his money so that he may pay his own way, be generous to those in need, and helpful to worthy objects.

He may work for pay, but must not receive tips for courtesies or good turns.

10. A scout is brave.

He has the courage to face danger in spite of fear, and to stand up for the right against the coaxings of friends or the jeers or threats of enemies, and defeat does not down him.

11. A scout is clean.

He keeps clean in body and thought, stands for clean speech, clean sport, clean habits, and travels with a clean crowd.

12. A scout is reverent.

He is reverent toward God. He is faithful in his religious duties, and respects the convictions of others in matters of custom and religion.

FIRST AID FOR INJURIES

In the second scout law a scout promises to help injured persons. In order to do this he must study the proper methods to use in case of injuries. The following extracts are taken from the Handbook for Boys, published by the Boy Scouts of America.

At the end of this subject questions will be asked about the proper way to treat various injuries. Read this article carefully so that you may be able not only to answer these questions but also to apply this information in case of need.

General Directions for First Aid

Keep cool. There is no cause for excitement or hurry. In not one case in a thousand are the few moments necessary to find out what is the matter with an injured man going to result in any harm to him, and of course in order to treat him intelligently you must first know what is the matter. Common sense will tell the scout that he must waste no time, however, when there is severe bleeding, or in case of poisoning.

Always send for a doctor, unless the injury is very trivial. Don't wait until he arrives, however, to act. A crowd should always be kept back and tight clothing should be loosened. If the patient's face is pale, place him on his back with his head low. If his face is flushed, fold your coat and put it under his head so as to raise it slightly.

In cases of vomiting, place the patient on his side. Do not give an unconscious person a stimulant, or anything else to drink, as he cannot swallow, and it will run down his windpipe and choke him.

Do not attempt to investigate further or expose a wound needlessly if a doctor can be obtained without

extreme delay, unless there is very evident danger of sudden death from the accident because of such cases as excessive bleeding, electric shock, etc. Otherwise you may do much more harm than good. Unskilled handling of a wound may infect (poison) it and it will take far longer to get well. So ordinarily limit yourself to protecting the patient from harm as directed above. This includes covering the wound with sterile dressings to prevent infection. When there is danger of sudden death, it is necessary to do more. If the injury is covered by clothing, remove it by cutting or tearing, but never remove more clothing than necessary, as one of the results of injury is for a person to feel cold. Shoes and boots should be cut in severe injuries about the feet.

Shock

Shock frequently occurs even after minor injuries, either directly following or shortly after an accident. The usual symptoms are pallor, feeble pulse, cold hands, drowsiness, or actual unconsciousness. In severe shock the person is completely unconscious or he may be only slightly confused and feel weak and uncertain of what has happened.

In shock always send for a doctor when you can. Before he comes, warm and stimulate the patient in every possible way, using blankets, hot water bottles, hot bricks, etc., where possible. Place the patient on his back with his head low and cover him with your coat or a blanket. Rub his arms and legs toward his body without uncovering it. If you have ammonia or smelling salts, place them before the patient's nose so he may breathe them.

This is all you can do when unconsciousness is complete. When the patient begins to recover a

little, however, and as soon as he can swallow give him hot tea or coffee, or a half teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in a quarter glass of water.

Warning: Remember always that a person with shock may have some other serious injuries. These you should always look for and treat if necessary.

Never give stimulants when there is bad bleeding. They only make it worse. Keep the patient warm and quiet.

Injuries in Which the Skin is Not Broken—Fractures.

A fracture is the same thing as a broken bone. When the bone pierces or breaks through the skin, it is called a compound fracture, and when it does *not*, a simple fracture. A fracture does not begin to knit for a week, so there is often no need to set it at once except for special reasons, such as to relieve pain, prevent danger, etc.

A scout is in the country with a comrade. The latter mounts a stone wall to cross it. The wall falls with him and he calls out for help. When the other scout reaches him, he finds the injured scout lying flat on the ground, with both legs stretched out. One of these does not look quite natural, and the scout complains of a great deal of pain at the middle of the thigh and thinks he felt something break when he fell. He cannot raise the injured leg.

If you suspect that the bone is broken, it is far safer to act on that assumption. Send for a doctor. Remember that the ends of a broken bone are sharp and any movement may cause an end to go through the skin, which would make the fracture compound, which is a far more dangerous condition than a simple fracture. So don't investigate or let your comrade

move, but just make him comfortable, lying down, putting stones or coats along the injured part so it will not move, and wait for the doctor. If it is absolutely necessary, for any reason, to move him before the doctor comes, you will have to do more. Carefully rip the trousers and the underclothing at the seam to above the painful point. When you have done this, the deformity will indicate the location of the fracture. You must be very gentle now or you will do harm.

Do not try to move the bones to make sure if there is a break. If the limb is bent at any place, it will have to be straightened, so that the splints can be put on. Grasp the limb firmly with one hand above the bend and with the other hand below it, very gently draw the injured limb into position like the sound one and hold it there by splints. Splints can be made of anything that is stiff and rigid. Something flat like a board is better than a pole or staff; limbs broken off a tree will do if nothing else can be found. Shingles make excellent splints. In applying splints remember that they should extend beyond the next joint above and the next joint below; otherwise, movements of the joint will cause movement at the broken point. You must put them so that the broken bones cannot move at all. This means that they must be wide enough, long enough and snug enough. In fact, they must fit well. With a fracture of the thigh, such as that described, the outer splint should be a very long one, extending below the feet from the arm pit. A short one, extending just below the knee will do for the inner splint. Splints may be tied on with handkerchiefs, pieces of cloth torn from the clothing, or the like. Tie firmly, but not tight enough to cause severe pain or cut off circulation.



Temporary splints for broken leg.

In a fracture of the thigh it will also be well to bind the injured leg to the sound one by two or three pieces of cloth around both. The clothing put back in place will serve as padding under the splint, but with thin summer clothing it is better to use straw, hay, or leaves in addition.

Fractures of the lower leg and of the upper and lower arm are treated in the same way with a splint on the inner and outer sides of the broken bone. A sling will be required for a fracture of the arm. This may be made of the triangular bandage, or of a triangular piece of cloth torn from your shirt.

Compound Fractures

The edges of a broken bone are very sharp and may cut through the skin at the time of an injury, but more often afterward; if the injured person moves about or if the splints are not well applied so as to prevent movement at the point where the bone is broken. If a compound fracture has occurred, the wound produced by the sharp bone must always be treated first. The treatment is the same for any other wound.

Warning: You will not always be able to tell

whether or not a fracture has occurred. In this case do not pull and haul the limb about to make sure, but treat as a fracture. There will always be a considerable amount of shock with fracture and this must also be treated.

Bruises

A bruise is an injury to the deep tissues where the skin is not broken. A slight bruise needs no treatment. For a severe one, apply very hot or very cold water to prevent pain and swelling.

Sprains

A scout slips and twists his ankle and immediately suffers severe pain. In a little while the ankle begins to swell.

Call a doctor always unless you are sure the injury is very slight. With many sprains there is also a chipping or slight break of a bone. These heal badly unless given skillful treatment. Always begin treatment at once whether doctor has been called or not. Absolute rest is required in order not to do more damage by rubbing of the injured joint surfaces together. This means that the patient should not be allowed to move the joint or to step on it. Elevate joint when possible and apply heat or cold. Less blood will come to the injured joint if it is elevated and heat or cold contracts the vessels and thus limits the escape of blood and serum. Cold may be applied in the form of snow or crushed ice in a cloth. It is usually better to use cloths wrung out in very hot or very cold water or to shower the joint with very hot or cold water. Putting the sprained joint under a cold or hot water tap is also excellent. Either heat or cold should be made use of sufficiently long to get full benefit from

it, that is to say, for some hours. At first on the application of either heat or cold, the pain may increase, but after an hour, at the latest, it will lessen and will finally disappear. Remember there may be shock and, if so, treat.

Dislocation

A dislocation is an injury where the head of a bone has slipped out of its socket at a joint. A scout is playing football. He suddenly feels as though his shoulder has been twisted out of place. Comparison with the other side will show that the injured shoulder does not look like the other one, being longer, or shorter, and contrary to the case with a fracture there will not be increased movement at the point of injury but a lessened movement. Do not attempt to get a dislocated joint back in place. Cover the joint with cloths wrung out in very hot or very cold water, and get the patient into the hands of a doctor as soon as possible. Dislocations of the thumb or base joints of the fingers are not such simple things as most people believe. Special skill is required to reduce them. Unskilled efforts can easily complicate matters so that an actual operation is needed to put bones and tendons (sinews) in their proper place. So leave them for the doctor to reduce.

Injuries in Which the Skin is Broken

Such injuries are called wounds. There is one very important fact which must be remembered in connection with such injuries. Any injury in which the skin is unbroken is much less dangerous, as the skin prevents germs from reaching the injured part. The principle to be followed in treating a wound is to apply something to prevent germs from reaching the injury.

All wounds unless protected from germs are very likely to become infected. Blood poisoning and even death may result from infection. To prevent infection of wounds, the scout should cover them properly with what is called a sterilized dressing. This is a surgical dressing which has been so treated that it is free from germs. A number of dressings are on the market and can be procured in drug stores. In using them be very careful not to touch the surface of the dressing which is to be placed in contact with the wound. The Red Cross First Aid Dressing is so made that this accident is almost impossible if directions are followed carefully. You should practice opening dressings and putting them on properly, so that you will know how when there is need. In taking care of a wound do not handle it or do anything else to it. Nobody's hands, though they may appear to be perfectly clean, are so in the sense of being free from germs; nor is water, so a wound should never be washed. Before doing anything to a wound you should wash your hands most carefully and clean the finger nails.

It would be a good thing for a scout always to carry a Red Cross First Aid Outfit, or some similar outfit, for with this he is ready to take care of almost any injury; without it he will find it very difficult to improvise anything to cover a wound with safety to the injured person. If no prepared dressing is procurable, boil a towel if possible for fifteen minutes, squeeze the water out of it without touching the inner surface and apply that to the wound. The next best dressing, if you cannot prepare this, will be a towel or handkerchief which has been recently washed and has not been used or unfolded. Open it out carefully and apply a fresh side, without

touching it, to the wound. These should be held in place on the wound with a bandage. Do not be afraid to leave a wound exposed to the air; germs do not float around in the air and such exposure is much safer than water or any dressing which is not free from germs. If you bind up a wound with a towel not boiled or a piece of cotton torn from your shirt, you are likely to cause a great deal of harm to the injured person from infection. However, there are times when, in order to stop hemorrhage, it may be necessary to use the best available dressing temporarily.

Wounds Without Severe Bleeding

These constitute the majority of all wounds. Use the Red Cross Outfit as described in the slip contained in the outfit. The pressure of a compress (pad) under a bandage will stop most bleeding if firmly bound into place.

Wounds With Severe Bleeding

A scout must be prepared to check severe bleeding at once and he should then dress the wound. Bleeding from an artery is by far the most dangerous.

With wounds the bleeding never comes entirely from either arteries or veins, but is mixed from both, though there may be more of one than the other. It is impossible to distinguish between them by color. In fact, the difference between blood just come from arteries and that from veins contrary to popular belief, is no greater than the difference between scarlet and crimson. This difference disappears when they are mixed. Blood coming from a vein flows in a steady stream. Bleeding from the smallest veins and arteries and from the capillaries (minute vessels

which connect them) have no special distinguishing characteristics. Most bleeding of any sort can be controlled by bandaging a pad or compress firmly over the wound. A great help in bad bleeding is to lift the bleeding part as high as possible. It is only in rare cases that more is necessary. Then you will have to press on the artery itself.

As the course of the blood in an artery is away from the heart, pressure must be applied on the heart side just as a rubber pipe which is cut must be compressed on the side from which the water is coming in order to prevent leakage at a cut beyond. The scout must also know the course of the larger arteries in order that he may know where to press on them.

Unfortunately these pressure points are apt to be forgotten, so it is lucky they do not have to be used more often. In the arm the course of the large artery is down the inner side of the big muscle, in the upper arm about in line with the seam of the coat. The artery in the leg runs down from the center of a line from the point of the hip to the middle of the crotch, and is about in line with the inseam of the trousers. Pressure should be applied about three inches below the crotch. In making pressure on either of these arteries, use the fingers and press back against the bone. You can often feel the artery beat under your fingers, and the bleeding below will stop when you have your pressure properly made. Of course you cannot keep up the pressure with your fingers in this way as they become tired after a few minutes. Therefore, while you are doing this, have some other scout prepare a tourniquet. The simplest form of tourniquet is a handkerchief tied loosely about the limb.

Put a stick about a foot long under the handkerchief at the outer side of the limb and twist it

around until it is so tight that the bleeding has practically stopped. Tie the stick in position so it will not untwist. Unless the tourniquet is tight enough to stop the flow of blood in the arteries, its use only makes bleeding worse. If not tight enough, it allows blood to flow into the limb but compresses the veins so the blood cannot get back into the body. Therefore all the blood flows out of the wound. Cutting of such a tourniquet will often stop bleeding. Tourniquets are rarely needed except for operations or very severe injuries such as the traumatic amputation of the leg.

Warning: When using a tourniquet, remember that cutting off the circulation for a long time is dangerous. It is much safer not to keep on a tourniquet more than half an hour. Loosen it, but be ready to tighten it again quickly if bleeding recommences.

Another method to stop bleeding from an artery when the wound is below the knee or elbow is to place a pad in the bend of the joint and double the limb back over it, holding the pad in tightly. Tie the arm or leg in this position. If these means do not check the bleeding put a pad into the wound and press on it there. If you have no dressing and blood is being lost very rapidly, make pressure in the wound with your fingers. Remember, however, that this should only be resorted to in the case of absolute necessity to save life, as it will infect the wound.

Blood from veins flows in a steady stream back toward the heart. In most cases of cut veins a pad firmly bandaged on the bleeding point will stop the bleeding. If one of the large veins in the neck is wounded, blood will be lost so rapidly that the injured person is in danger of immediate death, so you must

disregard the danger of infection, and jam your hand tightly against the bleeding point.

Fainting

Fainting usually occurs in overheated, crowded places. The patient is very pale and partially or completely unconscious. The pupils of the eye are natural, the pulse is weak and rapid. The patient should be placed in a lying-down position with the head lower than the rest of the body so that the brain will receive more blood. Loosen the clothing, especially about the neck. Keep the crowd back and open the windows if indoors so that the patient may get plenty of fresh air. Sprinkle cold water on his face, but do not wet his clothes, as it may give him a cold. Let him smell ammonia or smelling salts. Rub the limbs toward the body. A stimulant may be given when the patient is so far recovered that he is able to swallow.

Sunstroke and Heat Exhaustion

Any one is liable to sunstroke or heat exhaustion if exposed to excessive heat. More cases result from heat indoors than from that outdoors. A scout should remember not to expose himself too much to the sun nor should he wear too heavy clothing in summer. Leaves in the hat will do much to prevent sunstroke. If the scout becomes dizzy and exhausted through exposure to the sun he should find a cool place, lie down, and bathe the face, hands and chest in cold water and drink freely of cold water.

Sunstroke and heat exhaustion, though due to the same cause, are quite different and require different treatment. In sunstroke unconsciousness is complete. The face is red, pupils large, the skin is very hot

and dry with no perspiration. The patient sighs and the pulse is full and slow. The treatment for sunstroke consists in reducing the temperature of the body. A doctor should be summoned always. The patient should be removed to a cool place and his clothing loosened or better the greater part of it removed. Cold water, or ice, should be rubbed over the face, neck, chest, and in the armpits. When consciousness returns, give cold water freely.

Heat exhaustion is simply exhaustion or collapse due to heat. The patient is greatly depressed and weak but not usually unconscious. Face is pale and covered with clammy sweat, breathing and pulse are weak and rigid. While this condition is not nearly as dangerous as sunstroke, a doctor should be summoned. Remove the patient to a cool place and have him always lie down with his clothing loosened. Don't use anything cold externally, but permit him to take small sips of cold water. Stimulants should be given just as in fainting.

Freezing

The patient should be taken into a cold room and the body should be rubbed with rough cloths wet in cold water. The temperature of the room should then be increased if possible. This should be done gradually and the cloths should be wet in warmer and warmer water. As soon as the patient can swallow give him stimulants. It will be dangerous to place him before an open fire or in a hot bath until he begins to recover. You will know this by his skin becoming warmer, by his better color, and by his generally improved appearance.

Frost-Bite

Remember that you are in danger of frost-bite if you do not wear sufficient clothing in cold weather, and that rubbing any part of the body which becomes very cold helps to prevent frost-bite, because it brings more warm blood to the surface. The danger is when, after being cold, the part suddenly has no feeling.

The object of the treatment is gradually to restore warmth to the frozen part. To do this the part should be rubbed first with snow or cold water; the water should be warmed gradually. The use of hot water at once would be likely to cause mortification of the frozen part.

Poisoning

Delay is likely to prove fatal in poisoning so whatever is done must be done promptly. Always send for a doctor at once but do not wait for his arrival. Dilute the poisoning by giving drinks of anything harmless that one has on hand such as water, milk, tea, soda water, dish water, salt water, etc. From two to four glasses or even more may be given. Cause vomiting to get rid of poison in stomach. If the fluid administered is distasteful it will automatically cause vomiting especially after having given several glasses of the fluid you tickle the back of the throat. Excellent emetics are mustard and ipecac, a teaspoonful of either may be added to the fluid. After vomiting has occurred, give the patient warm water.

Burns and Scalds

For slight burns in order to relieve the pain some dressing to exclude the air is needed. Very good

substances of this character are pastes made with water and baking soda, starch, or flour. Carbolized "Vaseline" olive or castor oil, and fresh lard or cream are all good. One of these substances should be smeared over a thin piece of cloth and placed on the burned part. Probably the best dressing is Picric Acid Gauze, which is supplied by the Red Cross. It is moistened with water or better still by holding it in front of a steaming kettle spout. A bandage should be put over this to hold the dressing in place and for additional protection.

Severe burns and scalds are very serious injuries which require treatment from a physician. Pending his arrival the scout should remember to treat the sufferer for shock as well as to dress the wound.

Burns from electricity should be treated exactly like other burns.

Do not attempt to remove clothing which sticks to a burn; cut the cloth around the part which sticks and leave it on the burn

Fits

A person in a fit first has convulsive movements of the body, then he usually becomes unconscious. A scout should have no difficulty in making out what is the matter with person in a fit.

Put the sufferer on the floor or the ground where he cannot hurt himself by striking anything forcibly. Loosen tight clothing and do not try to restrain the convulsive movements. A wad of cloth thrust in the mouth will prevent biting the tongue. When he becomes quiet do not disturb him.

Courtesy Boy Scouts of America.

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Review Questions of First Aid

1. What is shock? How should you treat a person for shock?
2. What is the difference between a simple and a compound fracture? Which is the more dangerous?
3. Why must extreme care be used in the case of a simple fracture?
4. Show how you would put temporary splints on a broken forearm.
5. What treatment should be given a severe bruise?
6. Describe the treatment for a sprain.
7. Tell how to render first aid in a dislocation.
8. How should a wound be treated? Why is care necessary in dressing a wound?
9. What is the difference between an artery and a vein? How could you tell which had been cut? Locate the large arteries in the arms and legs.
10. Tell how to render first aid in the case of a large artery or a vein being cut.
11. What should be done in a case of fainting.
12. Explain the difference in the appearance of the patient in sunstroke and heat exhaustion. Describe the treatment to be used in each case.
13. How would you treat a frozen ear or nose?
14. What should be done in a poisoning case?
15. Tell how to treat slight burns. What should be done in the case of severe burns?
16. How does a person act when he has fits? How would you handle a person having fits?

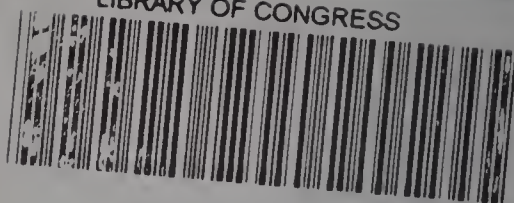
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